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August 8, 1956

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE



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AUGUST 8, 1956

Vol. 12, No. 11

## HELP FOR THE AFFLICTED

A VICTORY won over great personal affliction is not only a victory for the person concerned but an immensely powerful inspiration for others similarly affected.

Recently the remaining eye of the little American boy Mike Sibole was removed to save his life.

At once 76-year-old Helen Keller, blind and deaf since childhood, wrote a letter of encouragement to his parents.

Of all the messages of sympathy received by Mr. and Mrs. Sibole, none would be more comforting than Helen Keller's.

What she wrote with warm assurance was that a joyful and rich life was still within the reach of their son.

Her words will inspire not only the grieving hearts of the Siboles but all parents who share the responsibility of guiding an afflicted child to the fullest and most useful life possible.

The knowledge that another person has successfully overcome a similar difficulty is the most potent form of encouragement.

The legless R.A.F. hero Douglas Bader has time and again offered similar personal encouragement to amputees.

The refusal of polio-stricken Australian singer Marjorie Lawrence to be beaten by her illness has been an inspiration to countless fellow sufferers.

When Helen Keller wrote her letter of encouragement to the Siboles she was obeying the deep sense of responsibility which those who have triumphed over affliction invariably have towards those who need help.

Their example must inspire not only those to whom it is immediately applicable, but all who hear of it.

It is true that the afflicted can, with wise and loving care, develop a compensatory extra strength of spirit. But to give them the opportunity, the more fortunate must help.

## Our cover:

Our cover for this week's spring fashion issue shows the current favorite—the slender, unbelted line. We received two photographs of the suit from overseas, and, in collaboration, our color studio and artists devised a repetition of the model in profile to produce what we think is a striking composition.

## This week:

Katherine Dunham and her troupe of dancers, who are now touring Australia, have built up an international reputation. Some of their exotic dances have been captured by our cameraman in two pages of color photographs on pages 40, 41.

## Next week:

The Duke of Windsor is a keen gardener. Next week we present the first half of a feature written by the Duke himself about the gardens he has helped to create. The exclusive five-page feature next week includes three pages of color pictures showing how beautiful the Duke has made his garden at "The Mill," the Windsors' home in France.

Entries are pouring in for our £6000 Cookery Contest. This week we announce three more progress prizes, and next week will publish 10 more—two in each of the five sections of the Contest.

Chrysanthemums are always a popular favorite with the home gardener. Next week we give hints on good cultivation methods to produce abundant and healthy blooms.

Next week's full-length, complete novel, "Bridget," is by Monica Ewer, a popular English writer. It is a dramatic story of a man who married a woman he didn't love, and then met a girl he could have loved. It is a heartwarming story.

## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

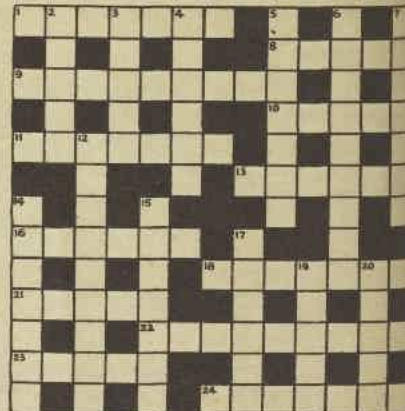
### ACROSS

- For polite usage change the code with spirit (7).
- Hue and cry mostly with a limb (5).
- Would this starch nourish an archer? (9).
- Time-indicating form stretched tight (5).
- Cigar with both ends open (7).
- Go over a channel holding the tail-end of a kangaroo (6).
- An Eden is worth a set of nine (6).
- Mass of flowers on a fruit tree containing a loss (7).
- This sheep is the first of its kind (5).
- A tail rent (Anagr., 9).
- Bury with a misprint eraser (5).
- Nothing in measuring instruments form shooting stars (7).

Solution will be published next week.

DEVOTIONAL  
H A A O U N  
ENTER RESPITE  
WE I P T M N  
S T A T I C M A S T  
T N O V L E  
H O R A C E L E S S O R  
E E E M R P  
G A T E S P A S T O R  
U I A T E A U  
D I N G L E S B L I S S  
U B I R S E  
D E L I B E R A T E

Solution of last week's crossword.



### DOWN

- This place is not without art and often preceded by mother (8).
- No stern scent (5).
- To pour (Anagr., 6).
- Strike gently a gull-like sea bird as a model (7).
- Mass for short but not necessarily Scottish (9).
- A politician disturbs a seer for electrical units (7).
- Pronounce distinctly aunt and niece (8).
- Insignia of royalty in Algeria (7).
- Curb roof for attics (7).
- Affirm positively with a leg in the beer (8).
- Strange, but people mostly value the common one (5).
- External to rue (5).



Her heart was always full of  
the words that she never  
seemed to have the courage to say

# Second Chance

By SUSAN SHEA

TWICE she got as far as Charles' door and turned back into the road. The third time she stood for several minutes on the porch, her hand poised midway to the bell. She thought of all the articles in magazines about the things a wise woman doesn't do, and her hand fell to her side again.

She saw again, like flashes on a screen, the sequence of events that had brought her to this door.

Act 1 started with the telephone call from Sonia at eight o'clock on that Saturday morning some weeks ago, and Sonia's bubbly voice dissolving her sleepiness and telling about the impromptu party that she and Matthew were organising for that evening.

"You are free, aren't you, Patti?"

How nice to be able to say, "No, dear, sorry, but I'm afraid that I'm all booked up." But one couldn't pretend to Sonia.

"Yes, I'm free."

"Wonderful. And listen, sweet, look nice, because we've found you a honey of a man. He's going to be Matt's locum when we go on holiday, and—"

"Oh, Sonia . . ."

There it was again, the sick sense of foreboding, even before a thing began.

"I know what you are thinking, sweet. But it won't be like that again. Tim is a really decent bloke . . ."

So was Charles a really recent bloke. The most really decent bloke you could wish to meet. I know.

All day long depression alternated with excitement. The bubble of happiness swelled and swelled; and then without any warning it burst, leaving only a clammy sadness behind.

At seven o'clock she was in two minds whether to go at all; whether to go through all the ritual of preparation, all the little boosts to hope that would lead to the inevitable ending, maybe tonight, maybe a later night—the inevitable ending of an empty flat, a silent telephone, and a solitary cup of cocoa before bed.

And then, because she was a woman and hope was second nature, she turned on the bath tap, setting out essence, talcum, and perfume in an enticing row, shutting a door on the ends and losing herself in the delicious pleasure of the means.

With a sense of high bravado she took out the grey organza frock that Charles had called her "cobweb dress" and the flame-colored lipstick that contrasted so startlingly with her green eyes.

Act 2—the party. She was careful to arrive neither early nor late. It was a nice vague party, with people sitting on the floor, getting up from time to time for drinks, or to dance in the hall. There were only about a dozen of them. Matthew was sitting cross-legged by the gramophone, and Sonia was singing and clashing about in the kitchen.

"If that's Patti," she called, "send her in here."

As she picked her way across the assorted legs in corduroy and nylons, Patti's eyes swept the assembled faces and came

to rest on the unfamiliar one, belonging to a thin young man who sat beside Matthew on the floor, turning over a pile of records.

"How many times," she asked herself silently, "have I done that at difficult parties, looking over and over the stack of records as if searching for a favorite one, hiding the panic inside by a little meaningless smile of amusement?"

"At last!" Lifting a record triumphantly from the pile, he held it out to a girl across the hearth. "This one, Sunshine?"

Patti turned her head. Sonia's young sister, Jan, her round face wreathed in smiles. She turned once more towards the kitchen.

"Excuse me, please."

Without even raising his head, he twisted his legs neatly to the side.

"Beg your pardon. It may be your music, Sunshine, but it's my dance." Springing to his feet, he pulled the girl after him into the hall.

"Here you are at last, Patti! Chop up this bacon like an angel. No, you can't, you're too immaculate. Go and talk to Tim."

"Can't. He's dancing with Jan."

"Thrill for her, she's got a crush on him. What do you think?"

"I don't think anything. So far he hasn't spared me a glance. Oh, Sonia, stop trying to arrange things, can't you?"

"All right. Carry this tray. Pate de foie thing, specially for Matt." She obeyed docilely.

"Matthew, pate de foie thing, specially for you."

"Give it me, girl. You can't walk round with trays looking like that."

"Looking like what?"

Matthew gave her his benign-uncle smile. She began to

Her dress was more daring and sophisticated than any she had ever worn and Timothy's admiration was all she had hoped.

smile back, but forgot the smile half-way at the sound of a voice from the door.

"Looking like a moth in a garden of cabbages," it said. In the breeze of laughter that followed the remark, Patti turned and met his eyes.

It was worth waiting for, she thought. This is probably the best moment of all, before there is—anything more.

He held out his hands, and they began to dance.

"I've heard a lot about you, Patti," he said.

"Then you have a start on me," she answered demurely, "because I've heard nothing about you except your name."

"I don't like mayonnaise unless it's made with olive oil; I wake up like a bear in the mornings, but I become a cooing dove at midnight."

Patti glanced at her watch. "Three hours to go," they said simultaneously, and laughed.

Three hours to go, and then?

"The moth has folded its wings."

She looked up quickly into a pair of observant dark eyes, and her heart leaped. He is nice, she thought. Even if this is all—this evening, this dance, or just this silly conversation, it is worth while.

But miraculously it wasn't all. At one o'clock he drove her home.

"I want to see you again, Patti. You know that."

She replied gravely: "I never know things like that."

"But you hope?"

"Any further request for my company will be given

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Page 3





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**PAN AMERICAN**

Gil didn't seem to fit into the accepted pattern of a young man in love, and yet she was sure he did love her.

By **VERA WYNN GRIFFITHS**

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA ROBERTSON

*Ked*

**B**UT how can you know when you're in love, or when someone is in love with you?" Margot asked. "Oh, you'll know, all right," Susan said with the faintly superior smile of the older sister who was going to be married in three weeks' time. "You'll know when you have someone of your own."

"But it isn't as if I haven't met anyone yet. How did you know that Bruce was different?"

Susan laughed, and a flush ran into her pretty cheeks. "Well, he said he loved me, of course."

Margot frowned in dissatisfaction. "Oh, dear, I don't know how to explain," Susan cried. "It's different, that's all. Bruce was different, perhaps because he asked me to marry him."

"And supposing you didn't want to marry him?" Margot asked. "Supposing he thought you were all right for him, but you knew he wasn't all right for you?"

"Darling, you're being a goose," said Susan, laughing. "I just can't explain. You can't possibly mistake it when it happens."

All that had been nearly a year ago; soon afterwards Susan had married Bruce and at the wedding Margot had met Gil Antony, who was Bruce's best man.

She had thought immediately that he was something rather special: tall, with a lean, humorous face; as they stood in the chancel he had narrowed his grey eyes at her in a tiny, secret smile.

Afterwards he had said: "You're chief bridesmaid and I'm best man; we must see this through together," and her heart had skipped a beat in an entirely new kind of excitement.

"Tell me about Gil Antony," she said when Susan went up to change. "Who is he? Where does he live? Why have I never seen him before?"

Susan grinned at her in the mirror. "Do you like him?" "Oh, so-so," said Margot airily. "I've only just met him. But tell me about him."

"He lives out of town, in the country; that's probably why you haven't run into him before. With his mother."

Margot giggled. "Is that a warning? Mothers can be difficult, I know."

"Not Mrs. Antony," said Susan. "I've met her. She's sweet."

"But what does he do in the country? Farming?"

"No, no, he comes in every day. He's the maths lecturer at the Technical College. Don't go falling in love with him," she added. "He doesn't bother much with girls."

"Mrs. Antony?" Margot suggested.

"Maybe, or perhaps he just isn't interested. I don't know."

"He's been giving me some very interested looks," Margot said.

"Well, enjoy yourself. But don't say I haven't warned you." Silly of Susan, Margot thought as they went downstairs. She wasn't in the least likely to fall in love with Gil. He was welcome to go on living with his mother, but it was nice to have an attractive escort for the day. The thing was to make the most of the occasion and enjoy herself, as Susan had recommended.

After the flutter of confetti and good wishes which had wafted Susan and Bruce on their way, Margot had found Gil beside her.

"Now what shall we do? We're all dressed up in our best clothes. Have you any ideas?"

They had driven in Gil's car through a countryside bridal with may; they'd had dinner at some palatial hotel, then they had danced.

"How well we dance together," he said. "We must do more of this." Meaning nothing, she knew, except that he was happy, and they were enjoying themselves on Susan's wedding day. But all the same, her heart had given that little skip of excitement.

She had silently scolded herself for it. There was no need to be like that; it was just a case of the best man doing his duty by the bridesmaid. If she had been quite unattractive, he would have been just as attentive, in the circumstances, probably.

She hadn't expected to see him again. When at last he took her home she said, "Thank you for a lovely time," and he said, "I've enjoyed it, too." And he got into the car and whirled off, with no more hints about continuing their acquaintance in the future.

She had stood at the gate, watching the tail-lights disappear, not quite certain for a moment how she felt. But the next day she hadn't given him a thought, beyond remembering that he had been charming to her. Just when had she decided she was in love with Gil?

Susan hadn't really been very helpful. All this mysterious

business about knowing you were in love, as though you suddenly beheld a vision! There had been nothing like that about her affair with Gil, if you could call it an affair. During that week he had rung her up and suggested another trip in the car, and she had been pleased and happy about it, and they had spent another delightful evening together, and after that Gil had somehow become part of her life.

The trouble was that without realising what you were doing you drifted into a situation: Gil ringing her up, calling for her, being asked to come in for a meal; becoming so frequent a visitor that nobody any longer made special preparations for him.

He would drop in on his way from the college, and if she didn't happen to be about he would sit quietly reading until she appeared, and when she did appear he would just glance up with that quiet smile.

"Hallo, Margot. I thought I'd drop in. Do you feel like doing anything tonight?"

Of course, they teased her about him; you got used to being teased when you had brothers.

Margot's "steady," they called him. And she would say, "Oh, don't be silly. There's nothing like that about it."

"But, my good girl, he's here every other minute. Don't tell me this is one of those good old platonic friendships?"

At first it had all been fun. "Purely platonic," she would assure them blithely. It was a little difficult to decide at what point it had become unsatisfactory and baffling. Perhaps after it ceased to be quite so platonic, after that night when Gil had kissed her; a June night with a huge golden moon and the garden sweet with roses.

He said, as he usually did, "Well, good-night, and thank you for everything." Then quite suddenly he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"Margot," he murmured, and somehow it was quite natural and extraordinarily comfortable to stand there with her cheek against his. Then he said, quite briskly, "Good-night, darling," got in the car, waved a hand, and drove off.

So where did that get you? she wondered as she thoughtfully hung up her dance-dress.

She had known, or supposed, that one day he would kiss her, and she'd had the feeling that it would mark a step forward in their relationship. Now he had kissed her, and nothing was different. "Good-night, darling," he had said, just as he usually said it, and she was queerly conscious of something missing. Surely as she stood in his arms he should have said, "I love you, Margot."

Perhaps he didn't. But, if not, why come to see her every day? How could you tell when a man was in love with you? And it was perhaps then, at that moment, that she knew that she wanted him to be in love with her.

"So I must be in love with him," she reflected, sitting up in bed clasping her knees, suddenly smiling to herself, thrilled and excited, like any girl in love. Oh, but after this everything would be different, must be different. She could hardly wait for the moment when she would see him again, when he would kiss her and this time say, "I love you, Margot."

So it was most definitely disconcerting to find that nothing was different. Gil came. They went out together. Sometimes he kissed her, sometimes he didn't. Not a ripple broke the calm of their relationship.

He took her out to the pink-washed house where he lived with his mother. Mrs. Antony was quite charming to her. "Sweet," Susan had said, and she had been right. Mrs. Antony was slight and grey-haired, but still oddly girlish, in slacks and a rugged tweed jacket, her hands dirty from gardening.

"Gil talks so much about you," she said, and Margot noticed that she had the same way as he had of narrowing her grey eyes in a smile.

Perhaps Mrs. Antony was the answer; you could imagine that any son would dote on her. Yet Mrs. Antony was brisk and cheerful, obviously not at all the sort of person who would expect or want to be adored or spoiled.

"I've always hoped that Gil would marry a nice girl," she said when they were alone together for a moment. "A man should have a home of his own."

"But what about you?" said Margot, feeling that she was being pushed into a false position, yet fumbling after an explanation.

"Oh, don't worry about me," said Mrs. Antony. "I'm not a lonely sort of person. I always have too much to do."

"But—" Margot began, then Gil came in, and there was no opportunity again for finishing that sentence, even if she had known how she meant to finish it. Could she have

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 8, 1956



# Carpet



said to Mrs. Antony, "But you don't understand. He hasn't asked me to marry him. He hasn't ever said that he loves me."

She thought not, for Mrs. Antony now, like everybody else, assumed that Margot was going to marry Gil. Naturally. What else would one expect after all these months of devoted attention?

Margot couldn't imagine a future without him. "But he must say something," she thought, frantically. "He must say, 'Margot, I love you, darling. Marry me.'"

You couldn't just drift dumbly. There must come a moment when you looked at each other and said, "I love you." And, of course, everybody assumed that that moment had long since come and gone.

Aunt Ella came to tea one day. "Now, what's all this I hear?" she said roguishly. "I suppose we shall be having another wedding in the family soon?"

Margot turned scarlet. They were all looking at her: Mother, the boys, Mrs. Hannam, the rector's wife, who had happened to drop in. They were all waiting for her to smile and mention a date. But how could she, when Gil had never mentioned marriage?

"I don't know why you should think that. I'm not even engaged yet," she said shortly. Then she hurried out of the room, aware of the astonishment in their eyes.

Mother said afterwards, "Margot, this affair with Gil. It's been going on for a long time now."

"Mm," she said glumly. "Darling, I don't want to interfere, but I don't think it's good when an affair just goes on and on and on. Static. Are you in love with Gil?"

Margot shook her head. "I don't know—yes, I think so. Oh, I don't know."

She wanted to pour out all her miserable uncertainty, but mother had eloped with father when she was seventeen. So how could she understand?

But maybe she did understand a little, for she said tentatively: "Some men never do come to the point. I mean—taking a pretty girl out is pleasant, and they never get any farther, and time goes on. The thing is, Margot, if you're going to give Gil up, don't leave it too late."

Give him up? The thought hadn't occurred to her, but there it was now, a possibility. Freedom and release, perhaps. But the thought brought no sense of freedom and release, only a dreariness

so immense that she realised sadly how much she loved Gil.

But, nevertheless, Mother was right. You could go on and on, nothing happening. Static, that was Mother's word. And when at last, unable to bear it any longer, you gave him up, it was too late, because meanwhile the springtime of youth had flown.

She would be unhappy for a time, for a long time, but that would pass. She would forget Gil. And perhaps one day there would be someone else.

She thought her mind was made up, but when next evening Gil appeared the determination vanished. In any case, there was no opportunity for saying what she had planned to say, for Gil remarked, "Come out in the car; I want to show you something."

The countryside was decked with may, as it had been on the day of Susan's wedding. That was almost a year ago, almost a year exactly since she had first known Gil.

"I can't go on," she thought. There would be another year, and a year after that, everything still the same.

"Gil—" she began, and he turned and smiled at her, and she swallowed back the words. "Nothing," she said. "Nothing at all."

They turned into a green lane, rounded a corner, and Gil stopped the car before a square little house, standing back in its garden, low eaves coming down like heavy eyebrows over the upper windows.

"I've got the key," Gil said. "Come on, let's go and have a look at it."

Margot followed him along the path between

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When she went to bed Margot couldn't sleep—her mind was busy planning the furniture for the house.





*A living room that's gay  
and very today... tomorrow too...*

## Sunray Carpet

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*The living room in this picture is from modern small home design No. T 280 A by the Royal Vic. Institute of Architects. Furniture by courtesy of Grant Featherston.*

Sunray carpet, manufactured by the Tufton Corp. Ltd., is obtainable in furniture stores throughout Australia.

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"That man fascinates me," said Jennie, gazing raptly at the photo of my old Uncle Ambrose.



# A way with the ladies

A short short story by STEWART ROBERTSON

WHEN you run such a place as I do, with window lettering reading "BARBARA'S BAR-GAINS," it is necessary to develop a sympathetic front that will not let the customers suspect that you think they must be crazy.

My business is not antiques, nor is it what is called a thrift shop, but it is somewhere between the two, offering an assortment of semi-artistic rubbish that is sure to appeal to someone.

And I have just watched the door close on the most gullible little sweetheart of them all, which is why I am wiping my glasses free of something that seems to be tears.

It all started a month ago. I had just sold a couple of ugly rococo figurines to a woman who obviously thought she was getting the better of me, and when I put the eight dollars—seven-fifty profit—in my cash box I winked at the photo of Uncle Ambrose that I kept on my desk for no particular reason.

He was quite a character, and I thought of something I heard him say when I was a child. Suckers are that way because they want to be.

So it occurred to me that someone might even be foolish enough to buy Uncle Ambrose, and for a lark I decided to offer him to the public.

Uncle Ambrose was no beauty. His hairstyle was an old-fashioned bartender's bang, and he had disconcerting light grey eyes in a long, coffin-shaped face. His expression

was stern and dogged, and yet rather sad, which was rather peculiar, as I heard he was fond of saying that he never regretted anything.

Anyhow, I made him the centrepiece of a jumbled window display, and I thought that perhaps one of his old flames might happen up Third Avenue and take him to her bosom for the sake of 1910. He had never had the slightest difficulty with the ladies, aside from getting sufficient money to marry them.

Uncle Ambrose was on view for ten days before I noticed anyone give him a second glance, and, of all people, it was an extremely pretty girl. She was a fluffy, blue-eyed brunette, freckled just enough to be cute, and she was staring at Uncle Ambrose with an awed curiosity that surprised me. Then she drifted on after a false start, as though she hated to tear herself away.

She was back again that evening, her eyes flickering around the window before they came to rest on Uncle Ambrose, and then she settled into a ten-minute trance. When she had gone I went out on the sidewalk to test the full effect of my relative, but somehow he didn't do a thing to me — or anyone else but that freckled kid.

She took to stopping by on her way to and from work, and I would

spy on her affair with the old photo. It began to give me the creeps.

Barbara, I said to myself, stop being so inquisitive. There's no mystery. But seeing her standing there, as before a shrine, told me that something was queer. She was young and fresh as a flower, with a way of looking about her that made me think she came from out of town, so I was leaning in the doorway when she came by that evening.

"Hello," I said. "Could you be from upstate?"

"Yes, Maple Grove," nodded Freckles. "How did you know?"

"I'm a small townner, myself," I told her. "Would you like to come in and have a closer look at that picture?"

She blushed. "I'd like to buy it. I've been trying to make myself do it all week." All at once she looked older and rather miserable. "I must have him," she said in an exhausted sort of voice. "Do you know who he is?"

"Now, how should I know?" I shrugged. "Just some old-timer off somebody's mantelpiece. Let's discuss him over a cup of tea. I'm just about to close up and make some."

But Freckles, whose name turned out to be Jennie, had nothing to say regarding Uncle Ambrose. She was aching to talk, though, and because I have a romantic nature in spite of twenty years in the waiting-

room of spinsterhood I listened to the old, old story that was so new and vexatious to her.

Jennie didn't want to wither away in Maple Grove, so she had come to the city to grasp at a dream. The boy she left behind was Bill, who was tied by tradition to his father's drugstore, which he would inherit in the due course of human events.

"I thought I was entitled to try for a wealthy husband who would provide furs, jewels, a big house, and foreign travel," she said, gazing at Uncle Ambrose, "and I allowed myself a year to get them. If I failed, I'd go home."

"Well, I'm on my seventh month, and I — I think I'm about to realise my hopes. But the trouble is, Miss Barbara, that Bill is the one I really love. It's terrible! I thought things like that only happened in books."

"Where do you think authors get their plots?" I asked. "You can do what they do — make the ending to suit yourself. If you're going now you may have the picture without charge. Only I'm wondering why you want it."

"He fascinates me," Jennie said softly. She was smiling, but it seemed to be only a mask for something troubled and uneasy. I told her to drop in any time and she said she would, but as I let her out into Third Avenue I was pretty certain that I would never see her again.

I was wrong, of course. One week later she marched in, bright and shining and lovelier than ever. "I'm going home tomorrow morning," she said happily, "and here's why. I could have had the minks and the diamonds and all that, Miss Barbara, but I've suspected for some time — and found out for sure the other night — that marriage didn't go with them."

"That's why I've needed the picture. Whenever I felt like weakening, I'd put myself in the power of those blazing eyes that seemed to accuse me and expect the best of me at the same time. And that grave, uncompromising face."

"There was a man, I felt, who would never forsake his ideals and I could imagine him saying, 'You can't do it, Jennie! You must believe that money isn't everything.' I — I might never have made my decision without the strength he gave me."

Then from a briefcase she drew Uncle Ambrose and kissed him, but to me he just looked glowering and cantankerous. And as I watched Jennie's rapt young face I remembered: Suckers are that way because they want to be. So there was no point in telling her that Uncle Ambrose died in gaol after robbing a bank of forty thousand dollars.

(Copyright)





# The SINISTER

Opening instalment of a swift-moving and colorful mystery serial set in the Yosemite Valley

WHEN I filed application card Form 5000-AB I did not guess that, in addition to applying for a position as a ranger in our National Park Service, I was elbowing myself into participation in a series of events so extraordinary — indeed, so melodramatic — that few individuals have experienced their like — or, if they did experience them, managed to come through them alive.

I could not foresee, when I passed my civil-service examination and was appointed to Yosemite National Park, that I should encounter such eccentric, baffling, or ruthless characters as the stately Chinese gentleman, Li Seow Yen; the incredible and aristocratic Mrs. Letitia Potwin, from Boston's Black Bay; her chauffeur-secretary-maid, Miss Joan d'Arcy Vanderlee; the fat, bubbling, liquid-eyed Levantine Greek, Zaharados; or the dwarfish Johannes van der Poot, of Holland. To say nothing of the huge effeminate wrestler, Nature Boy Nussler.

I found that I had to buy my own uniforms at a cost of nearly 150 dollars; that my salary was 3410 dollars a year; that it was ordained I should work a forty-hour week, with overtime for such extra hours as I spent usefully.

My duties included fire protection, insect control, protecting scenic wonders of the flora and fauna of the park, protecting the visiting public from one another and the results of their natural vagaries, and answering questions sensible and absurd with courtesy and correctness.

There were 70 of us — 23 regular rangers and 47 of us seasonal boys—to oversee and police 757,617 acres of the awe-inspiring, incredibly beautiful and almost untamed terrain.

On the day I first made the acquaintance of Mrs. Letitia Potwin, I was stationed in Camp 14 on the floor of the valley. Here I registered newcomers and assigned sites upon which they might park their trailers, for this was largely a house-trailer camp.

I was engaged in some trivial chore when an imperative female voice called, "Ranger!"

Now we rangers, even of such brief experience as I, are not given to feeling surprise, much less to exhibiting surprise, at the appearance, antics, aberrations, or mental idiosyncracies of those who come to disport themselves in those areas which have been set apart by act of Congress for the conservation of "the scenery and the natural and historical objects and

wildlife . . . for the enjoyment of the same in such manner and by such means as will leave them unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations." But I admit I stared with undisguised amazement at what I saw.

The means of transportation of these new arrivals consisted of a car of expensive make and conservative design, to which was attached an expensive trailer of approximately the dimensions of a Pullman sleeping-car.

The front seat of the automobile was occupied by two women. One was a lady—unmistakably a lady—of mature years. In a more mellow age than this the complimentary word which would have been applied to her is "portly."

She was clothed in dignity. Her face, dominated by a great nose, was aristocratic in a granite sort of way. And she was dressed as if she were going to a fashionable afternoon-tea at the height of the social season.

The driver of the car was much younger and definitely more pleasing to the eye. Her dress was a chauffeur's uniform of blue with a visored cap which sat sedately upon hair which was closer to red than auburn. Her face was rather on the lean side with high cheekbones and flat planes beneath. Her eyes were not blue, as one would have expected, but dark brown.

It was the sort of face you looked at once carelessly and then turned back to quickly for a second look to try to determine just what was there to be seen.

"Young man," said the elderly lady, "you are a ranger?"

"I am a ranger," said I.

The massive lady fixed me with severe eyes. "Your appearance," she said, "is creditably spruce. You have my approval."

"Thank you, madam," I answered.

"And your manners, what little I have seen of them, are good," she said, as if awarding an accolade.

"How may I assist you?" I asked.

"We were told to come here to register and to be assigned space for our trailer."

"If you will come with me," I suggested, "we will select a space and then register you by name and location, in case of mail or telegrams."

"There will be none," she said grimly. "Our whereabouts is unknown to friends and acquaintances . . . Joan, go with the young man and attend to details . . . By the way, ranger, have you a name?"

"Sawtell," I informed her.

"Ranger Sawtell. I believe there are certain regulations?"

"Not rigorous," I informed her.





# STRANGERS

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

"Is there one?" she demanded rather than asked, "against search for hidden treasure?"  
"May I ask the nature of this treasure?"  
"Gold," she said tersely.  
"No mining operations are permitted."  
"I do not wish to mine. I wish to seek for a hidden treasure."

"There is no regulation against that," I answered.  
"So long as you do not mar or deface."  
"That," she said, "is understood. I am not a vandal."  
"If you will come with me, Miss —," I said to the chauffeur.

"Vanderlee," she supplied, and stepped from the car. She came up to my ear, and I am six feet and an inch tall.

We walked through the close-huddled trailers, and I pointed out an available site which she said was satisfactory.

"Sanitary facilities and water," I told her. "No electricity. Ice will be delivered. There is a store for supplies."

"Thank you. This will do very well," she said. She completed the registration: "Mrs. Letitia Potwin and chauffeur."

"Your name also, please."  
"Joan d'Arcy Vanderlee," she wrote.  
"Of Boston?"

"Of Boston," she answered.

We returned to the automobile, and Miss Vanderlee manoeuvred it into its position between a home-made job drawn by a battered car and a streamlined trailer from whose side stretched a striped awning with comfortable chairs underneath.

"Can I be of further service?" I asked.  
"None," Mrs. Potwin said decisively. "... Joan, affix the awning. Then you will prepare coffee. ... This location suits my purposes admirably. I wish to mingle."

"You will find no difficulty," said I, "in mingling. There are eight thousand people here."

Mrs. Potwin stared about her, aristocratic nose elevated. Brilliant sun penetrated the towering pines, which afforded little shade. Underfoot, the grass had been worn away, and on every side as far as the eye could reach were trailers parked cheek by jowl, canvas awnings, canvas enclosures to give some measure of privacy.

Children were everywhere, sucking lollipops or nibbling ice-cream cones, while their parents sat beside their nomadic dwellings, lolling in camp chairs, dressed in the ultimate of informality, cooking or eating or napping or gossiping. Bicycles scurried about, ridden by women with bare legs, boys and men with bare legs, who were pedalling furiously to no destination.

In the background was a huge van containing automatic laundering machines, and before it, in canvas chairs, sat half a dozen women, waiting for their clothing to pass through that mechanical cleansing process.

None of them ever had seen any other of the group until they came here, but they were chattering together.

"Clutter," said Mrs. Potwin disapprovingly.

"They do get a bit close together," I agreed.

"It would seem," she said loftily, "that the chief characteristic of the human race is to create slums for itself. These persons come thousands of miles ostensibly to gaze at wonders of nature. Do they ever look at them?"

"Why, yes, madam." In spite of regulations, I was ironical. "They even," said I, "buy picture postcards of them."

Miss Vanderlee emerged from the trailer. Her voice was brittle as she quoted, "To him who in the love of Nature holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language." It may be that a fat woman in slacks with a hot dog in her hand gets more out of goggling at Niagara or the Grand Canyon or Glacier Point than the aesthete in a flowing tie and nibbling a violet.

"You are impertinent," snapped Mrs. Potwin.

"It's part of my job," Miss Vanderlee said, and disappeared within the trailer. She thrust her head out the door. "Somebody has to rap you over the knuckles or you get out of hand."

This seemed to me to be disrespectful language to be addressed by an employee to her mistress, and I expected swift results. But Mrs. Potwin ignored it. Instead, she asked me, "What sort of language, ranger, does Nature speak to this riffraff?"

"A good language," I answered, choosing my words with discretion. "And this, madam, is not precisely riffraff. These are citizens on holiday, possibly a long-anticipated-and-saved-for holiday. At first glance they may seem grotesque or crude. But, at your leisure, madam, study their faces. They are the faces of men and women who, by diligence and economy and good citizenship, have earned the right to relax for a few days, and lay aside their cares and their inhibitions. These funny people, madam, are the backbone of our country."

I stopped, embarrassed, fearing lest I had overstepped the bounds. Mrs. Potwin glared at me a moment. Her face did not relax its grimace even when she spoke.

"Young man," she said harshly, "you're not such a fool as you look. And I'm not such a fool as I talk."

Suddenly her eyes widened as a tall, spare gentleman in a meticulously tailored gabardine suit emerged from the neighboring trailer. He had a face of great dignity, thin, with high cheekbones and unmistakably Oriental eyes.

"Mr. Li!" she exclaimed.

The man turned, startled.

"I am Letitia Potwin," she said.

"Not the dazzling Mrs. Potwin, of Paris, of London,

To page 45

Letitia Potwin

Li Seow Yen

Nature Boy Nussler



# Winter Winds

WILL CHAP YOUR SKIN



and you know how uncomfortably rough your skin can feel—and look. NIVEA is the answer—the finest protection—for only NIVEA contains Eucerite, the scientific ingredient which replaces the natural oils that the cold weather dries out from your

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BOTTLE (16 oz.) 4!

Slightly higher in Country Districts.

Buy it today from your Grocer

## Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

### WEEK'S BEST LETTER

WHY do some women persistently moan and groan when men will not give up their seats to them in buses, trams, and trains? We women demand equality and so the male half of the population is letting us have it well and truly. In many cases women are earning just as much as, and sometimes even more than, family men. How can we expect to be treated as women—and as we should be treated—if we do not retain our rightful positions (slightly in the background)? I do support the males in this respect. If we want their jobs, with the same wages, we should accept all that goes with it, including standing in buses, trams, and trains.

£1/1/- to Miss N. Fava, North Bondi, N.S.W.

IS it fair that normal youths who follow the latest American clothes fashions should be looked down upon as bodgies? There is really quite a lot of difference between a well-dressed young man and an over-dressed juvenile delinquent. People should consider this before they form rash opinions of innocent modernistic youths.

10/6 to R. Mazzacchelli, Nedlands, W.A.

WITH the arrival soon of crowds of Olympic Games visitors, it is hoped that everyone will help to make our towns and cities brighter with attractive garden displays. Householders can help also by tidying the strips in front of their houses, thus improving the appearance of the street. Those in flats can brighten up the front of their buildings by providing window-boxes containing pot-grown flowers, which last quite a while.

10/6 to Mrs. E. A. McRae, Prahran, Vic.

PICTURES of a happy smiling bride taking the whole of the space with no sign of the man she is marrying make me see red. When I was married I made a point of including my husband in the wedding photographs. After all, I wasn't the only one getting married.

10/6 to Mrs. E. Perkins, Bendigo, Vic.

SO many magazines are crammed with lovely pictures of "ideal homes," all beautifully furnished, but while admiring them let us keep our sense of proportion. We cannot all live in such houses. Any home is beautiful where cleanliness, love, and happiness reign, and young people should be told this, because so many of them are likely to be impressed by fine houses whether they can afford them or not.

10/6 to Mrs. C. Little, Swan Reach, Vic.

I REMEMBER vividly that my father always impressed on me, "Show your mother respect, and respect to the other mothers and sisters around you will come naturally." Today I have two boys and a daughter and still follow the same rule. Whatever their mother requests, respect takes first place on their list of observances or they are soon "pulled up" by me.

10/6 to Will Blanchard, Lithgow, N.S.W.

EVERY week one hears of young couples in their late teens or very early twenties getting married. Surely these young people have not had enough experience of life before embarking on a lifetime partnership that requires love, tact, and money to have any hope of survival. In these days of inflation, two cannot live as cheaply as one—it's better to wait and have a sound beginning than to struggle for years for the bare necessities of good living.

10/6 to "Twenty-four" (name supplied), Ouse, Tas.

I WOULD like to draw attention to the very bad habit so many people have when conversing of not looking at the eyes of the other person. The eye aids wonderfully in explaining a conversation clearly, though the gaze should not become a fixed stare. This is a gift that helps a great deal in life, and is a part of the art of conversing properly, which is sadly needed in Australia.

10/6 to R. N. Carrington, Melbourne.

### Knighthood honors

SURELY Merilyn West (The Australian Women's Weekly, 27/6/56) does not really think a civilian who helps a friend in trouble deserves a knighthood. To help our friends, and strangers, too, is our duty, and the satisfaction of knowing we have been a help to them is sufficient reward. If knighthoods were bestowed as lavishly as Merilyn West suggests, there would be more "Sirs" than "Misters."

10/6 to Brenda Mole, Edmonton, Nth. Qld.

### Family affairs

• Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

WHEN my sister, whose home was away in the West Queensland bush, sent her two little boys to live with me and go to school, I decided I must teach them to "play fair" with each other.

When things were to be divided, such as toys, small cakes, or mixed fruits, I adopted the following plan:

I would ask the elder boy (by two years) to divide the things into two portions of equal value, as he considered it, with the understanding that the younger had first choice of a portion.

£1/1/- to Miss E. Richardson, Camp Hill, Brisbane.

## Ross Campbell writes...

I WAS delighted to read that Lady Olivier is going to have a baby.

At the same time I could not help thinking how little privacy film and stage stars enjoy in these matters.

It is quite different in more humble walks of life.

Say a Mrs. Marlene Brown, of "Kia Ora," Railway Parade, learns on good authority that she is going to have a dear little baby.

She doesn't rush off and put a notice in the local paper.

Indeed, except for a few friends whom Mrs. Brown tells, the district remains ignorant of her condition.

People only find out when she begins to wear those peculiar clothes that are made to camouflage mothers-to-be.

If it weren't for these camouflage clothes, the secret could sometimes be kept till nearly the last minute.

In the world of show business it's not a secret at all—it's news.

Perhaps Lady Olivier envies women who can have a baby without being talked about from Oslo to Oodnadatta.

### ALL-STAR BABY

Still, she will have some compensations.

Sir Laurence, in making the announcement, said: "We have already chosen a name and a Nanny."

So at least Lady Olivier will not



have to bath, dress and change her baby.

She won't get up to it at night or push its pram in the afternoon.

That is much more than you can say for Mrs. Marlene Brown.

You can tell from the way Sir

Laurence spoke that he took the Nanny for granted.

He could no more imagine a baby without a Nanny than a baby without a name.

This idea is common in polite English society.

I lived in London once and I shall never forget the Nannies pushing enormous prams around the parks.

The prams were so big I was often tempted to thumb a ride.

Some English women, I was told, choose a Nanny before they choose a husband.

You hear conversations there on these lines:

"What a pity the Boffingtons have no family. Such a charming young couple."

"Yes, it is. You know the reason, of course?"

"No."

"Since they got the car they find they can't afford a Nanny."

"Oh, how frightfully sad!"

Happily there is no such problem for Lady Olivier.

All her admirers will hope for a bonny babe for her and Nanny.



# Spring in Bloom



**T**HIS SPRING the woman of fashion will do well to take her inspiration from the rose—a slender, long-stemmed rose in full bloom or in bud. The stem is the silhouette—the head of the rose the hat. (See illustrations of this theme on pages 16 and 17.) The hats are deep-set-on-the-head “real” ones, often outrageous extravaganzas of flowers, and their airy bulk is the focus of the new look. Below the hat the dress, suit, or coat is often understated, slender (not skimpy), with ease about the waistline. The latter may be natural, high-lifted, or unmarked. The bloused-at-the-back line and the Empire-line are two definite new looks. The Empire is my favorite, and will be most women’s, because it suits every figure, excluding only the really bulky. Colors include the light sparkling pink of vin rose, rose-red, coral, lots of soft, vague apricots and blonds, and a subtle parma-violet. Dior makes navy high-fashion. It is also used a little by Balenciaga, but most of the other designers ignore it. Black-and-white is worn in Paris from 5 o’clock onwards. Flower-prints, often with a rose as the motif, beautify every collection. Polka dots are sprinkled with a lavish hand throughout the couture. Pure sky-blue with a white accent is again an irresistible spring color alliance. (See our cover.) There are more narrow than wide skirts for day, and lots of waist-length jackets. Coats are a fashion in themselves. They have lots of style, can be in silk, wool, or cotton, and are worn A.M. and P.M. White organdie accents foam for day and evening. The Fath collection leads in this one, and Madame Fath has suits and dresses with delectable 1890 ruchings. There is a special kind of English beauty, even when French-designed, about numbers of the new ball gowns. Many are done in delicate flower-prints creating the atmosphere of gentleness and waltzing beneath a crystal chandelier. The delicately whittled slenderness of the Empire-line ball gown has effortless elegance.

Accessory notes at random: In Paris the evening hat is a decided “must” . . . above-elbow gloves are worn softly ruched—day or night . . . shoes are narrow and pointed—classic pumps or bared, airy sandals. Lots of colored kid shoes by day; at night, satin ones—their color matched to the dress.

All in all, spring fashions haven’t an ounce of hard chic; in fact, this season chic means prettiness. (See pages 22, 23.) The clothes are worldly and elegant for certain, but they also have a lovely soft new turn—and, more important, they create a delightful feeling of femininity. Not all are easy fashions to wear, but find your own particular style and it will give you lots of pleasure and flattery in return.

—Betty Keep



## The American Look for Spring!



### PRINCETON SPORTSWEAR

A SPHINX PRODUCTION

Here is one of the exciting new American Spring styles created by Princeton... a carefree sun frock with its own town-wise bolero; elasticised panels keep the bodice trim and smooth. In exciting new carnival spots and checks. The full range of Princeton Sportswear (and their companion series of Sphinx frocks) are to be seen now at all the better stores. You'll be delighted at the prices!

#### Trade enquiries:-

Sphinx Apparel Pty. Ltd.,  
49 Clarence St., Sydney.  
Interstate: C. G. Ward  
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The pattern illustrated is  
**RIVIERA**  
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Replacements will be available for many years to come.

Write for colour brochure and name of nearest stockist to:-

Midwinter Publicity Dept. AWW4, Pottery Agencies Ltd.,  
187 Queen Street, Melbourne, C.I., Victoria

# LATE-DAY PRINTS

● There is a freshness of inspiration about this season's deluge of prints. Many are flowered—and the rose is fashion's favorite. For late-day and having people admire you, choose any of the designs illustrated here.

### The New Fashions



● Beautiful rose-print coat (left) to wear with its own matching dress or over an all-white or all-black dress.

● Empire suit (right), cool, sleek, and polished, and quite the smartest suit silhouette we know for this year.



● Two striking examples of the delicious new look of flowery prints. One is wide-skirted, the other slender.



# DO YOU KNOW THE ANSWERS TO THIS QUIZ?



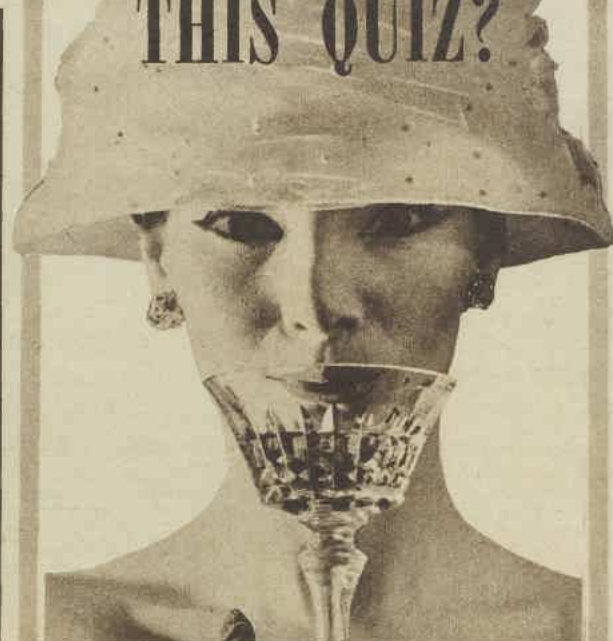
**A**—This spring sleepwear is in flower prints. Is this the most important fashion idea for lingerie?



**B**—What is the newest and most seductive thing about late-day dresses?



**C**—Which designer (female) uses black accented with white organdie?



● If you haven't studied the spring fashions, check our fashion section, then take this test. The answers are on page 21—but don't look yet.

1. Name the flower of fashion in Paris.
2. What is the newest thing about the spring silhouette as a whole?
3. If the color of a hat and dress differs, which toning color should be chosen for the lipstick?
4. Name four essentials for a chic and practical tennis dress.
5. This season Dior has launched a new waist-length jacket called . . .?
6. What two colors (in Paris) have found each other this season?
7. On European beaches, what is the newest material and color for a swimsuit?
8. What is the newest form of jewellery for spring?
9. Colored shoes are in fashion. True or false?
10. Which world-famous designer has made navy-blue high fashion for spring?
11. Name the best color for a travel coat.
12. What is the right type of hat to wear with a slim spring suit?
13. Flower-printed dress fabrics are in fashion. What other print is running neck-and-neck?
14. How should one use the new melon shades?
15. Have spring shoes blunt or pointed toes?

● Answers on page 21.



**D**—Name one of the most popular fabrics being used for late-day and formal evening.



**E**—The blazer, a semi-retired classic, is big fashion again. Should it be striped or plain?



**F**—What two points of interest are outstanding on the suit above?





Engaging  
new colour  
 for your lips  
 and fingertips . . .

# Proposal Pink

FEMININE AS A BLUSH . . . beautiful as a diamond . . . "PROPOSAL PINK" is the new, romantic pink for your lips and fingertips—the most irresistible pink ever created!

This is the colour that will show you why they say "Pink is for a proposal!"

Wear it . . . and see what exciting things will happen to you!



by **CUTEX**

CUTEX "STAYFAST" LIPSTICK CREAMY, LASTING, SATIN-SMOOTH . . . 4/11

CUTEX NAIL POLISH, REGULAR . . . 3/3

CUTEX NAIL BRILLIANCE . . . 4/9





● Military-style helmet camouflaged with flowers.

## STREET HAT PARADE

● Givenchy, the youngest and most spirited of the Parisian couturiers, refused to show his spring collection to the Press. Later he relented, but he staged his hat showing in a street.



● Reminiscent of a fez.

THE display caused quite a stir in Paris, where sensations are usually too numerous to attract much attention. Crowds of voluble Parisians gathered round ash-blond model Ghislaine Arsac, and stared as she displayed his ultra-chic collection.

The kindest comment on the styles came from a fat lady. "What a pity," she said, "the model is so beautiful."

### The New Fashions



● Inspired by an Oriental bowl.

● Fairy-floss of tulle.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 8, 1956



Just try  
a 1/-  
bubble!

See for yourself how  
**RICHARD HUDNUT**  
**egg creme shampoo**  
*cleans your hair*  
*like magic!* ...leaves it shining,  
silken-soft and  
lovely!

Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoo cleanses your hair like magic—yet is gentle, non-drying. It leaves no dulling "soapy" film and it keeps your hair shining clean.

Dull dry hair, limp oily hair, gain new silken beauty; hidden subtleties of tone are revealed. Every permanent "takes" better.

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IN BUBBLES, 1/-



AS WELL AS BOTTLES

4 OZ.

5/6



8 OZ.

9/6

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Page 15



# Gary Hordern

● The silhouette is a slender stem, shorn of all trimmings. The hats are wider, suggesting the head of the flower.



● Over a one-piece of topaz-colored shantung (above) is a seven-eighths sweater-coat of daffodil-yellow. The coat is characterised by a scooped collarless neckline, three-quarter-length sleeves, and very slight shaping under the bustline.



● Dior's two-piece (right), made in apricot-colored linen; its stark simplicity is the epitome of the spring line.



● Balenciaga's string-colored shantung frock (above) shows the Empire influence. The softly draped bodice of white spotted silk is matched to the bolero lining. The hat is wide, bulky enough to make the silhouette taper.



# Paris Notes



● Dior's two-piece (left) of forget-me-not-blue linen has a skirt with front draping. The top has sleeve fullness and a plain, buttoned front panel. The hat is a wide mushroom of coarse matching straw.



● The simple elegance of the Dior frock (right) is classic. The dress has a wide neckline and revers which form a double-breasted front buttoning. The blue is a subtle inky-violet.



● Lilac is the color chosen for the Givenchy model (above) for which the sole trimming is two patch-pockets set on the hemline of the jacket. The new proportioning of the hat is a very important part of the spring silhouette as a whole.

*Dorthea Johnston*



new sweater? new blouse?

*No! They're Lux-washed 3 times!*

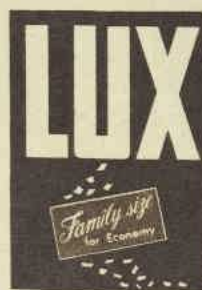


The makers of *Twinprufe* Wools advise:

**"wash woollies in Lux  
because it's so safe"**

TWO BRIGHT GIRLS put it on record that they can be smart as mannequins — and save money! That hand-knit middie and jersey shirt are the darlings of their winter "casuals". They've had three dips in Lux so far — are likely to have many more before the season's out. Will they shrink? No! Will the colours dim? Not a bit. Constant Lux care keeps them new as first time on. No wonder the makers of *Twinprufe* wools say: "Avoid bar-soap rubbing and harsh washing methods. A gentle squeeze through luke-warm Lux suds will keep all your woollie wardrobe colour-bright, soft and everlastingly warm".

Perfect for dishes, too! For as little as a penny a day you can wash-up the pleasant way — with Lux.



## DRESS SENSE *By Betty Keep*

● The Empire-line is a new and flattering silhouette for spring. I have chosen a modified version of this line for the young reader below.

HERE is her letter and my reply:

"WOULD you please design me a spring frock suitable for parties? I want to use a printed material, but I don't like florals. What would you advise? Do you think that I could wear checks? I am in my teens and, as the frock is being made at home, I need a paper pattern in size 36in. bust."

You could wear checks, but polka dots are far newer. In fact, after flowery prints, they are quite the newest thing in Paris. The design I have chosen is illustrated at right. The dress is Empire-inspired, made so by the wide cummerbund of self material. The bodice is sleeveless, the bateau neckline cuffed—the skirt a soft gathering from below the wide cummerbund belt. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust.

"WHAT style of separate jacket will I buy to take on my holidays? The jacket is to wear with skirts, slacks, etc. I am 17, tall, and have a fairly nice figure."

The classic striped or plain collarless blazer is a new-again fashion for teenagers. You could have the blazer made in striped wool jersey, or in a plain wool bound with matching or contrasting silk braid.

"WOULD you please tell me if it would be overdone to wear colored shoes with a patterned silk frock?"

No. It would be perfectly correct. The colored shoe is en route to summer.

"I AM busy sewing garments for my trousseau and would like your advice about summer nightgowns, also pyjamas. I am rather a feminine type, small and fair."

The newest thing about summer sleep-wear is the length. Shortie pyjamas are very popular and very feminine, too. Numbers are made with lace or frill-trimmed separate tops just covering tiny bloomer pants. Nightgowns may be any length from mid-calf to above ankle. Flower colors and flower prints are in fashion, and cottons for hot weather head the material list.



DS198. — Empire-line party dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9. Patterns obtainable from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"I WOULD like to have a frock and jacket made for spring. What length will I have the jacket? I would also like to know a smart accessory color for black."

Waist-length is a very new length for a spring jacket. Numbers of jackets in this category are made double-breasted and have wide-from-the-throat-line collars. All melon shades are very new worn with black.

"HOW would you suggest I brighten last season's plain black crepe frock? I wondered if Kelly-green as a contrast would look smart."

White is the perfect spring freshener for black, and right in fashion, too. A white organdie cape collar would be new and pretty. Or if the design of the frock lends itself to a jabot, a frilly one in white organdie would look wonderful. Both ideas would be simple and inexpensive to follow.

Beauty in brief:

### SPRING LOOK OF COSMETICS

By CAROLYN EARLE

● This spring make-up colors keep the pretty, soft look of the pastel pinks, and there is also a renewed interest in the high-style look of yellow-red shades.

LIPSTICK color is always an individual choice, and quite a few wearers seem to have a true instinct for selecting the one that suits best.

The beauty of the rosy-into-crimson tonings is twofold.

In the first place, what manufacturers call the "blood tones" are easier for the majority of people to wear. And secondly, these tonings have a way of making the wearer's complexion look clear and bright.

One of the main things to remember

here is that there are many, varied depths of pink, and careful choice is needed.

The same applies to pink face powders. Probably the one closest to your natural coloring is right for you.

There is no sense in playing around with high-style cosmetics unless you can carry them off successfully.

The yellow-red combination make-up is somewhat harder to wear. Very dark shades of make-up must be worn warily after the age of 40.





# "New Lincoln nylons are wonderful!"

— say fashion and value conscious women, including Australia's top mannequins

Leading Australian mannequins, Wendy Martin and Leah McCartney, teachers at the Athol Shmith Model College, say, "Lincoln Nylons are really wonderful. They combine the high-fashion features necessary in modelling work with long-wearing qualities that are quite unusual in a 15 denier. Top marks, too, for those amazing Linklace bracelets . . . they definitely put an end to top and toe runs".



with ingenious "Linklace" bracelets



*stop top and toe runs forever!*

At first sight you'll fall in love with the gossamer-fine beauty of Lincoln "Rose Ribbon" Nylons. At first wear — and wear after wear — you'll be delighted with the snug-fitting comfort, the beautiful arrow-straight seams and the complete protection of those ingenious Linklace bracelets at top and toe. Super-sealed for greater snag resistance, heavenly Lincoln "Rose Ribbon" Nylons come in 11 fractional fittings, a bewitching range of high-fashion shades and a delicate face-powder finish.

Another quality product from Lincoln Mills. Available at Hosiery Bars everywhere.

LINCOLN "ROSE RIBBON", 15 DENIER — 12/11 LINCOLN "JADE RIBBON", 30 DENIER — 11/9

(These prices apply in VIC., N.S.W., W.A. and T.A.S., but may vary slightly in S.A. and Q.L.D.)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 8, 1956



## WHAT ARE LINKLACE BRACELETS?

The most fitting description for this wonderful Lincoln feature is "a run arrestor". Rings of runproof lockstitch at welt and toe arrest runs before they spread to the sheeriness in between. It is impossible for any type of run — even one starting from a hole — to get past a Linklace Bracelet.





*My doctor  
recommends  
**BOURN-VITA**  
to help me  
sleep well*



Doctors agree that deep, restful sleep is the natural way to overcome that tired, on-edge feeling. And one sure way to help promote this necessary restorative sleep is to drink a hot cup of delicious Bourn-vita at bedtime *every night*. Made from malt, eggs, milk and chocolate, Bourn-vita is a tonic food drink suitable for all the family. You'll find they will enjoy its delicious flavour.

*Sleep Sweeter*  
**BOURN-VITA**  
*IT'S CADBURY'S*

## It's cold outside



**SURREALISTIC** dummies are made from old wax models. Young artists slapped pink and mauve plaster of paris over the old dummies and, while it was wet, pressed colored stone chips on for hair, jewellery, drapery. Twigs sprouting from head and hands set the atmospheric spring theme.

## Months of skilful planning lure crowds to big stores

When winter-weary crowds cluster around city store spring windows, they are looking into a world of forced spring that has been six months and more in the making.

**F**OUR times a year the big upheaval comes at the stores, when the whole shop is transformed overnight for the new season. But the biggest of all upheavals comes for the spring.

These displays involve directly and indirectly the activities of thousands of work-people and specialists.

Of the huge band of workers involved in preparing the countless details of a spring window display, only a handful will have any idea of the overall plan. This is a care-

fully kept and guarded secret. Fewer still will have seen the clothes—prime reason for the winter-long activity.

The new season dresses are kept away in special stock-room cupboards, swathed in protective coverings, and are carried direct to the windows.

The whole lengthy scheme of co-ordination of accessories and background is carried out with samples of material.

### The theme

**T**HE overall theme for the present spring windows began well over six months ago, when buyers and overseas representatives of the big stores began to send back their first reports of new colors and trends.

"When the feed-back of information is complete, the meetings begin," said the display supervisor of one Sydney store. "From a sifting through of the whole material that

has been accumulating, there will emerge a distinct theme. You find that buyers are independently recommending the same colors and ideas."

After the meetings begins the alerting of buyers, the placing of orders, the getting in hand of local production to fit in with the agreed trends and color promotions.

"Every department will stock its normal full color range," the display head said, "but orders for the colors that fit in with the theme that is being promoted will be doubled."

A big display window, needing construction work, new lighting, and sometimes even the removal of a floor, will be closed for as long as four days before the curtains are parted to reveal its spring scene.

### A new season

**O**NE Melbourne store has "discovered" a new season—spring as it really is in Melbourne—not as the poets write about it.

Instead of launching straight into summery fashions, they are concentrating on an in-between season—with a realistic approach to the uncertainty of spring weather.

The store's fashion controller explains that the average woman prepares for spring races with a winter suit and a summer dress—and waits to see what the weather is.

His solution to this problem is a suit or dress and jacket in light wool or heavy silk, suitable for all weathers. He is determined to get away from heavy winter clothes for spring, but feels that anyone who comes forth in summer fashions in Melbourne's spring is asking for a cold in the head.

His main worries in the pre-spring period are persuading manufacturers to venture a new line, and following up



**THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S VISIT** and the Olympic Games mean extra festive wear for Melbourne women this spring. One couturiere, photographed fitting a formal evening gown, says short evening frocks are out this spring.



# SPRING - BEHIND GLASS



**BASIC COAT** of lacquer brings an aloof torso into line for spring. The plaster-of-paris window-ladies have a long life, are often broken up and remade into a more fashionable shape. Behind the scenes, workrooms are busy for months before the public see the spring story in the spectacular window displays.

the samples they send to make sure the fashions are exactly what he has ordered.

At the moment he is devoting his energies to preparing the fashion parade which will launch this new season. It will take the form of a "teaser" parade in the Collins Street window of the store, with a full-scale parade upstairs.

One Sydney store featuring an Oriental theme for this spring's windows has given its display models uniform creamy-tan complexions, Oriental fringes, and almond eyes.

## Spring suntan

USUALLY for the spring display, the figures are re-sprayed with a light tan to replace their paler winter tones.

Once the Oriental theme had been decided on, staff responsible for the creative side of the presentation began its visits to the art gallery, museum, bookshops, and antique shops — anywhere Oriental forms and colors could be studied.

The background of waves for the swimsuit display was copied from a classical Japanese print. Diligent searching in warehouses produced—at a throw-out price—a thin, opaque paper that could be used to fake a Japanese screen. It had been made in Germany.

One of the department's painters, who had to make some carved black furniture look like jade, studied jade statues in city antique shops.



**ARTIFICIAL SPRING WARMTH** from the concentration of high-powered lights warms the model who parades in the window of a big Melbourne store. The window parades are designed to lure the people, huddled in their furs and topcoats in the outside cold, into the store to see full-scale parades of light spring clothes.

"Nothing is ever wasted in a display department," said the display manager of another Sydney store.

"As an example, the Daliesque figures that form one of the themes of this spring's windows are actually old, broken, and outmoded display stock given a new treatment.

"The real bugbear for the displayman are the continual new hair-dos. The changing bustline is bad enough, but we have to re-wig the models three or four times a year.

## Sculptured hair

**FORTUNATELY**, we've found a way out by making hair of sculptured paper."

While sheer pressure for space necessitates periodical clear-outs of the storerooms, the display departments accumulate a fantastic collection of objects.

These include cart wheels, cardboard castles, brown-paper and plaster horses, and fishing nets.

The departments regularly put in orders for loads of dry branches and loads of rock.

"What with beach scenes and picnic settings, you'd be surprised how much rock we get through," one display manager said.

As well, most of the larger stores regularly make purchases from the second-hand furniture market.

"Arranging a new season's window display is like setting a stage for a play," one display supervisor said. "Only, in our case, the clothes are the stars."

Most interesting of one Melbourne store's spring activities is the publication of its spring gazette—a high-fashion brochure which is famous for its taste and originality.

A peep at the preparations of the cover of this "Vogue"-like gazette were slightly disillusioning.

The photographer was photographing a sleek model in a wide, filmy hat.

The finished result was a delicately misty picture of a beautiful, remote looking model—her shoulders hidden artistically by very real looking roses.

## Tell-tale back

WHAT the camera didn't see was the girl's bra straps showing where she had pulled down her black sweater carelessly, her ungainly pose as she steadied the wobbling pane of glass, and the very papery roses she was clutching.

After this we called in at one of Melbourne's most exclusive couturieres.

The extra social functions of Olympic year mean that many women are ordering two or three outfits instead of one for spring, she said. "Long evening dresses are definitely the thing for this spring," she told us. "I'm not making any more short evening dresses—I'm concentrating on the cocktail dress and the long formal evening dress... just the thing for an Olympic spring when so many people will be entertaining overseas visitors."



**SYDNEY PEOPLE** often come into town at night when the big stores have their spring window displays. Families, despite the cold, examine the windows critically. This picture shows dressers preparing the corner of one window.



**DIORAMA** to scale of a blossom window that will, it is hoped, open customers' purses for a spring dress in the cold weather. Workroom of this big store, with preparations for spring over, begins work on Christmas displays.

## The New Fashions

1. The rose, used singly as a trim, spilling over dress fabrics.
2. Hats, that's certain.
3. The color of the lips should always ally with the hat.
4. Above-knee-length, salt-white, free-armed, and washable.
5. Caraco.
6. Black and white.
7. Fine black wool stockinette.
8. There are more necklaces than any other form of jewellery.
9. True.
10. Christian Dior.
11. Rose-red, because it looks wonderful over beige, grey, black, pink, and white.
12. A pretty hat—the prettier the

## Answers to Quiz on page 13

- better—e.g., a silk-printed turban or a big flowery hat.  
13. Polka dots.  
14. As an accent for all-white or all-black.  
15. Pointed.

## Answers to fashion picture questions

- A. No, the length is the most important thing about sleepwear. It can be above-thigh, mid-calf, or ankle-length.  
B. The silhouette, which is Empire.  
C. Madame Fath.  
D. Chiffon, often printed with flowers or polka-dotted.  
E. It can be either, and look equally chic.  
F. The sash-belt and its position, under the bosom.



# FLOWER FASHIONS FOR SPRING

## The New Fashions

HERE are fashions to illustrate the point that "chic" this season means "pretty." The new clothes are designed to make every woman look her most feminine. The silhouette, it may be bloused, empire, or unbroken, has a new ease that gives movement and subtlety to the figure.

The full-skirted dress comes into its own in the evening, and drifts of chiffon are seen on every dance floor. The short evening dress is important, too. Dior's are at least sixteen inches from the floor.

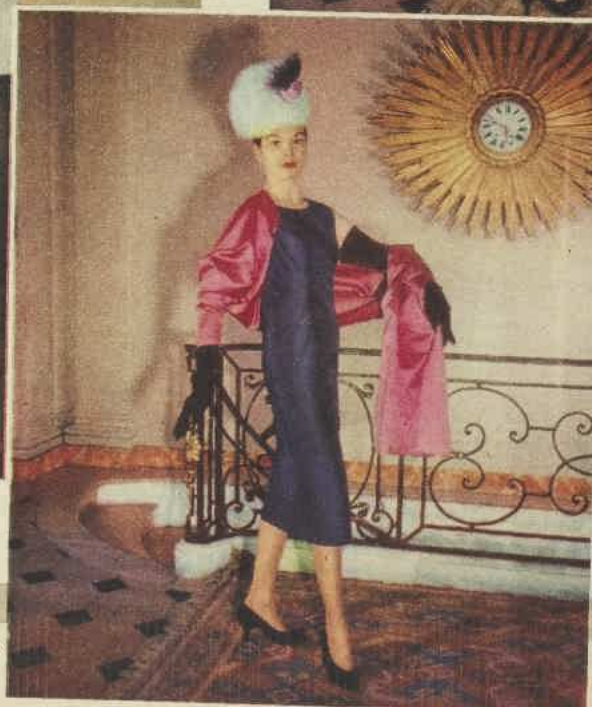
Skirtlines in the daytime are somewhat shorter than they were last season. But, as always, this is a matter of figure proportions and personal preference.



● Givenchy's white crepe afternoon dress (above), printed in orange-red geranium heads and their own green leaves. The bodice has a bosom-level buttoning at the front, and a loose, bloused-back panel.



● Balenciaga puts a matching rose-red coat (above) over a one-piece dress. The sumptuous black tulle hat is matched to shoes and gloves. The dress is beltless and needle-straight.



● Again Balenciaga (left), with a wide cerise stole wound over a dark navy-blue satin evening sheath, then a fabulous white hat trimmed with a single pink rose and leaves.





● Michael of London designed the two-piece suit (above), made in white terylene. The elegant bloused curve of the collarless jacket is echoed by the sleeve-line. Note the striped blouse with its boat-neck.



● Christian Dior's two-piece silk ensemble (above) is patterned in red and pink roses and hatted to match. Dior labels his waist-length, spring jackets Caraco.



● Pierre Balmain's full-skirted evening dress (left) in flower-printed taffeta. The black taffeta bosom-line sash is inspired by the French Empire period.

● Pierre Balmain chooses bold flower-trimmed shantung for his slender-line suit (right). The jacket has an easy waistline and throat-high cowl collar.





Brushing after meals is best. But if you can't . . .

## Just one brushing with Kolynos toothpaste destroys decay and odour-causing germs



Of course there are times when we just can't brush our teeth after meals. That's why you should use Kolynos for "Round-the-Clock" proven protection from dental decay and bad breath.

### Only KOLYNOS has S-15, miraculous new cleaner and decay fighter for "ROUND-THE-CLOCK" PROTECTION

Kolynos is the only toothpaste that contains science's newest cleaner and best decay fighter—the miraculous "S-15".

Just ONE brushing with Kolynos Toothpaste in the morning destroys germs that cause tooth decay and bad breath. That single brushing promptly removes the enzymes that produce acid-causing cavities and at the same time sets up a most healthy, protective condition in your mouth that lasts "round the clock". Kolynos

gives you better and longer defence against decay and bad breath than any other toothpaste.

The exclusive Kolynos foaming action gets into crevices and grooves no other toothpaste can—cleans even dull, dingy teeth to a sparkling new whiteness.

"Kolynos  
tastes best!"

say the youngsters

Patricia Rose, Sandringham, N.S.W., is another cute young lady who loves that clean, fresh Kolynos flavour. "Yes, it was love at first taste with Patricia," says her mother. "Now I don't have to stand by to make sure she cleans her teeth properly. Patricia takes a real pride in keeping her teeth clean and nice with Kolynos."



KOLYNOS with CHLOROPHYLL also on sale. Active FULL-STRENGTH . . . in the green and white tube.

## £6000 Cookery Contest

### Mixed fruits can be included in recipes

● Many readers have written asking if they may include mixed fruits in their entries for the dried-fruits section. This is quite in order.

TO make this clear we have included mixed fruits under the contest section heading, under "How to Enter."

This week we announce three more progress prizes of £5.

Each of the prizewinners used butter and combined several of the contest's listed ingredients.

They were also careful to specify the section for which they entered.

This means that each recipe is eligible for a section first prize of £400, the special combination first prize of £600, and the butter first prize of £100—a total of £1100.

Here are the recipes which won progress prizes:

#### In the CHEESE Section:

#### CHEESE AND CABBAGE SOUFFLE

One medium to large cabbage, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 eggs, ½ pint thick white sauce, 2 heaped cups grated cheese, 1 medium onion or 6 shallots, 1 or 2 rashers cooked bacon, pinch nutmeg, salt and pepper.

Cut cabbage in quarters,

#### HERE ARE THE PRIZES

In each of the five sections:

First Prize . . . £400  
Second Prize . . . £200  
Third Prize . . . £100

One prize of £50, one prize of £25, five prizes of £10, five prizes of £5, 10 progress prizes of £5.

Best recipe which also uses butter:

First Prize . . . £100  
Second Prize . . . £30  
Third Prize . . . £20

Special prizes for best recipes combining two or more listed ingredients:

First Prize . . . £600  
Second Prize . . . £100  
Ten Prizes of . . . £5

soak ½ hour in salted water, drain. Cut away coarse rib portion of leaves and stalk. Shred finely, place in large saucepan with butter and 1 or 2 tablespoons water. Cover and cook 7 to 8 minutes or until water evaporates, shaking pan occasionally. Beat egg-yolks, mix with white sauce, mix half into the cabbage. Add 2/3rds of the

#### IMPORTANT

Please write your name and address on each page of each recipe.

cheese, finely chopped onion or shallots, diced bacon (rind removed), nutmeg, salt and pepper to taste. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Fill into ovenware dish, top with balance of sauce, and sprinkle with rest of cheese. Bake in moderate oven approximately ½ hour or until golden brown on top. Serve hot.

Progress prize to Mrs. M. V. Hourigan, 28 The Esplanade, South Hurstville, N.S.W.

#### HOW TO ENTER

1. Send a recipe or recipes using bananas, rice (whole grain), eggs, cheese, or dried fruits (seeded raisins, sultanas, currants, mixed fruits), or any combination of these.
2. Write, type, or print each recipe on a separate sheet of paper.
3. Write or print your name and address clearly at the top of EACH SHEET OF PAPER.
4. Write clearly at the top of each sheet of paper the section in which the recipe is entered.
5. Attach your recipe or recipes to the completed coupon on this page.
6. Mark the envelope containing your entry "Cookery Contest" and address to Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

#### In the BANANA Section:

#### BANANA STUFFED FISH

One snapper, 3 ripe bananas, 1 cup soft white breadcrumbs, 2 finely chopped green peppers (very small), salt and cayenne pepper, ½ cup milk, 1 lemon.

Wash and dry fish; remove head and tail. Rub inside and out with cut lemon. Peel and mash bananas, mix with breadcrumbs and green pepper, season to taste with salt and cayenne pepper. Fill this mixture into fish, close opening with coarse thread. Place fish in ovenware dish, pour milk over, cover with greased paper, and bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes or until flesh is soft, white, and flaky, depending on size of fish. Place on serving dish, thicken milk in which fish cooked with a little blended flour. Add a nut of butter and lemon juice, serve poured over fish. Garnish with lemon slices.

Progress Prize to Mrs. E. Pickering, 11 Elizabeth St., Port Macquarie, N.S.W.

#### In the EGGS Section:

#### EGGS ESPAGNOLE

Six eggs, 3 tomatoes, 2 onions, 2oz. grated cheese, cayenne pepper, salt, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon breadcrumbs.

Slice onions thinly and saute in half butter until browned, but not too soft. Line greased ovenproof dish with half onions and cover with layer of sliced tomatoes. Sprinkle generously with half the cheese and break in eggs carefully. Season with salt and cayenne pepper. Repeat layers of onions, tomatoes, and cheese, and cover top with breadcrumbs. Dot with remaining butter and place in moderate oven for 30 to 35 minutes. Serve piping hot as breakfast or luncheon dish.

Progress Prize to Mrs. A. J. Tschirpig, Box 113, Pinnaroo, S.A.

#### CONDITIONS

Employees of Consolidated Press and allied companies and members of their families are not eligible to enter.

Competitors shall accept the decision of the judges, and no correspondence will be entered into about that decision.

All entries become the property of Consolidated Press.

Closing date of this contest is September 3. Entries received after that date will not be eligible.

#### ENTRY COUPON

#### THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY COOKERY CONTEST

I agree to abide by the contest rules published in The Australian Women's Weekly.

NAME . . . . .  
Mr., Mrs., or Miss

ADDRESS . . . . .

STATE . . . . .

Mark each recipe for the section in which it is entered.





## WONDERFUL AUSTRALIA

GRASS CONSERVATION is the usual practice in most parts of rural Australia, for grass is a valuable food for cattle and sheep and is worth a small fortune to graziers. The bales stacked securely in paddock or barn provide a supplementary feed for the stock, and are a safeguard against the threat of droughts or lean periods. Years ago farmers mowed grass and piled it loosely into stacks. Now, storage is made easier by pressing the grass into bales. In this picture the grass is being loaded ready for stacking in a paddock near Buninyong, about 10 miles from Ballarat, Victoria. The picture was taken by Mrs. B. Strange, of Ballarat.

● This year again we are publishing a new book from this series, *Coupon* will be available soon



IN LIGHT CAR MOTORING

# Prefect gives you Most!

**MORE STYLE!** Only Prefect in the light car field gives you styling based on big-car lines. Long, low and wide, Prefect looks smarter, more modern, provides the lines that are in keeping with the world's latest fashion trend.

**MORE ROOM AND COMFORT!** Prefect's room is surprisingly "big" . . . there's plenty of leg, hip and head room for 4 big people without *any* cramping. You can spread out, relax on foam-rubber seating, and enjoy comfort as provided by no other light car.

**MORE PERFORMANCE!** Remarkable top gear performance, higher cruising speeds, and flashing acceleration comes from Prefect's advanced Ford-built 10 h.p. engine. And you get too, consistent petrol-saving of up to 40 m.p.g.

**MORE VISION!** Look ahead, to the sides, or behind in Prefect and you can see a greater area of unobstructed vision. The large, one-piece windscreen lets you see almost from the front wheels onwards, especially beneficial for today's traffic and driving conditions.

**MORE SMOOTHNESS IN RIDE!** Ride is smoother because Prefect's suspension is ideally suited to Australian road conditions . . . bumps are taken with a gentleness, free from pitch or sway, and Prefect's lower centre of gravity provides surer, snug cornering.



*See your Ford Dealer  
for a Test-Drive!*

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD.

LISTEN TO THE FORD SHOW ON ANY OF THE 65 STATIONS IN THE NATION-WIDE WEEKLY BROADCAST



[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

# AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning Aug. 6

## Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<b>ARIES</b> The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, gold. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in a competition.	★ It can be all race and rush this week to turn out jobs, deal with correspondence, fill out forms. Will, adaptability, and luck may well serve you.	★ Keep attitude towards children, pets, loved ones consistent. Not cool one minute, over-expansive and indulgent the next. Strike an even balance in home expenditures.	★ News, letters, phone calls may give you a thrill. The shy boyfriend could propose from a distance because he lacks the courage in your presence.	★ If you enter a competition you stand a strong chance of the prize. Associates defer to your wishes. Their co-operation will be obtained quite easily in most cases.
<b>TAURUS</b> The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in a question of ownership.	★ Clean-up projects, packing away, sorting out materials, or arranging them can go faster than you hoped if you stick to a system. Routine tasks, studies are smooth sailing.	★ You are in your element. Take hold for those around you who need moral support or practical help. Rise above confusion and the small domestic upsets which occur.	★ Don't allow parents, elders to turn you against your beloved, who is perhaps a little unconventional. Their viewpoint belongs to the older generation. Just listen.	★ Sugarcoat your words if you do not want others to raise a fuss over intended moves. Have answers prepared in advance against any objections. Thus you win.
<b>GEMINI</b> The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, red. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck at the end of a short journey.	★ Turn on Gemini mental steam. Ingenious solutions, novel methods, short cuts are likely to be tried out. Don't let up until your mission is accomplished.	★ An important week in which matrimonial partners, parents, elders can make announcements or decisions which affect you and others. Unknown facts appear.	★ Perhaps you are not yet prepared to settle your emotions on one individual. You have the right to survey the field. If too flirtatious nobody will take you seriously.	★ Make sure new ideas are not impractical or that you are not tying up time and energy on expensive schemes which you cannot hope to sustain.
<b>CANCER</b> The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in a bit of extra cash.	★ Should incoming funds exceed expectations, assuring you of the chance to buy home or personal supplies, don't blow it all at once. Save for another day.	★ Take no chances with funds, valuables, or prized relationships. Talk over with the family proposed joint money moves. Co-operate if it is humanly possible.	★ Rely on inner strength, spiritual perceptions, intuition to steer you around emotional reefs. The boy or girl friend, the marriage partner comes up with pleasant plans.	★ Friends in high places, those who want to get on your bandwagon, can give or get favors for your organization. If your requests are unreasonable you will lose prestige.
<b>LEO</b> The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in self-confidence.	★ Your charm of voice and manner can be more attractive than cold facts. You'll sail in on personality and enthusiasm or you won't make the grade.	★ Tackle jobs with imagination, hurry through essentials in order to concentrate on what is new and fascinating, but allow for relaxation later.	★ If you try to dominate the best beloved, you may be quietly losing his or her affection. Give the one you love the chance to talk, make joint plans.	★ You can entertain for fun and popularity or to show appreciation to fellow workers. You may have to spend a little to gain a lot socially. New associates probable.
<b>VIRGO</b> The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, green. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in being generous.	★ If you make a late start you will be obliged to work twice as hard. Be deliberate, however, in using tools or driving a vehicle. Hard usage means breakdowns.	★ Accept the need to slow up temporarily. Guard your health, avoid getting depressed over trifles, and show a determined cheerful face to the family and neighbors.	★ If your love affair has got into a tangle you can undo some of the snarl, but there is danger that you may fall into the same trouble again. Think clearly.	★ Activities connected with private creative enterprises, children, pets may give you quiet pleasure. Should your advice be sought, be careful what you say.
<b>LIBRA</b> The Balance SEPTEMBER 23—OCTOBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, rose. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in having old friends.	★ Emotional upheavals, domestic tangles are not worth the wear and tear on your nervous system. Ignore openings for petty spite and refuse to come down to that level.	★ Calculate risks in new buying. You might be able to work out an exchange of services or temporary way to get around domestic exigencies. Consult neighbors.	★ Don't wander off by yourselves and moon. Play games, enjoy hobbies, go dancing. See each other in the eyes of a friendly crowd. Love thus becomes more enduring.	★ Much of your spare time may be connected with music, dancing, drama, whether as performer or organizer. Don't get the last-minute jitters.
<b>SCORPIO</b> The Scorpion OCTOBER 23—NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck lies among elders.	★ If you are seeking wider avenues of usefulness, and if you wish to escape tiresome restrictions in your environment, make the break gently for future harmony.	★ Partners, well-wishers, members of the household may give you a pleasant surprise. Accept gladly spur-of-the-moment plans. Fall in with ideas presented.	★ A magnetic personality is desirable, but once it turns to cheap affectation it appears tawdry. Right now, with the limelight concentrated on you, don't go to extremes.	★ Having accomplished a task, you may feel you can with credit resign an office and retire to ordinary membership. You experience relief from sustained responsibilities.
<b>SAGITTARIUS</b> The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, purple. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in a good memory.	★ Travel, new people and places are alluring. Just now you can write or speak in a convincing way, sell or buy at a fair profit. Rack your brain for a new approach.	★ If a parent, consultation with teachers, doctors, or dentists. Otherwise, use your spare time at home for correspondence or creative efforts such as interior decorating.	★ Important moves may come through, affecting romantic ties. Short separations may be a challenge to your sincerity. Circumstances may overshadow love.	★ Sentimental consideration for others, an exaggerated sense of loyalty could drag you down to the point where people leave everything to you—and then criticize.
<b>CAPRICORN</b> The Goat DECEMBER 23—JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, orange. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in avoiding an accident.	★ The job of satisfying everyone is never easy. If you have several bosses you will need to watch your step. Keep an eye on possessions. Be meticulous over change.	★ Pick up your load of domestic responsibilities and do the best you can with it. Persuade younger members of the household to share the work. Make a game of it.	★ This is the moment when you or your loved one needs moral support in a time of crisis. If you stand shoulder to shoulder, worries are bound to fade out.	★ Reading into a careless remark far more than was ever intended can have a baneful influence on your social scene. Be matter of fact and others will be the same.
<b>AQUARIUS</b> The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in the family circle.	★ Make up for lost time in promoting interests or friendships while on the job, especially if you have been alighting this factor recently.	★ Having someone around whom you can depend on could speed a solution of domestic difficulties. If you are in a tell-all mood, remember wailing makes worries worse.	★ Some of you are about to meet a boy or girl, soon to become a permanent factor. You get acquainted at a party and pay scant attention at first.	★ Past work of a volunteer kind is of advantage if you are trying to convince others there is depth beneath surface glitter and solid experience in a certain person.
<b>PISCES</b> The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in quick thinking.	★ Prepare ideas, jobs, schemes, special work for a showing. Be willing to undertake tasks which do not put you in the limelight. Your turn is coming.	★ Use your latent decorative skills to improve your own appearance or that of your home. Pigeonhole facts, information pertaining to home life, and family health.	★ An inclination to withdraw from your friends could be responsible for the loss of many happy experiences. If you are indifferent, take a new lease of life.	★ Go after what you want without hedging. Make sure promises are met or terminate unreliable associations. Show others you can be depended on. Form bonds.

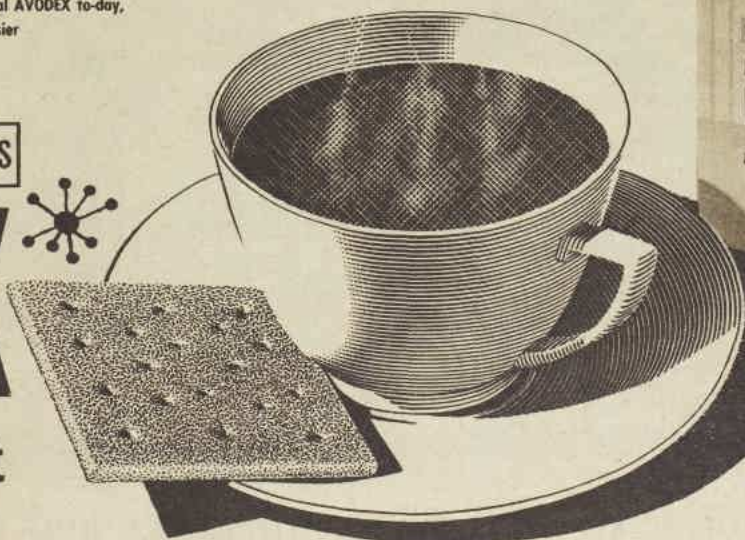
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# DOLLS CARRY PRAYERS



KACHINA DOLLS are prayer messengers designed to catch the eyes of the gods. Pictured here in full size and in miniature are (left) the Badger—responsible for good earth—and the Owl, responsible for guarding the crops of the tribe at night.

● The Red Indian Hopi dolls, pictured here, came to Australia as the result of a good deed to a sick child.

THE Hopi dolls, or Kachinas as they are called, are prayer messengers designed to catch the eyes of the gods in charge of life's necessities.

The dolls belong to Kenneth Mayfield, assistant preparator at the Australian Museum, Sydney.

Some time ago, when he went shopping for a doll for a neighbor's sick child, he couldn't find one he liked, so he bought an ordinary doll and converted it into a New Guinea native belle. Colleagues remarked on its authenticity.

When an inquiry came to the Museum from an American, Dr. H. J. Dellinger, on behalf of the Washington Doll Society, for several New Guinea dolls, Mr. Mayfield was asked to make them.

The dolls were a great success in America, and were shown all over the country.

Pukstewa, a member of the Red Indian Hopi tribe and one of the recognised tribal dollmakers, was so impressed that he sent Mr. Mayfield a set of Hopi dolls with miniature duplicates.

The Hopi dolls will be on exhibition at the Museum in Sydney from August 5 until September 10, coinciding with Education Week and school holidays.



M O T H E R Kachina doll and miniature. This doll is responsible for domestic harmony.



ABOVE: The Rainbow (left), responsible for the elements ensuring good crops, and the Humming Bird, an omen of good seasons. RIGHT: The Blue Bird, by legend responsible for fertility.



THE SNAKE (above), the most important Hopi doll. It is responsible for the supply of rattlesnakes used in Indian tribal ceremonies.

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"Mine's **GENTLE** for easy-to-wave hair"

Toni gives a natural curl that lasts till it grows out



13/6





**WED AT ST. MARK'S.** Mr. and Mrs. Philip Burden leave St. Mark's, Darling Point, after their wedding. Bride was formerly Astrid Nilsson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Nilsson, of Rose Bay. Philip is the elder son of Mrs. E. L. Burden, of Adelaide, and the late Mr. P. H. Burden.



**LEAVING** for reception at Wentworth Hotel after their wedding at Rose Bay Presbyterian Church are George Mackay and his bride, who was formerly Robin McFadyen, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel McFadyen.



**ENGLISH WEDDING.** David Peacock and his bride, who was formerly Joan Assheton, only daughter of Mrs. A. A. Assheton, of North Sydney, and the late Lieut.-Colonel Assheton, after wedding at Pembroke College, Cambridge.



**LAW BALL.** Mr. and Mrs. Tom Magney, jun., in front of the dummy figure which stood in the foyer of the Trocadero for the Law Ball. Mrs. Magney wore an elegant short evening coat of emerald-green silk taffeta to the ball, which was attended by more than 1000 guests.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS

**AFTER** living in England for nearly seven years, Mrs. Paddy Russell will arrive in Sydney by plane early in September with her husband and two-and-a-half-year-old daughter Querida Rebel.

The Russells plan to live just out of Sydney at Campbelltown.

And Mrs. Russell's mother, Mrs. Gladys Penfold Hyland, of Elizabeth Bay, is having a very busy time superintending the interior decorating.

Mrs. Penfold Hyland tells me that her daughter and son-in-law are very fond of horse-riding and she has already bought her tiny granddaughter a pony.

### THEY'RE ENGAGED . . .

Maureen Delahunty, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Delahunty, of Pymble, to Michael Carter, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Wallis Carter, of Warrawee . . . Betty Lambert, younger daughter of Mrs. E. A. Lambert, of Balgowlah, and the late Mr. N. A. Lambert, to Max Collins, of Narrabeen. Betty and Max plan to marry next April.

### FASHION NOTES . . .

Mrs. Bill Adams' short evening dress of black delustrated satin designed by Frederick Starke, of London, has a gathered frill just below the knee which ties with a flat bow . . . Mrs. Peter Valkenburg's ballerina of palest pink silk taffeta is pleated from shoulder to hem and the rounded neckline ties with two perky bows.

### FOUR - MONTHS - OLD

Ann Jane Hooff, baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Phil Hooff, of North Sydney, was christened at St. John's, Darlinghurst. And godmother Mrs. Phil Greville travelled up from Canberra specially for Ann Jane's christening.

**A** PANEL van is the novel form of transport adopted by Suzanne Liddle, who is touring the South of England with another lass . . . they sleep in the back of the van well wrapped-up in their sleeping-bags. Suzanne announced her engagement to Julian Pickrel, a patrol officer in the Southern Highlands of New Guinea, before she sailed for England in May. Suzanne is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Liddle, of Killara.

**THERE** is a full holiday schedule ahead of Mr. and Mrs. Ian Jacoby . . . after spending the next school holidays with their children at Surfers' Paradise, Mr. and Mrs. Jacoby will voyage to Tahiti. Then soon after they arrive home at Vaucluse they will be packing for their trip to Melbourne for the Olympic Games. And while their home is being redecorated early next year, the Jacobys will fly to America for a short visit.

Anne



**INTERSTATE INTEREST.** Mr. and Mrs. Baillieu Myer dining at Ciro's, Melbourne. Before her marriage last December, Mrs. Myer was Sarah Hordern, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hordern, of Bellevue Hill.



**PRESIDENT** of Elizabethan Theatre Ball committee, Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere (right), with Mrs. Charles Parsons, jun., after a committee meeting at which Mrs. Dekyvere announced that the Governor, General Sir John Northcott, would be guest-of-honor at the ball on September 12.



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## Ankle-length hemlines says Dior

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff, who visited Paris for the winter collections

• This season, Christian Dior has dropped the hemline without any dramatic announcement. Right in the middle of his winter collection he showed a series of ankle-length day dresses as demure and provocative as a character in Victorian literature.

DIOR'S new creations took everyone by surprise, mildly at first since it was launched while we were absorbing and applauding his new Magnet Line.

But its sweetness and charming wearability brought such rounds of cheering that it looks as though the long skirt has received the seal of approval which Dior's suggestion calls for.

These ankle dresses for daytime wear, on occasions which call for something a little more romantic, will no doubt find their place in every wardrobe alongside the campus clothes.

The new long dresses were made in heavy grey tweed, in black velvet, and in fine black wool, and these "demi-longueur" models were on exactly the same slightly bulky build of the new Magnet Line Dior is sponsoring.

The simple and attractive story a long skirt tells is that it changes the whole feeling of a day dress without altering the general trend and style.

Nothing could have been more mid-nineteenth century than "Chanson Realiste," his black wool with a loose, straight skirt caught as high as the waistline, with its matching, full jacket meeting there and covering a soft black satin blouse.

The Magnet Line, with its short, loose skirt held in at a high waist with unpressed pleats and its short jacket just touching the defined diaphragm, is as new and casual, and a complete expression of the young girl of today, yet it is practically the same dress as "Chanson Realiste," except for the length.

Dior, in taking a tier of magnets for his new line, developed the small-sized magnet in a whole series of hats that swept from a great height to the eyebrows.

Dior achieved the Magnet Line in the bodice of his dresses by ballooning the sleeves and nipping the waist high.

With the skirt, Dior completed the tiered magnet look by bulking it out around the hips, sometimes to such large proportions they were called by the designer "Dutch hips."

So loosely do skirts fit, they scarcely touch the figure except where they are neatly and firmly pleated into a waist as high as it can go without defining the bust.

For long, sweeping elegance, Christian Dior had a pure

classic line with toga-like drapes from one shoulder sweeping down the front.

This straight, svelte line falls past the natural waist, suggesting but never marking it. It's a very smooth line, and the perfect complement in any wardrobe to the young, casual little girl look his Magnet Line achieves.

Black in smoothest facecloth tweeds loosely woven into subtle fabrics was used with great restraint for these toga dresses, and then with a relish in their accompanying bulky jackets.

Black and all the greys from clerical to anthracite, gleaming with touches of white in the deep, soft pile, have been used so often by Dior that they are now traditional.

But they're as smart as ever. Since none of the colors are new it was left to color combinations to produce imaginative fabrics so that a tweed coat-dress was worn beneath a winter white, fleecy pile topcoat, or a weave as loose



DESIGNER CHRISTIAN DIOR enlarges upon the fine points of a pre-fashion show creation. Pastmaster at shattering the fashion world with daring new designs, Dior makes no exception of this year with his Magnet Line and ankle-length skirts reminiscent of mid-Victorian days.

full, or short, cosy capes that pull up in front. His capes never swagger.

His topcoats, like his capes, are in fabrics of deep pile, with a beautiful glossy grooming which shines like satin.

Both capes and coats are lined and interlined to make them as snug as igloos.

Working with such fabulous fabrics has called for construction rather than fashioning, and Dior has done this superbly in coats so wide-shouldered the sleeves spring out from somewhere around the elbow. His capes are scarcely distinguishable from coats.

Capes have big pyramid collars that drop from a built-up neckline—so have coats.

### FASHION POINTS FROM THE DIOR COLLECTION.

- Bulky hips, sometimes to such large proportions the designer calls them "Dutch hips."
- Skirts so loose they scarcely touch the figure except where pleated into a high waist.
- Toga-like drapes sweeping down the front of chiffon dresses from one shoulder.
- Bulbous sleeves from shoulders so extended the sleeves seem to start from the elbows.
- Hats that either balloon over the brows or rise cylindrically like a ship's funnel.
- Capes and coats with big pyramid collars and drawstring necklines.
- The classic sweater worn thrown around the shoulders with sleeves tying in front.

as a badly cobbled darn was worked out in greys with off-white running through it.

Dior-red, the emerald-green he repeats each season, mingled, topaz, and palest of pale pinks for evening wear were colors through which he worked this very wearable collection.

Bulk is everywhere—in the tiered Magnet Line and in enormous coats and capes with their drawn-thread collars or bolster bands at dropped shoulders.

Sleeves are bulbous, hips bulge, and a hat to balance this silhouette balloons over the brows or rises to some cylindrical height like a funnel on a liner.

With his reverence for mid-Victoriana this season, Dior has launched an enormous cape that falls straight and

Coats have drawstring necklines that tie around like fat bolsters—so have capes.

Since tweed dresses are matched with tweed coats or capes, it is necessary only to slip the arms through the slots of a Dior cape and the cape looks like a coat.

Often the mannequins wore the bulky topcoat, with its short sleeves, from the extended shoulder clutched together, without putting their arms through the sleeves.

Dior uses belts more for trims than any association with the natural waist.

Flat straps of half-belt coats are high up between the shoulders or catch straight fullness on either side of a loose coat.

These straps are sometimes crossed, and they button high to give an Empire line. Again,

flat straps hold front fullness in bulky skirts.

When the belt goes round the figure it is wide and bell-shaped and sits on the hips like a yoke holding down the fullness.

There was lots of amusing detail, such as elongated sleeves on the green brocade jacket to a short matching evening dress.

You simply drop the sleeves below the finger-tips and cross your arms, and, as Dior suggests, take a stroll in the moonlight.

These sleeves push up, of course.

There were wreaths of pretty, old-fashioned roses worn forward for cocktail time, and black rosebuds trimmed a short dance dress in black satin, the roses spaced out along the tiers of hooping.

The fine workmanship of Christian Dior was seen at its best in exquisite embroidery taken from old Japanese prints.

Short evening coats had the kimono shoulder-line thrown well back. Straight dresses in fine black wool had black satin obi sashes, the ends hanging to the hem where the satin was deeply fringed.

Dior used the toga drape in a whole range of chiffon dream dresses that looked as though they were blown together.

Colors were as delicate as the dresses were ethereal.

Dior concluded his collection with a white satin bridal gown, the head-dress being a Victorian satin cap such as Miss Betsy might have worn in "Cranford."

Although there was this strong feeling for the Puritanism of the mid-Victorian ladies, it is probably the Dior sweater worn thrown round the shoulders, the sleeves tying in front, that will be repeated in the wardrobes of the girls of today.

This casual treatment of the classic sweater, which has been going on for years, has now had the seal of Haute Couture set on it by Dior, who makes it in fine and fabulous fabrics to match the dresses of which they are an important part.



# BUSH PREMIERE



ARRIVING at Alice Springs are Gordon Ellis, of British Empire Films, Peter Finch, and Nevil Shute. They were greeted by Susan McKinnon, Pamela Saunders, and Liz and Nellie Tilmouth, of the Flying Doctor appeal committee.

## Deck chairs, casual clothes, and moonlight for screening

The singing of "Lest We Forget" in the language of the Arunta Tribe by a choir from the Hermannsburg Mission was one of the features of the open-air premiere of "A Town Like Alice" at Alice Springs.

JUST before intermission the choir went on stage in khaki riding-pants and brightly colored tartan checked shirts and sang "Lest We Forget" and "The Lord Has Ascended On High" in their native tongue.

The premiere was held on a bright moonlit night in the open-air Pioneer Theatre built beside the banks of the River Todd.

The moonlight rivalled the glare of photographers' flash bulbs when celebrities such as actor Peter Finch and writer Nevil Shute arrived to take their places in canvas bridge chairs in the centre of the theatre.

Locals arrived carrying thick rugs and cushions to put behind their heads in the low-slung deck chairs.

Peter Finch put on a thick navy coat into which he was helped by air-hostess Beryl Oliver, who travelled in the same plane from Melbourne.

During the plane trip Finch asked her to accompany him to the premiere and she sat beside him and they both smoked cigarettes during the show.

Miss Oliver was an air-hostess on the Royal plane during the Queen's visit.

Finch said after the screening it made him very nervous to see himself on the screen so long after making the film.

The theatre was decked out in bunting and palm leaves arranged during the morning by Mrs. A. W. Cavenagh, President of the Women's Auxiliary of the Royal Flying Doctor Service, Mrs. O. Schmidt, President of the Country Women's Association, local librarian

Miss Joy Cuskey, and Mrs. Harry Moss, whose husband is a pilot stationed at Alice Springs.

The film premiere raised more than £700 for a special emergency whistle-signal service for the outback people.

Bookings for the premiere were preferential.

As 8 p.m. approached hopeful tourists and locals crowded the street outside the theatre, owned by "Snow" Kenna, who has been in the Northern Territory since the early 1930s.

In those days the theatre was the only one between Port Augusta and Tennant Creek and sound had not replaced the silent films.

It reminded Peter Finch of Army days, when he was serving in the Northern Territory and used to pass through Alice Springs and see open-air shows in many camps.

The driver of the truck which brought me most of the way to Alice Springs—Jack Cox—was an old Army mate of Peter Finch's.

In a hotel here they had their first drink together for ten years.

Peter and Jack Cox served in the 2/1st Anti-Aircraft Regiment in the Middle East and then in the Territory.

Jack Cox managed to get tickets to see "A Town Like Alice."

It reminded him of camp shows—particularly "Finch's

By  
HELEN FRIZELL,  
staff reporter

Follies," which Peter Finch produced in Army camps.

Everyone dressed informally for the film.

Some came in slacks and sweaters and others in woollen frocks and fur capes.

Mrs. Nevil Shute wore a green woollen dress with lizard-skin shoes.

The film won the Belgian Prix Femina for 1956 and also won a world prize awarded in Czechoslovakia.

Made by British Empire Films, its setting is mostly Malayan.

Only in the last 15 minutes could locals see their main street lined with cedar trees.

A great ripple of amusement spread through the theatre as local aboriginal extras saw themselves riding horses back and forth across the intersection and when the local air terminal was shown.

The film also showed the road approach through Heavily Gap.



FILM-STAR Peter Finch and air-hostess Beryl Oliver with some of the Arunta aborigines at Alice Springs. Beryl was hostess on the plane which flew Peter, Nevil Shute, and other visitors from Melbourne to the Alice for the premiere of the film in which Peter stars and which is based on Nevil Shute's book. Peter took Beryl to the premiere.

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for comfort



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BUDGET SOCK 4" 1/2

Bond's wool mixture socks combine the wearing-strength of nylon and the absorbency of wool mixture. There are dozens of patterns from which to choose



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New MUM WITH LONG LASTING M3  
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# Hungry husbands just can't wait



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Hungry husbands just can't wait for Kia-ora Tomato Soup. It's so delicious and so good, too. It contains all the nourishing goodness of cream-o-the-crop tomatoes, full cream milk, rich golden table butter, salt, sugar and selected spices. Nothing more. No added thickeners, no added colouring, no added flavouring, just good, nourishing food and perfect cooking. Make sure your family enjoys plenty of Kia-ora Tomato Soup this winter. Kia-ora Tomato Soup is double-strength for economy and flavour. Your grocer has it — in two handy sizes.

**KIA-ORA - THE WORLD'S FINEST TOMATO SOUP**



## FOR TEENAGERS

# Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

Good looks are not enough to carry you happily through life unless you back them up with an education that gives you the poise to meet all situations.

THE lively mind that is cultivated by attention to school books often endures longer in attraction than a pretty face.

First letter out of the mailbox this week came from a girl who doesn't believe this.

Here is her letter:

"I AM a girl, a very popular girl, too, good-looking, good features, and I am 14. I am in first year at school and I get on fairly well with my work. I passed in four out of seven tests. My parents think I should pay more attention to my work, because I go out nearly every night and, of course, I can't finish my homework, but I do what I can. I go out with my boy-friend and my girl-friend and her boy. The boys give us a kiss and a hug, and we give them one back before we say good-night. I told Mum and she said we were too young, but we still do. Do you see anything wrong with this?"

Two Teens of 14, Sutton Forest, N.S.W.

Yes, plenty. Everything you mention — popularity, good looks, and the self-assurance that is so evident in your letter are merely passing things. Unless they are backed up by an educated and well-trained mind they are a bait that is taken but once and then left severely alone. Then the popularity you boast about goes and with it the self-assurance. That leaves you with good features. They will thicken and lose much of their charm unless you have sufficient intelligence to study your diet and health and learn to look after them and make the most of them. It doesn't seem to me you have the necessary intelligence or you wouldn't be silly enough to say you had done "fairly well" when you have only passed four out of seven tests at school. I quite agree with your mother that you shouldn't kiss the boys. I'd go even further —

I wouldn't allow you to go out with boys except at the week-ends, and not even then until your school work improved. I think 16 is old enough to start going out regularly with boys and petting, and I have the law on my side, too.

"I AM a girl of 17 and live next door to a very nice young boy, but he is rather shy. I know him fairly well and we are on the same telephone line and I am wondering what reason to use to ring him up. He is easy to talk to, but I just feel I need some reason to ring him. Could you please suggest a reason?"

"Wondering," Inverell, N.S.W.

It's very hard to do that when I don't know you and I don't know him, but I

## DISC DIGEST

INQUIRIES made of various friends in the record business reveal that two very fine artists, popular in America and England, just don't ring the bell with Australian collectors—Peggy Lee and Billy Eckstine. Possibly Peggy's performance in the film "Pete Kelly's Blues" will help her discwise, and it is to be hoped that Billy's new LP "Tenderly" is heard by as many as possible. His 78 r.p.m. singles have never impressed me greatly, but this long-player won me over.

Billy has no gimmicks to sell, but instead he concentrates on using his rich, manly voice to really sing, and his diction throughout is faultless. He uses the title song for a curtain-raiser, and then puts

across fine versions of "One For My Baby," "Laura," "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes," and three other favorites. It's on MGM-O1-126.

BY this time just about everyone who enjoys musical comedy must have an LP of "Oklahoma," either the original Broadway cast album or the newer soundtrack disc with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones, the stars of "Carousel." However, if you don't have either and you're looking for an economical buy you should listen to a newly issued 7in. 45 r.p.m. platter. Originally on two 12in. 78 r.p.m. records this recording was made by the cast of the Drury Lane, London, production. In those days the star

was called Harold Keel, but he's now world famous as Howard Keel. All your favorite "Oklahoma" melodies are represented, and this capsule version of the show should win many new friends.

WHILE we're in Theatreland I should add that two Ivor Novello shows are also out on disc. This beloved actor-composer is himself heard on ODLP.1028 with Mary Ellis and full cast in "The Dancing Years" on a 10in. LP. The other, a 45 r.p.m. (GEPO.8553), is the soundtrack of "King's Rhapsody," and it introduces Anna Neagle, Patrice Wymore, and fans will be delighted with both.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

# 87% OF ALL ILLNESS ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH \*

(most illness develops from germs absorbed through the oral cavity)



How safe are you?

## Protect yourself and family with LISTERINE



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invaders" can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine gargle.

Gargle Listerine for a few seconds three times a day and you fight 87% of all illnesses.

### Easy, safe treatment

All you do is gargle undiluted Antiseptic Listerine three times a day... it's as easy as that! And



Listerine is so pleasant tasting, too! It takes only 30 seconds but protects for hours.

The Listerine treatment is safe, too... it doesn't burn or sting. More important... for your kiddies' sake, Antiseptic Listerine is harmless if accidentally swallowed.

### Keep Listerine handy and guard against Winter ills!

Non-antiseptic drops, aspirin or sprays often do relieve many of the symptoms, but they can't kill germs the way Listerine does — germs that cause so much wretched misery. Listerine costs you so little compared with the protection it gives.

### Antiseptic Listerine contains proven germ-killing ingredients

Listerine is made under the most hygienic conditions to a tested formula and contains only the purest medicinal ingredients. Tests over a twelve-year period clearly showed that those who regularly reduced germs on mouth and throat surfaces with Listerine were better protected from illness than those who did not.

### Double protection

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Tests conducted under the strict supervision of skilled bacteriologists show that Antiseptic Listerine reduces germs on mouth and throat surfaces by as much as 96.7% 15 minutes after gargling... as much as 80% even an hour later. Pneumococcus Type III, Hemophilus influenzae, Streptococcus pyogenes, Pneumococcus Type II, Streptococcus salivarius and other "secondary

### \* 87% OF ALL INFECTIONS INITIALLY ATTACK THE BODY ORALLY.

Medical science believes that nearly all illnesses start their dangerous work in the mouth. Among the many germs that enter the body in this way are:

- Hepatitis
- Pneumonia
- Poliomyelitis
- Influenza
- Scarlet Fever
- Common Cold

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## ANTISEPTIC LISTERINE



# World-famous marriage expert plans big tour

**DR. DAVID MACE** is a marriage guidance pioneer and is Professor of Human Relations at Drew University, Madison, New Jersey, U.S.A.

A 48-year-old Scot, he was responsible, before his American appointment, for the establishment of the first Marriage Guidance Council Centre in Britain.

Dr. Mace's Australian tour has been arranged by the National Marriage Guidance Council of Australia in association with The Australian Women's Weekly.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, and the Leader of the Opposition, Dr. Evatt, have each given their official support for the tour.

Here is the itinerary for Dr. and Mrs. Mace to the end of September.

## DR. MACE'S SYDNEY SEASON

Public lectures at the Assembly Hall, Margaret Street, Sydney, at 8 p.m.

August 9, Marriage in the Modern World; August 15, Marriage as a Sex Relationship; September 7, Marriage as a Personal Relationship; November 20, Marriage and the Worker; Nov. 27, Marriage Guidance in Australia.

Season tickets for this series are still available. Application

Dr. David Mace, world-famous marriage counsellor, and his wife, Vera, herself a marriage consultant, who are due to arrive in Sydney on August 3, have a heavy programme ahead of them.

should be made to the National Marriage Guidance Council, 44 Margaret Street, Sydney. Season tickets are £1 each.

Tickets for individual lectures are 5/- each.

## YOUTH LECTURES

Public lectures for young people between 16 and 25 years of age, at St. James' Hall, Phillip Street.

August 7, Sex, Love, and Marriage, 1 p.m.; August 9, Sex, Love, and Marriage, 12 noon. Tickets at door, 2/-.

## WOMEN'S LECTURES

These lectures are exclusively for women and are being given by Mrs. Mace.

Wednesday, August 8, 2 p.m., Ferguson Hall, Macquarie St., Sydney, "Marriage Guidance Round the World." Thursday, August 9, 2 p.m., Gordon Methodist Church, "Women and Marriage." Thursday, August 16, 10.30 a.m., Wesley Chapel, 139 Castlereagh St., Sydney, "Marriage Guidance Round the World."

## BROADCASTS

### DR. MACE

August 5, 2FC, 7.15 p.m., Guest of Honor; August 12, 2UE, 10.15 a.m., Talk—"What Is a Christian Home?" August

19, 2BL, 3.45 p.m., Talk—"Marriage That Lasts."

## MRS. MACE

August 8, 2FC, 10.30 a.m., Mrs. Vera Mace, Guest of the Week; August 8, 12.45 p.m., 2UW, Talk; August 10, 2CH, 1.30 p.m., Talk.

## N.S.W. COUNTRY TOUR

August 14, Wollongong, 2 p.m., Women's Lecture by Mrs. Vera Mace at St. Michael's Hall—"Happiness Is Home-made." Collection, 8 p.m., Public lectures by Dr. and Mrs. Mace at the Civic Theatre, Wollongong. Dr. Mace: "The Eternal Triangle—Husband, Wife, and Child." Mrs. Mace: "Education for Marriage and Family Living."

September 2, Grafton visit. September 11, 12, Armidale.

## NEWCASTLE SEASON

September 4, 2 p.m., Women's Meeting at Central Methodist Mission Hall, Mrs. Vera Mace—"Women and Marriage Today"; 7.45 p.m., Youth Rally, Central Methodist Mission Hall, Dr. Mace—"Sex, Love, and Marriage."

September 5, 7.45 p.m., Central Methodist Mission Hall, lectures by Dr. and Mrs. Mace. Dr. Mace: "Marriage

Is What You Make It." Mrs. Mace: "Educating for Marriage and Family Living."

## QUEENSLAND VISIT

August 20, Public Meeting at Warwick; August 22, 24, 28, 30, 7.45 p.m., All Saints' Hall, Ann St.

Ticket for series, 10/- (from Queensland Marriage Guidance Council, 201 Wickham Terrace). Single lecture, 3/-.

Subjects: "Marriage in the Modern World"; "Marriage as a Sex Relationship"; "Marriage as a Personal Relationship"; "Marriage and Parenthood."

August 23, 5.30 p.m., Youth Rally, Albert Hall, admission 2/6 at door—"Courtship, Marriage, and You"; August 31, Toowoomba.

## SOUTH AUSTRALIAN VISIT

September 18, Adelaide, 8 p.m., Public Meeting, Freemasons' Hall, North Terrace—"Marriage in the Modern World"; September 19, Nuri-oopa, 2 p.m., Women's Meeting, St. Petri's Hall; 8 p.m., Public Meeting, St. Petri's Hall—"From Friendship to Marriage"; September 20, Berri, 2 p.m., Women's Meeting; 8 p.m., Public Meeting—"Marriage and Society."

September 21, Adelaide, 2 p.m., Mothers and Daughters' Meeting, Freemasons' Hall; North Adelaide, 8 p.m., Public Meeting, Town Hall—"Marriage and Parenthood"; September 22, Adelaide, 10 a.m., Fathers and Sons' Meeting, Freemasons' Hall; Mothers



LADY SLIM with her husband, the Governor-General, Sir William Slim. Lady Slim has extended her patronage to the National Marriage Guidance Council of Australia.

and Daughters' Meeting, Teachers' College (Kintore Ave.); September 23, 11 a.m., Service at Stow Congregational Church (Mrs. Mace, broadcast); 3 p.m., Maughan Church Pleasant Sunday Afternoon (Dr. Mace, broadcast); "The Church and the Family"; 7 p.m., Service at Maughan Church, Central

Methodist Mission (Dr. Mace, broadcast)—"Marriage Guidance"; September 24, 8 p.m., Public Meeting, Burnside Town Hall—"Modern Marriage."

Further details may be obtained from the South Australian Marriage Guidance Council, Industrial Building, 55 King William Street, Adelaide.

## You'll be amazed that anything so soothing can be so powerful, too!



You've got to take care of a cold whilst you're at work as well as at home. Bonnington's Irish Moss makes this easy because you don't have to mix it with anything. You can sip it straight from the bottle. Buy two bottles at a time. One for work. One for home.

- If you're taking Bonnington's Irish Moss for the first time you'll probably be surprised by its gentle action.
- Although it gets the better of the very worst colds you can give it to tiny tots or elderly people with complete confidence. It soothes the most inflamed membranes. It eases the hurt of the most violent coughs.
- Science hasn't yet solved the problem of how a cold is caused. Only this much is certain . . . the faster you get rid of germ-packed congestion the

faster you'll get rid of your cold. Bonnington's Irish Moss gets rid of dangerous congestion faster than anything else you can take. It's the pectoral oxymerol of carrageen\* in Bonnington's that does this. You can actually feel what's going on inside you . . . you can feel the congestion breaking up. Harsh, hacking coughs quickly take on a different, relieving character as the cold breaks up. The more often you sip the more often the congestion comes away!

\*Carrageen is a moss or seaweed found only in a few restricted areas of the world. The carrageen used in Bonnington's Irish Moss is collected on the Northern Coast of Ireland.



100 cold-clearing sips  
in every 3/- bottle of  
**BONNINGTON'S IRISH MOSS**





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Here's the nicest thing that ever happened to a caramel. Here's the creamiest, smoothest caramel you ever tasted, blended **through and through** with fresh, crisp coconut. Deliciously new and different!

Each B-I-G caramel is dairy-fresh and chewy-soft — as only Kraft can make them. Each mouthful of **true** caramel goodness is folded into gay, easy-to-unwrap foil to seal in all the flavour-some goodness. So ask for these luscious new Kraft Coconut Caramels in the **RED FOIL WRAP**.

Now at your favourite store. Bars 8d. Bags 1/6.

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GOES THRU...  
AND THRU...  
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CHOOSE FROM TWO DIFFERENT FLAVOURS! NEW Coconut Caramels or...

**KRAFT VANILLA FLAVOURED CARAMELS**

The same Kraft dairy-freshness and chewy-softness... the same wholesome goodness in each B-I-G, delicious caramel. Enjoy both flavours today. Bars 8d. Bags 1/6.





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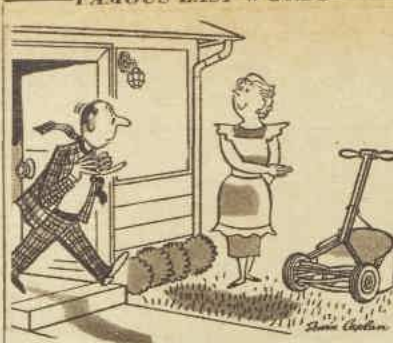
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Be sure and write now for our BIG—NEW 1956 Spring—Summer Catalog!

MAIL ORDERS, P.O. Box 108A, MELBOURNE

FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"Wake up—there's an old friend out here waiting to make the rounds with you."

MOTHER



"What are you going to wear today? Anything you can find that happens to be clean, of course!"

## Worth Reporting

FOR years now we have wondered how the Queen has managed to keep her rose-petal complexion flawless for hours of public duties without once retouching her make-up.

Anne Matheson, of our London staff, writes that she discovered the secret at a garden party at Holyrood to which she (and 6000 other people) was invited by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh.

Everyone said it was well worth the jostling to see the Queen looking so cool and lovely amid her hot and flustered guests.

Anne then got the whispered information that an American firm of cosmetic manufacturers has a special type of plastic make-up which it sells only to members of the British Royal Family.

Youth and elegance ruled the day at the party.

The beautiful blond Countess of Dalkeith, violets sprinkled over her grey shantung costume, and Lady Mary Bailey, daughter of Lord and Lady Haddington, in a white cap shaped in the style of granny's bonnet, strewn with larger-than-life strawberries, all but stole the show.

### No gold in these teeth

REPORTER Helen Frizell, who went to Guyra, in northern N.S.W., to cover the recent gold strike there, reports a discovery of a different nature.

Near Guyra on a property, "Rose Hill," owned by Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Yeoman, Helen came across a spring that has been "spitting up" teeth for 30 years.

The teeth, sharp, black, and about one-and-a-half inches long, belonged to a long-extinct grass-eating animal known as a diprotodon, the world's largest marsupial.

Altogether, this prolific spring has produced an estimated 100,000 teeth.

No, Helen told us, there was no gold in them.

The spring is marked on maps as the "Holy Well."

It lies at the base of a semi-circular hill beneath which are thought to lie the petrified bones of many of these marsupials.

THE American dream of a house with a view has reached some sort of climax.

We arrived at this conclusion on reading about a house near Columbus, Ohio, which has a rotating second-story picture-window living-room.

The 18ft. by 18ft. room, driven by an electric motor, gives its occupants a 360 degree view of the countryside.

The builder has dubbed it his "sceneramic house."

### They're hungry for art

"THE people of the north are hungry for art," said Mr. Laurence Thomas, Director of the Art Gallery of Western Australia, commenting on the success of an experiment in flying an exhibition of oil paintings to north-western Australia.

"They want art of any sort—pictures, music, the theatre," he added.

"We would set up our pictures first thing in the morning and the residents would surge in, wearing tropical, formal attire and asking thoughtful questions."

Towns visited were Derby, Port Hedland, Carnarvon, Wyndham, Broome, and Darwin.

At Darwin the exhibition arrived in time to be hung in the new Town Hall when the Administrator of the Northern Territory, Mr. F. J. S. Wise, officially declared the Town Hall open.

Twenty-seven oils comprised the collection. They included one by Jack Carington Smith, who won The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize last year.

"We took up oil paintings," said Mr. Thomas, "because they aren't covered with glass, therefore there's no risk of breakage. However, canvases expand and contract with damp, so the only possible way to take the pictures north is quickly, by air, in the dry season."

THE small daughter of an acquaintance was taken to a museum the other day, and, for the first time, saw a skeleton.

She came home bursting to tell her parents about it.

"And, Daddy," she said, "there was a man there with nothing on but his inside."

### Cosy flats for war widows

AT a total cost of £12,000, the War Widows' Guild has acquired part of one of Melbourne's oldest houses and turned it into flats for elderly war widows.

Exact age of the house, a two-storied, bluestone building in Caroline St., South Yarra, is not known, but its first owner was paying rates before the Prahran Council was formed in 1857.

From the large rooms of the second story five small flats, self-contained except for the bathroom, have been made.

To furnish them, Mrs. G. A. Vasey, president of the guild, has chosen imported antique-style wallpapers to match the period of the house. These are brilliantly colored in large rosebud designs in the two larger flats and in quieter, more discreet patterns in the smaller flats.

Basic furnishings such as cupboards, wardrobes, and kitchen fittings are built in, so that the tenants will not have to move heavy furniture about.

Kitchenettes are fitted with a small electric cooker, an electric hot-water heater, and a tiny refrigerator. Each flat has a gas-fire in the sitting-room.

The rest of the furnishing is left to the tenant, so that she can have her own valued pieces of furniture if she wishes, including her bed if she does not want to use the one provided by the guild.

Rent will be charged on the basis of a means test.

The flats are exclusively for elderly war widows, but, says Mrs. Vasey, "if wars ever stop we have made provision for them to be used simply for the aged."

The home has been established by the guild under the Aged Pensioners' Homes Act of 1954, by which the efforts of organisations are subsidised on a pound-for-pound basis.

A EUROPEAN airline company has an American woman on its staff who travels the globe looking for bargains.

The idea is to help travellers pick up sensible souvenirs at their ports of call. On a recent trip to Moscow she discovered this wasn't easy. She found some picturesque Ukrainian blouses of white linen, but the smallest size was 44!





"HER MAJESTY"—a 1927 Rolls-Royce, makes a solid background for her owner, Mrs. Brown (centre), and Mrs. Price (left), when they met Mrs. Charlotte ("Granny") Hayes, right, during the trial.

## Old aristocrat wins prize in Ampol car trial

When Sydney grandmother Mrs. Blanche Brown, the "dark horse" of the Ampol Trial, shopped for a Rolls-Royce for the 7500 miles marathon, her customers at the Therese Cafe, Auburn, laughed as heartily as the hare who ridiculed the tortoise at the start of the race in the fairy-tale.

THE 1927 model car, bought for £550, its speedometer admitting 200,000 miles, has since become known as "Her Majesty," the only car entered by a woman to survive the trial.

Mrs. Brown won all but £50 of the purchase price in the Ampol Trial.

Her prize money of £500 was made up of three prizes: £250 for being the most successful woman entrant, £100 as the most successful car with a mixed crew, £150 for third prize in the big car class.

Amazed to find herself in the forefront among the prize-winners, Mrs. Brown and her friend, Mrs. Catherine Price,

who navigated the car to success, recall their only intention at the start was to go round with the other cars—and STAY with them.

Both women insist the laurels belong to Mrs. Brown's son Vince, who joined the team at the last minute in case any mechanical problems developed which the women couldn't cope with.

"When 'Her Majesty' proved mechanically flawless—the only thing I had to do was sandpaper the plugs once—I became co-driver over rough roads and fixed the punctures," Vince explained.

"Mother and Mrs. Price were wonderful.

"No matter how tired they were, they never closed an eye on the road throughout the

trip, talking away cheerily to keep me awake when I was tired at the wheel."

In rough country, near Cooper Pedy in South Australia, the trio had to lash a 44-gallon drum of petrol on the back of the Rolls as an emergency petrol tank when their petrol tank was holed by a bullet-like flying stone.

Apart from this near disaster, "Her Majesty" unconcernedly sped along, cruising at up to 75 miles an hour—without even a wheeze.

All the veteran demanded was a steady flow of a gallon of petrol for every eight miles of the journey.

Spick and span, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Price finished the trial as relaxed and freshly turned out as they started.

By  
MARY COLES,  
staff reporter

Only "Her Majesty"—the aluminium bodywork completely concealed by khaki mud and dust—told the story of their endurance.

A relaxed manner is the keynote to Mrs. Brown's ability to lead a full, happy life as a mother and career woman, with time, too, to enjoy her beloved hobby of motoring and taking part in club trials.

Originally, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Price planned to take part in the Ampol Trial as a twosome, in Mrs. Brown's late model personal car.

But Vince Brown, who knows most things there are to know about cars, then advised his mother to make the trip in "Her Majesty," which was on the market at £550.

The car passed to the Browns—her third owners, with the same beige carpeting, upholstery, horn, and with every detail as she was when her first owner took possession in 1927.

The only replacements since that day have been tyres and an exhaust muffler.

The Rolls-Royce distributing firm in Sydney has the records of "Her Majesty's" glorious years, even to the exact number of times the oil has been changed.

After her Ampol Trial triumph, "Her Majesty" is to be accorded full honor by Mrs. Brown and Vince, who intend to keep her as a museum piece.

"Everyone just has to bow to that car," said Brisbane team Ron Johnston, Mal Pullen, and Jack Morrison, who drove car 14, echoing the sentiments of all contestants.

"We have special reasons for feeling so warmly to Mrs. Brown and 'Her Majesty.'

"When we ran off the road, bogged in deep mud in North Queensland, 'Her Majesty' stopped, towed us out of trouble, and chuffed off again, draught-horse powered."



VICTORIOUS TEAM, from left: Mrs. Catherine Price, navigator, Vince Brown, son of the owner-driver, Mrs. Blanche Brown (right), who in their 1927 Rolls-Royce won £500 in the Ampol Car Trial.

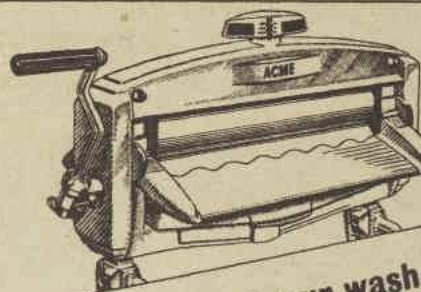
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 8, 1956



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Page 39



# DUNHAM DANCERS IN AUSTRALIA



MAGNIFICENT scene in *L'Ag'Ya*, one of the Katherine Dunham ballets now in Australia, depicts the fighting dance of Martinique. Alcide (Vanoye Aikens), at left, is quarrelling with Julot (Ricardo Avalos), who has stolen Alcide's lover, Loulouse (Katherine Dunham), foreground, by using a love charm.



ABOVE: Strange rites recalling the dead to life are performed by Zombies in the Martinique jungle in the ballet *L'Ag'Ya*. Weird costumes are used for atmosphere.

RIGHT: Brazilian suite. South America has inspired much of Katherine Dunham's work. The picturesque dance of this quartet is based on an early Brazilian quadrille.





*The Australian*  
**WOMEN'S  
WEEKLY**

AUGUST 8, 1956

# Spring Fashion Guide



*Leading stores  
and manufacturers show  
their glamor offerings  
for the season.*

NOT TO BE SOLD SEPARATELY



# Spring goes to your figure

...in a

## WARNER-wonderful way!



A154. Pantee, small, medium, large, £4/10/-; A10-17 bra. A, B, C cups, 32"-38", 52/6.

Miracles do happen, 'specially in Springtime! They happen with the transforming touch of the Warner wand that reveals a lissom, lovelier, younger you! Cinderella stuff? But blissfully, magically true! For a Warner foundation's the secret weapon of the world's most glamorous women. It's the most positive aid to beauty that you can ever buy.

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At any age, at any time, for every occasion there's a Warner girdle, bra or corselette to meet your need miraculously—they're superbly functional, a little frivolous, outrageously flattering!

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1. A953/A20-76. 3" Sta-Up top—youthful design with exceptional control. Faille and leno elastic. Pink, white, 26"-34". Price, 126/-. Bra A20-76. Fine firm cotton, French stitched. Lined under bust cup supports gently. Adjustable shoulder and back fastening. White only. Cups A, 32"-36"; B, 32"-38"; C, 32"-38"; D, 34"-44". Prices, A, B, C, 32/6; D, 37/6.
2. A13-17. Longer, smoother Merry Widow sculpts gently to a lithe torso. Embroidered nylon bust cups and front section, nylon power net back section. Pink, white, black. B, C cups, 32"-38". Price 126/-.
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**Fashion at a price!** Step into Spring in these colourful 'Tub Happy' Cottons: here are four of our 'Fashion at a Price' dresses, we have twelve other styles too. Some are clever 'no-iron' cottons, that shun creases and never, never need the touch of an iron. See them all in the Cotton Dress Shop, First Floor. Yes, you can lay-by or order by mail.

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| 1. 'No-iron': gay bayadere floral button through dress that washes, washes, wears, lives! It stays home or comes to town.<br>Aqua or Grey<br>Green<br>Caramel | 2. 'Denim Darling!' it's the gayest little dress for positively 'shoestring money'. Prettily contrasted with checks or stripes.<br>Grey or Pink<br>Sky or Leaf Green<br>Daffodil or Rose | 3. Casual Cotton in gay bayadere floral. Fill in the sun top neckline with pretty beads and come to town.<br>Rosy pink/white<br>Royal/white<br>Leaf green/white | 4. 'Sun Catcher', another 'no-iron' cotton in gay geometric print, with contrasting collar and pockets. Elasticised back.<br>Lilac/blue<br>Green/grey<br>Pink/charcoal |
| <b>59/11</b>  | <b>29/11</b>   | <b>42/11</b>  | <b>49/11</b>   |

**MARK FOY'S LIMITED, LIVERPOOL STREET, SYDNEY - B0949**

*The Australian Women's Weekly Spring Fashion Guide*





## International models discuss latest sun-fashions

From France, Italy, U.S.A., England, and West Germany have come five of the world's leading mannequins. Their world-wide fashion experience will lend glamour to parades of overseas fashions to be held at leading stores in Sydney and other main cities. It is interesting to Australian women to have their opinions on sun-fashions to be seen on Australian beaches this summer.



The West German girl insists that her swimsuit be seaworthy as well as lovely. "It must keep its colour and shape and permit freedom of action for swimming. That's why Jantzen suits are so popular in Germany," says Grit Marga Huebscher.



"The American girl chooses a suit because it flatters her figure. I think that's why Jantzen is the most popular swimsuit in the States," says Gloria Welch Case.



"The Jantzen pantie-leg swimsuits are popular at the smart resorts in England, because the new style is so flattering," says Dexter Vaughan.



"Riviera news this season is the high-to-the-throat swimsuit with the plunging back—and I've seen this very same style here in Australia in the wonderful new Jantzen range," says French model Segolene Imbert.



"Your brilliant Australian summer sunshine makes bright colour a most effective choice for beachwear. Since I've been in Australia I've seen Jantzen's swimsuit collection, and was most impressed by the brilliant colours in the range," says Euzica Boricav-gevic, of Italy.



Fernand Niedergang, top stylist in the design studios of Jantzen-France, created "Monaco" in new "Helanca" nylon for the exclusive Jantzen "International Set." Featuring the "covered-up look," "Monaco" typifies the trend in Fashion on the Riviera.



Italy's High-Fashion ideas are displayed in "Suziente," from the Jantzen "International Set." Fashioned from specially-imported "Venetian Glo" Lastex in silver or gold, and complemented by contrast trim. The fashion-wise bow doubles as a handana for swimming.



The brief two-piece excitingly striped, as in "Bare Essentials," by Jantzen, enjoys more popularity than ever overseas.

The "Apron" silhouette introduces the "most" in femininity for one-piece enthusiasts. "Mexicano," from the Jantzen International Fashion Collection, delightfully interprets this new silhouette in the latest Sun Lustre fabric.

Here is the "little-boy" look featured in "Torquay" from Jantzen-England, a top-fashion lastex from the Jantzen "International Set" Collection.

Fashion leaders have this year decreed that the "romper" look will be a more slender silhouette as shown in "Tab Happy," from the Jantzen International Fashion Collection.

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# LINEN is fashion

The Linen Look—absolutely timeless . . . in two important silhouettes  
—the Sheath at its slimmest, smartest and most sophisticated;  
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**31WW1:** Moygashel Linen dress is guipure trimmed. Colours: Coral, Cloud Grey, String. Sizes: W, XW, SOS, OS. Priced at only £11/11/-.

**31WW2:** Wexford pure Linen Sheath, button-through style. Tan, Persimmon, String, Lilac. Sizes: SSW, SW and W. Priced at £10/19/6.

**36WW3:** "Sports de Jour" Swiss embroidered Linen. Blue, Pink, Junior, Green. Smart button-through style, with beautiful skirt. 32-40". £10/15/-.

**36WW4:** Linen blouse and skirt by "Sportscraft". Crushed Rose, Deep Sea Blue, Beige, Ice Blue, Pink Cloud. XSSW, SSW, SW, W. £10/15/-.

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B0951





# SNOWS

AT SYDNEY CENTRAL

*They're news in Cotton & ours alone!*



**Style 1:** Bayadere print in blue, green, gold or cyclamen. Skirt has bouffant fullness from the clever low waist. Tiniest buttons, highlighters to the bateau neckline. X.S.S.W., S.S.W., S.W., W.

**Style 2:** Balloon spots in blue/pink, gold/blue, tangerine gold, red/blue or mauve/avocado. Box-pleats are unpressed, so they billow balloon-like or fall softly slim. X.S.S.W., S.S.W., S.W., W.

**Style 3:** Bright carnation print dress with a sun-catching neckline; wide-pleated skirt to fall slimly or bouffant over a petticoat. Gold, green, red, blue, pink, aqua. X.S.S.W., S.S.W., S.W., W.

## WASH BUT NO-NEED-TO-IRON...

3 styles...each at ONE fabulous low price!

# 89<sup>11</sup>

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COTTONS**

styled in **Hey Presto** no-iron cotton

It's fashion news! "Hey Presto" cotton doesn't ever need to be ironed, yet it looks crisp and smooth all the time. Three styles here are by "Campus-Cottons;" adorable, cool and clever dresses that are as easy-to-wash as to wear—and these styles are exclusive to SNOWS in Sydney. Famous fabric, famous designer, famous store and "Hey Presto!" You've the best value Spring-Summer dress ever! These three are 89/11 (we've others from 89/11 to 119/6). Second Floor. Phone orders—B.0968. For mail orders, please use this Coupon.

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To SNOWS, Box 3937, G.P.O., Sydney.

Quantity.	Style	Colour.	2nd Colour.	Size.

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You've never before seen pure silk dresses like these for the price. They're the new Underwater prints, shadowy and misty and wonderful to wash. Both are in soft green, pink, grey, blue or coffee lemon (cool colours for hot days). The skirts are big and great, the bodices have gentle folds—very, very pretty. Sizes 12 to 18 (watch the size chart: measurements given are finished measurements of dresses). Come to the Budget Dress Centre, Farmer's second floor, 'phone B 0150 or post the order coupon. Write to Box 497, Sydney. Dresses weigh 2 lbs. each, freight extra. Don't forget second colour choice!

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Bust	33	35	37	39
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THESE LITTLE-GIRL

## Cottons

NEVER BEFORE SUCH VALUE AT THE PRICE!

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15' //

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**A. COOLEST CHAMBRAY**  
for a dress with a big sash  
bow that ties at the back and  
a full, full circular skirt.  
In blue, yellow or pretty pink.  
Lengths 33", 36", 39", 42".

**B. LASTING CHAMBRAY**  
again, for a tiny girl's dress  
that washes, wears beautifully,  
keeps its colour, irons easily.  
In pink, green or this blue.  
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**C. ROSES ON CAMBRIC,**  
little roses, grow in a pretty  
print. The dress is bare and  
cool, it's good washing cotton.  
In crisp yellow, pink or blue.  
Lengths 27", 30", 33", 36".

**D. SWEET CANDY STRIPES**  
with frills and buttons and a  
bow at the back, make the  
most delightful summer dress.  
Green, pink, blue chambray.  
Lengths 27", 30", 33", 36".

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HERE IT IS! FROM SARONG, NEW YORK  
THE SENSATIONAL

**NEW**

# Sarong corselet

## TO SMOOTH YOUR FIGURE TO FASHION'S LOVELY LINE!

See how the boneless Sarong Corselet so easily, so gracefully elongates your figure to conform to fashion's longer torso line. See how it features the same world-patented crisscross double front panels that flatten as they support. If you prefer an all-in-one foundation—then for you, from now on, it's the sensational new Sarong Corselet.

No. 6233—"Sarong" Corselet.  
Two fittings for B and C bust  
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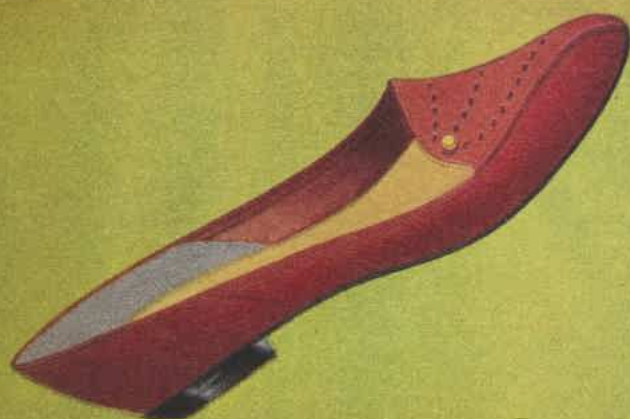
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37 PP 69





for every hour of spring . . .

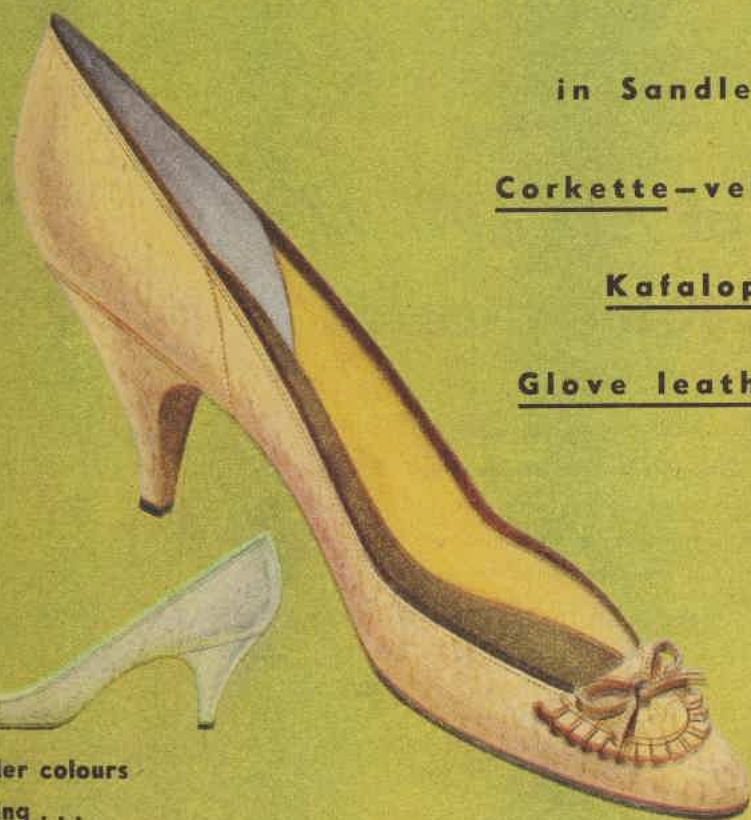
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Corkette—velvety matte finish,

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Glove leathers—bright and light.



In Sandler colours  
for Spring . . .

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- ★ Chili
- ★ Lime Frost

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OF BOSTON

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*as there has been in the past*

*This Spring and Summer's showing is in . . . Short Shorties and very slim long Gloves, whether in Cotton, Nylon, or in Nylon Simplex, Stretchies or Stringknit . . . and true to their tradition in all fashion colours . . . at your favourite Glove counter.*

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*Personality*  
THE GLOVES SHE LOVES  
over **15 years**  
of high fashion

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Why show your age?  
You don't tell it!



Revlon's new  
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with miracle Lanolite

act like a fountain of youth  
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- ★ New! flowing cremes absorb faster, work faster
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Revlon's **"MOON DROPS"**

Moisture Balm.

New wonder balm to help restore youth-giving moisture to drying-out skin. Sinks into the skin in seconds, helping it look smoother, fresher, years younger! Use under make-up during the day as well as at night.

31/6.



Revlon's **"WAKING BEAUTY"** Night Creme.

Ultra-enriched, non-greasy night creme for sensitive, dry skins that need extra care! Contains three beauty-giving vitamins (A, D and E). Works while you sleep... you wake to a lovelier, younger-looking skin! 33/9.

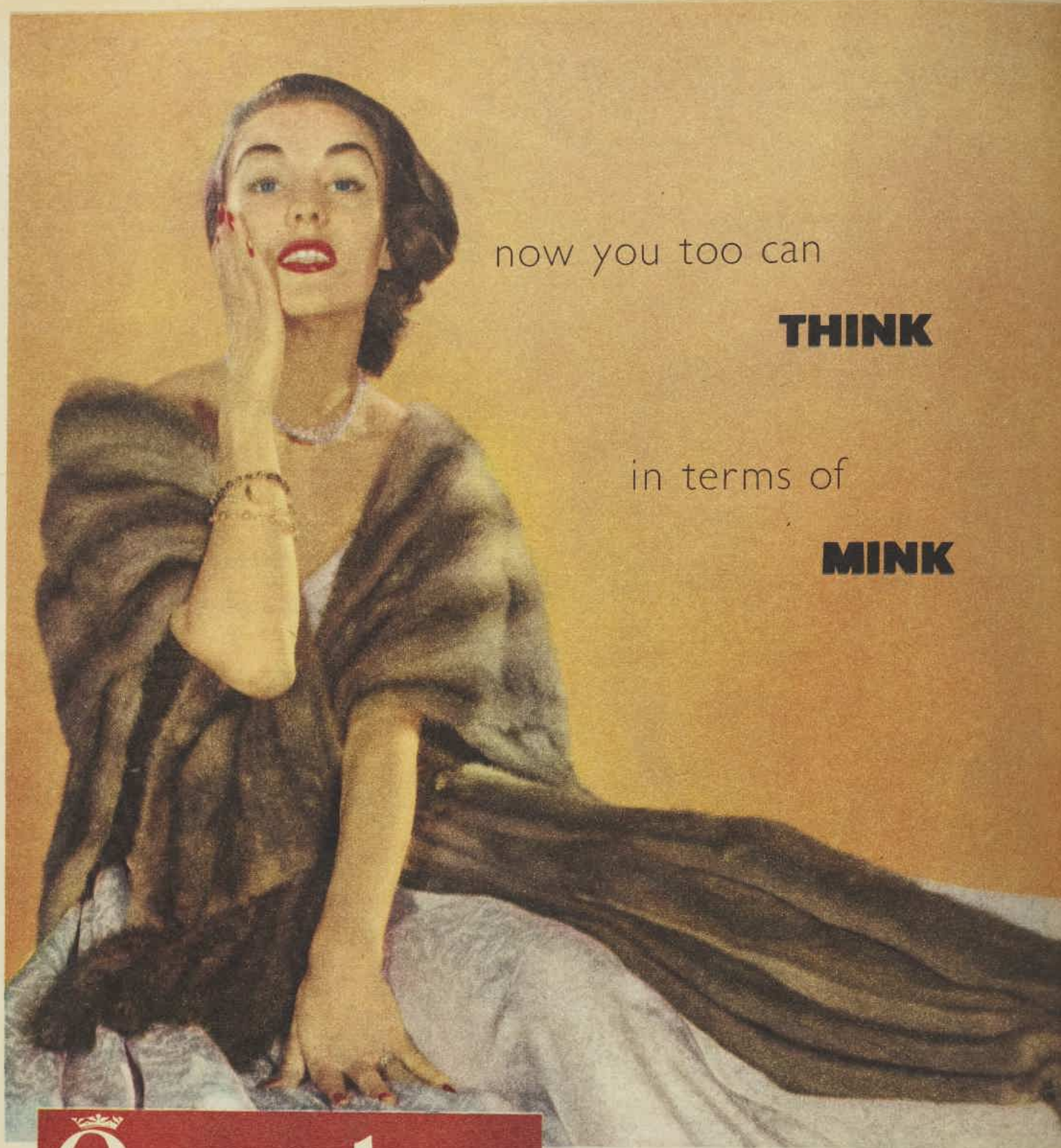


Revlon's **"WHITE SABLE"** Liquid Cleansing Creme.

A silky, milky, liquid creme that cleans your skin cleaner—leaves it feeling sable-soft! Helps keep your skin younger-looking day by day! No greasy after-film—no skin freshener needed. 16/3.







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*the most famous furriers in Australia*

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# PATTERNS TO BUY

● Here are smart new styles for spring — note the American-styled mother-and-daughter outfit. A paper pattern is available for each garment illustrated. Patterns may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. Please print names.



● 4223 — Summer-time one-piece dress (left) designed with a wide V neckline and the shortest possible sleeves — the skirt bouffant. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.



● 4220 — Perfectly simple button-front coat-dress (above) is cut on tailored lines. The scalloped sleeves are cuffed at below-elbow-length to match the collar. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.



● 4221 — American-styled happy-go-lucky separates (left), perfect for casual living, and pretty, too. The skirt is wide, the blouse moulded. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and 6yds. rick-rack braid trim. Price 3/9.

● 4222 — Small girl's separates identical with the adult design — a new-again fashion idea for big-and-little-sister or mother-and-daughter twosome. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2½ to 2 7-8th yards 36in. material and 5yds. rick-rack braid trim. Price 3/-.



Now you can have the American

# SLENDER-LINE HEEL

by Munsingwear<sup>®</sup> USA



IN **Fiesta**

NYLONS by

**BOND'S**

This is the stocking heel designed to balance the small, sliver-thin heels on shoes you're wearing now. Its fine sweep slenderises ankles, too — clings like a shadow to every move. You can get the new heel in every weight of Fiesta from evening sheers to service weight. So very becoming all day long.

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**Fiesta**

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**Fiesta**

15 denier  
"Stretch Magic" 15/11

**Fiesta**

60 denier  
"Stretch Durables" 21/-

These nylons feature the new slender Munsingwear heel. Fancy slender heels are also available in Fiesta 15 denier, 14/11.

Fiesta "Pastels" 12  
Denier 66 Gauge, 15/11.

PRICES SUBJECT TO CONTROL IN EACH STATE

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# Ballets inspired by primitive jungle rhythms

**K**ATHERINE DUNHAM and her company of dancers, singers, and musicians, now in Australia, combine classical ballet with the color and fire of South America.

Their dances show the influence of Spain, the abstraction of modern ballet, and the vigor of primitive rhythms preserved by the West Indian Negro.

Katherine Dunham—dancer, anthropologist and author—was born at Joliet, near Chicago, U.S. Her father was a negro, her mother a French-Canadian.

She is the master mind behind the company, and believes "you can learn more about people from their dancing than from anything else."

The superb showmanship with which she presents vivid ritualistic dances learnt in the little-known jungles of Haiti, and the flat, insistent rhythm of hand-picked West Indian drummers combine with an Australian orchestra to make exotic audience-exciting performances.



**RIGHT:** *Tropics*—the lively tarrid prologue to the show with Katherine Dunham as Woman with Cigar. Pictures by staff photographer Clive Thompson.

**BELOW:** *Batucada*—part of the Brazilian Suite with Katherine Dunham spun on a rope. She seldom omits this ballet from the tour company's programme.





Sheer, glamorous nylons  
that just *won't* run!

**HILTON**

*Fanfare*

Non-run Nylons

More and more smart women are wearing **HILTON** "Fanfare" mesh nylons. The non-run nylons with the dull chiffon look that is so flattering to your legs—the nylons that are so resistant to ladders.

In fact, **HILTON** mesh nylons can't ladder, because "Fanfare" lockstitch stops ladders before they start!

From **HILTON** "Fanfare" you get clinging fit, glamorously fine seams, and fashion-right colours!

**HILTON** "Fanfare"  
... the glamour nylons  
that just won't run ...

16/11

Prices vary slightly  
in some States



**HILTON** make glamorous lingerie too!

## Continuing . . . Red Carpet

from page 5

beds where daffodils stood close and straight, an army with spears and banners. She was puzzled and a little breathless. Gil was showing her a house, surely the house in which they would both one day live? But how could she know, how could she be sure, when all the assurance she had of love was an occasional good-night kiss.

"Whose is it?" she asked. But Gil only smiled at her over his shoulder as he fitted the key in the massive lock.

Within there were beamed ceilings, and floors that sloped a little, wide stone hearths, and in one room a round window, like a porthole; the staircase turned in a graceful curve from a red-tiled hall in which there was a hearth, transforming it into another room.

"Like it?" said Gil.

"You know I do." She wanted to cry. "Oh, it's perfect, it's lovely, I adore it." But the uncertainty in her mind damped her rapture.

"That's all right, then," he said.

Then they were outside and he was locking the door, and when she looked back from the gate the daffodils were dancing in the wind.

In the car she tried for an explanation. "But, Gil, tell me about it."

"Tell me, darling. Oh, do say, 'I love you, and I'm going to marry you, and that's where we're going to live.'"

But he said, "I heard that it was empty, so I thought we might look over it. I don't know how much they're asking for it."

She looked at him doubtfully. Supposing she took the

Study as if you were  
to live forever. Live as  
if you were to die to-  
morrow.

—Isadore of Seville.

bull by the horns and said, "Are we going to buy it? Are we going to live in it?"

But it was impossible to ask such a question of a man who had given no indication that he intended to marry you—at least not the sort of indication which any girl might expect. What if he were to look astonished and embarrassed, and mutter his way out of a direct reply?

He kissed her that evening when he went away.

"I'm glad you like the house," he said.

In bed that night she planned how she would furnish the little house. They would buy antiques at sales—a little round claw-foot table for the hall, and two comfortable chairs, and on a chilly evening they would have a log fire in the hearth and sit beside it, watching the rain across the garden.

But in the midst of her dreaming that deadly sense of frustration swamped her. What was the use of planning? It was too much to expect her to take everything on trust, assuming that, because in the past year he had been her constant companion, Gil must love her.

You know he loves you. But how could she know? He had never said so.

She stirred uneasily. It had gone on far too long; people were beginning to talk. "When are Margot and Gil going to announce their engagement? When will the wedding be?"

Even Mother was having her doubts . . .

In the lonely, quiet hours of the night the whole affair seemed to Margot a futile waste

of time, something that went on and on, with no end in sight. She must stop seeing him. Her mind at last was firmly made up. Break it off sharply and cleanly. Anything would be better than this uncertainty. But it was a pity about that dear little house . . .

She was still determined when he came the next evening. It was raining and rather cold, and Mother said: "Father is out. You and Gil can use the study. There's a fire there."

Gil lay back in Father's deep chair, smiling at her.

"Don't smile at me like that," she thought sharply; that way he had of narrowing his eyes, that was what she had noticed first, a year ago, on Susan's wedding day.

"Well, how are things?" he said, filling his pipe, and really, it looked exactly as though they had been married for years.

"Gil—" she began, in a voice which didn't sound like her own. But he wasn't listening.

"You know," he said, between puffs at his pipe, "I've been thinking a red carpet would look well on those stairs."

For a moment she stared at him, incredulous, her mind whirling. Then it was as though a high wind had dropped and she was left at the heart of a calm in which she understood everything quite clearly. Gil, oh, darling Gil! She had been looking for assurance, and it hadn't occurred to him that she needed any as far as he was concerned.

It was all quite plain and simple. He loved her, she loved him; there was no need to say any more about it. They could get on with their plans. He had been thinking of a red carpet for the stairs!

She gave a joyous little laugh.

"What's funny?" he said. "Don't you like a red carpet? You know, a deep ruby red."

Margot said, "Do you love me?"

Not worried any more, but light-hearted with happiness, for she felt in complete control of the situation.

He looked puzzled and a little uncomfortable. "Oh, well, of course I do."

"You've never told me so."

He stood up, aimed a kick at a log in the hearth, and gave her a slightly hunted glance. "But you know I do. From the moment I saw you, I think."

"Say it! Say 'Margot, I love you, darling.'"

He put down his pipe. He gave her a crooked grin, looking just like an embarrassed school-boy. "Do I have to? I'm not very good at that sort of thing."

"Just this once, so that I shall always be sure, so that some other time, when perhaps I'm not sure, I shall remember that you said it once."

Suddenly he put out a hand, caught hers, and pulled her into his arms. "Margot, I love you, I love you . . . Oh, but between you and me this is idiotic. You knew that I loved you. Surely you knew?"

She gave a little sigh of satisfaction. "Perhaps I did. But now I'm sure."

"Well, let's not bother any more about that," said Gil, with a brisk air of duty done. "Come and sit here. Let's get down to this question of the stair-carpet. What do you think about red?"

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every consideration." In the silence that followed she heard him sigh.

"Good-night, Patti. I'll phone you."

He did, the following morning, and they drove many miles to a place where a Mrs. Harding served the best Devonshire teas outside of Devonshire.

The days that followed were an oasis of joy in the desert of weeks since Charles. The telephone came alive; the postman's knock took on a new significance; the doorbell became her best friend. She woke exultantly and fell asleep with reluctance. She was happier than she had ever been.

Act 3 was the night of the hospital ball. Was it only four weeks later? They went with Matthew and Sonia in Timothy's car. She went quite overboard in preparations, taking two days off to buy the dress, and to have her hair specially cut. The dress was pink, and far more daringly sophisticated than anything she had ever had before. It seemed to lend her confidence and sophistication, too.

Tim's admiration was all she had hoped. "You frighten me," he said, gazing down at her. "You shine so brightly."

Matthew and Sonia beamed like fond parents on the two of them. They were drinking champagne and danced until two. Then, singing in ragged parts, they dropped Matthew and Sonia, and began on the last lap to Patti's flat. In a silence of complete contentment she closed her eyes.

"Lean on me, sweetheart."

"I'll fall asleep if I do."

"Risk it."

"A woman's not at her best asleep."

"Did you enjoy the ball?"

"Wonderful, thank you, Tim."

And then came the clash of discord out of the blue; the unfamiliar sharpness in his voice.

"Good heavens, Patti, haven't we got past 'thank you' yet? Don't you know what it means to me to be with you? Would it hurt you to say . . . ? I mean, just once in a while, for my sake—I—"

He was gripping the steering wheel as if he hoped to twist it out of shape.

Without any warning the old fear broke loose again inside her. With a real effort she kept her voice light and low.

"What do you mean, Tim?"

"Oh, forget it."

"No, please tell me."

"Forget it."

Oh, Tim, how can I? What has happened? What have I done wrong? Suddenly, childishly, she thought of a solution.

"Are you tired, Tim?"

He looked at her whimsically, but his voice when he spoke was without expression.

"Put it that way if you like. I'm tired."

When they stopped at the door of her flat she waited for him to speak, unable to say a word, praying that somehow he would make things right again. At last, turning her face towards him, he kissed the top of her head and the end of her nose. "You were beautiful tonight. I was proud of you."

Tears of relief rushed to her eyes. He mustn't be angry with me. I need him so much. But the words which came to her lips were automatic.

"Thank you, Tim."

"Thank you, Patti," he said harshly. "Thank you for buying a glamorous frock and looking like a glowing candle. Thank you for being so beautiful and having such perfect manners. Thank you for being so gracious as to accompany me and to cheer my lonely days and nights—"

"Oh, Tim, what is it?" Did she say the words or did they not get past her frozen lips?

Continuing . . .

## Second Chance

from page 3

"I'll phone you. Good-night."

But this time they were idle words. She did all those things habitual to a girl in love: stayed home night after night on a series of pretexts, waiting for the phone to ring; counted the hours between the postman's visits; invented a string of absolutely watertight reasons to explain his absence—he is ill; he has lost my number; he has been called out of town—and knew in her heart of hearts that if he stayed away it was because he wanted to stay away, and not for any other reason, at all.

It was Charles all over again, and suddenly taking courage from desperation, she knew that Charles was the only person who could help her. So here she was.

But, standing on his porch with a yellow door and a grey year of silence between them, panic filled her and she longed to turn and creep away home.

"I must, I must," she said aloud. "Otherwise I shall never know."

"Well, if y'must, y'must." An ugly face beneath a cloth cap watched her from the corner of the house; stooped for another brushful of paint and waited with insolent calm for her decision. It was all she needed to make her mistress of herself, and, turning away with great disdain, she rang the second bell from the top.

"Of course, he may not be in." He has to be. He has to be.

"Of course, he might be otherwise engaged." And, please, he has to be alone. Almost with confidence, she pulled her velvet beret more firmly over one side.

The door opened abruptly and he stood there, solid, friendly, and exactly as she remembered him.

"Patti!"

She watched his face intently. Was it alarm? Embarrassment? Panic? Or just ordinary surprise? For a moment she had a hopeless sense of the wrongness of it all; the dreadful discomfort of having slipped beyond the barriers of convention.

"Charles, I do apologise for intruding on your Sunday privacy. But I won't say that I just happened to be passing by because I didn't just happen to be anything. I came specially on the top of a bus."

Over her head Charles caught the eye of the audience, and hastily invited her in. "But how nice of you to call, Patti. As it happens, I just feel like visitors this afternoon."

She smiled to herself. How quickly he rises to the occasion, she was thinking. Will he be a fraction disappointed, I wonder, when he finds out why I have come? It was a new thought, and rather a nice one.

He led the way up the two flights of stairs, talking all the time.

"Now just clear yourself a space, child, and sit down. I'm going to make some coffee."

Why can't people face each other squarely and say what is in their minds? Why must every situation be cloaked in small social formulas? The cigarette; the cup of coffee; the glass of wine. In another second he is going to talk about the weather. . . . Impatiently she pulled off her beret.

But he surprised her, coming quietly to sit in the armchair across the hearth. "Well, Patti, what did you come to say?"

At first it was terribly difficult and she could not find words to begin. What must he think about my coming here like this? And then she remembered that it no longer mattered what he thought so long as he told her what she wanted to know.

"Charles, there is something that I have to know and I think you can tell me. It isn't anything about us because that is finished now, but it is about what happened to us."

"Yes?"

"I have met somebody who is very important to me and I would have sworn that I was becoming important to him."

Gradually she forgot her audience in her preoccupation with the story of Tim, repeating it as she had done to herself a score of times, searching even now in the bare events for a clue to the ending.

" . . . And that was the last time I saw Timothy. Suddenly, nothing more; nothing whatever, at the very moment when I know he was on the brink of loving me."

She smiled at him to take the sting from the words. His eyes were fixed on her face; there was no answering smile in their greyness.

"It is over now, all the waiting and longing, and it's too late for looking back. But maybe it isn't too late for me and Tim, if only I can find out what it is about me that makes things go so wrong. Will you tell me, Charles? I have to know."

He sat in silence for a long time and she thought: If he refuses to answer me, if he fobs me off with half-truths or says that these things don't always work out, I think I shall throw my coffee dregs in his face.

But when he spoke it was with deadly seriousness. "You are asking me to play the part

The three things most difficult are—to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of leisure. —Child.

of God. No two men are alike and no two loves are alike. I can only tell you how it seems to me. Maybe that will help you; maybe not."

And then, leaning forward, he took one of her hands in his own two and said the last thing in the world she expected. "You are an exquisite creature, Patti. I could have been very much in love with you."

"Please, Charles, not now—"

"Your turn to listen now, Patti. I am not passing idle compliments. You have something which makes immediate appeal, and in some ways this must be an enviable thing for a woman. You need never fight for a man's interest. Beginnings are easy for you. But is that any excuse for not making your share of effort afterwards? No man enjoys the company of a beautiful automaton for long—"

She moved impatiently.

"Charles, I know all this."

"With your intellect, Patti, but not with your heart. Were you happy with Timothy?"

"Tremendously."

"Did you ever tell him so?"

"Not in so many words."

"Ever want him when he wasn't about?"

"Yes."

"Did you think of ringing him up to say so?"

"What would you think of a girl who rang you up for a thing like that?"

"Depends on the girl. There are no rules for beautiful girls. They must have more than usual courage to match a man's more than usual diffidence in their company. Did you ever feel like laughing when he was serious, or did someone tell you that a woman must fit in with a man's moods? Ever feel like disagreeing with his plans? Or wearing a color that he didn't like? Did you ever break a

rule in your life? Well, why didn't you? Rules are fine when we aren't old enough or haven't brain enough to judge for ourselves. Where the deuce did you get the idea that a woman isn't a thousand times more lovable being herself instead of a page from a glossy magazine? Did you ever go out looking less than perfect, or come home with your nose shining?"

"I hope not."

"Then I hope you'll learn to for your own sake. To tell you the truth, I never knew you to do a thing wrong in all our six months together, and believe me, Patti, I was bored!"

She stood up so suddenly that her cup and saucer clattered to the floor, startling both of them.

"You great arrogant—goat!"

"Hit me if you want to. Cry if you want to."

Fighting for enough composure to retreat with dignity, and losing the battle with an odd sense of victory, she flung herself forward and did both these things one after the other, sitting down finally on the rug at his feet, her face in her hands, her hair falling untidily about her cheeks.

Charles smiled tenderly. "Patti," he said, "you look absolutely ridiculous and adorable. Patti, you are learning fast."

When she came through the yellow door again, the painter was smoking lazily on the job. "Get what you wanted?" he asked cheerily.

Her nose went up in the air and then came down again abruptly, and Patti performed the most unladylike action of her career. She stuck out her tongue and grinned.

There was an empty phone box at the corner.

"Timothy?"

"Patti? No!"

"Patti, yes. How are you?"

"Fine. Lonely."

"I am, too."

"What did you say?"

"I said I am, too. I don't like it much, do you?"

"I don't like it at all."

"Then why don't we stop it?"

"Patti, you don't sound like you. Are you all right?"

She laughed uproariously into the receiver. "I've never been more of either in all my life."

"Listen, darling, this needs investigating. Where will you be tonight?"

"Wherever you are, darling."

In the flat behind the yellow door, Charles picked up the pieces of a broken coffee cup and stacked them methodically on yesterday's paper. He saw Patti again, as she had leaned down to slap his face, her eyes sparkling with anger and tears, and it seemed to him that he had never loved her more.

He wondered how he had dared to tell her those insufferable things when every part of him had been aching to take her in his arms. Not that she needed to be told, he thought.

In coming to him today she had, without knowing it, taken the first long step towards freeing herself.

He wondered how he had been so blind as to miss the individuality behind the conventional beauty of the exterior. He remembered her words: "It's too late now for looking back," and added some more of his own. "There's a lesson to be learnt from it all, if only one could find it."

Watching from the window he saw her come out of the phone box swinging her beret in her hand. She fluttered it once towards his window before crossing the road to the bus stop. He watched her out of sight.

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## Career Wives



HER PRETTY HANDS CREATE NEW HAIR STYLES

Mrs. Y. M. Webb of 51 Railway Street, Granville, is one of those busy young women who handle two jobs. As well as running a house, Mrs. Webb has gone back to hairdressing because she is saving to travel. She's already planning an exciting trip to the Islands.

When interviewed at the salon last week, Mrs. Webb said: "When I decided to take a job again, I was very glad the years at home hadn't given me 'house-work hands'. I give most of the credit to Persil for that. I've always used Persil for my washing, because it is so kind to my skin. It keeps my hands soft and smooth—a 'must' for hairdressing."

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The greatest discovery since Cheops



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of Rome—of Shanghai! It has been many years!"

"Not so dazzling," Mrs. Potwin said. "My nose was too big. After all these years, to meet you again, and here. But I shouldn't be surprised. You always were mysterious."

"Never mysterious, Mrs. Potwin. Only shy and retiring."

She shook her head and frowned. "I wonder," she said—it seemed to me with a trace of uneasiness—"what will happen now?"

"I do not understand," he said placidly.

"Whenever you appear," she said, "something happens. Something startling, something—something—"

"The same might well be said of you, Mrs. Potwin. May I ask you what brings you to this wonderland—and in a trailer, as I am?"

"I'm treasure hunting," she announced. "Of course, it's a great secret, but not from an old friend."

"We are all treasure hunting, are we not?" He bowed again in his stately way. "I am charmed that our paths have crossed again."

He was about to walk back to his trailer when a racket of boyish voices called our attention to the road. A rabble of admiring small boys was trailing the most magnificent and barbaric human body it ever had been my fortune to see. It was a golden man whose height must have topped six feet by four inches. His mighty, superbly proportioned body was golden with the tan of the sun and only a minor portion of it was concealed by a brief garment of leopardskin.

He strode along with the supple grace of a great cat. His face was set in an expression of ineffable self-satisfaction. But, in spite of his bulk, of his flowing thews and sinews, the impression he created was not ruggedly masculine; it was effeminate.

We stared after him until he was hidden by a bend in the road.

"And what," demanded Mrs. Potwin, "was that?"

"Doubtless," said Mr. Li, "one of the ancient gods of the region, manifesting himself to the eyes of man."

"Ranger," said Mrs. Potwin, "you're supposed to know everything about this park. What was it? Does it grow here? Do you keep it on exhibition?"

"I have never seen it before," I said.

"But I have," said Miss Vanderlee's voice from the trailer door. "Its name is Nature Boy Nussler."

"Where," asked Mrs. Potwin, "did you ever encounter such a creature?"

"On the television screen," Miss Vanderlee replied. "He is a wrestler."

"Television!" Mrs. Potwin's exclamation was a sort of outrage. "On the television screen one admits to his home fantastic guests. In my day, even on a sheet of glass, one would not have extended the hospitality of his living-room to creatures and to goings-on which now we not only tolerate but applaud. Our people are being debauched by electronics."

"The graciousness and dignity of human life," said Mr. Li, "are making their last futile stand against the dubious miracles of science." He bowed again from the waist and walked across the short space to his temporary home.

Mrs. Potwin was frowning. The expression upon her face might have been one of apprehension.

"That Chinaman," she said, "does pop up! Hold your hats, my friends, and wait for the big wind to strike." She turned abruptly to me. "We have no further need for your services, Ranger," she said. "If we require you in the future, we will summon you."

## Continuing . . . The Sinister Strangers

from page 9

Somewhat nonplussed by this imperious dismissal, I turned to go. Miss Vanderlee spoke again, and again I was aware of something not far from impertinence in her words and manner.

"Don't be annoyed, Mr. Ranger," she said. "That was Mrs. Potwin's idea of saying 'Thank you' for your courtesies. Do you remember what someone said about Napoleon: that he never had any manners till he got to where he didn't need any? Mrs. Potwin arrived at that place at the time of her birth."

"Young woman," said Mrs. Potwin grandly, "I can dispense with your services."

Miss Vanderlee grinned. Not smiling—grinned. It made her face young and mischievous and attractive.

"I dare you to try it," she said, and disappeared in the trailer.

When I am not on duty I find pleasure in walking here and there on the floor of the valley and mingling with the tourists. I enjoy the excellent concerts given at Camps 7 and 14, and to while away the evenings I often listen to the naturalist's illustrated talks or attend the motion pictures in the Old Village.

On the evening of the day on which I first met Mrs. Potwin and her chauffeur-secretary and Mr. Li Seow Yen I had been listening to a fascinating lecture about the geological past of Yosemite. This occurred in the open-air amphitheatre in Camp Curry, which, next to the sumptuous Ahwahnee Hotel, is the most expensive and desirable stopping place in the park. It consists of very comfortable cabins, which may be had with or without bath, and tents which are completely furnished. It is a complete little village, an entity by itself, with cafeteria and dining-room and shops.

I had occupied a seat in the rear of the amphitheatre. Just as I was getting up, my mind on a good-night cup of coffee, I felt a hand touch my shoulder and heard a voice say close to my ear, "Mr. Ranger, a gentleman wish to speak with you."

I turned and looked down into the liquid-brown eyes of a boy of soft, rotund figure and ingratiating smile.

"What gentleman?" I asked. "In those cabin there," said the boy. "He much weesh to talk to you."

I followed the boy, who opened the door of the cabin and showed me into its comfortable living-room.

"Sir," called the boy, "the ranger have come."

Almost instantly there emerged from a bedroom a man swathed in a brilliantly colored dressing gown. He, like the boy, was rotund and soft, with great brown eyes. But the man's eyes were merry and dancing. Heavy as he was, his step was light and his voice was bubbling with good humor.

"Oh, ho-ho!" he bubbled. "So nice, so very nice, so very polite of you to come, Mr. Ranger. Will you not seat yourself? Will you not partake of refreshment? I am Zaharados. What refreshment may I serve to you?"

"Nothing, thank you," I replied. "What can I do for you, sir?"

"Not even a cigarette?" He was hurt. "You make it impossible for me to be hospitable."

"Then," I said, "I'll take a cigarette."

He extended a gold cigarette-case with stones set in the lid of it. I lighted the cigarette and found it heavy and of disagreeable scent.

Again I asked, "What is it that I can do for you, Mr. Zaharados?"

"All rangers I have found so efficient, so polite. In my country it is not always so with government employees. No. I have no important favor to ask of you. No trouble at all to make. Would you like to see the child do a trick? He does very good tricks."

He motioned to the fat boy, who looked at me with melancholy eyes and reached an open hand into the air. There was nothing in the hand. It did not seem to move, but suddenly there appeared a golden orange in the fingers.

"Excellent, eh? Astonishing. The hand is quicker than the eye. . . . Again, my child."

Once more the hand was upraised. This time it was not fruit that appeared as if by magic in its grasp, but a knife with a gleaming blade.

"So-o-o!" exclaimed Zaharados with glee. "And now."

He placed his pudgy hand against the wall, its fingers spread. The boy, still melancholy, flicked his wrist and the knife glittered as it whirled through the air, its point thudding into the wall between Zaharados' second and third fingers.

### FOR THE CHILDREN



"Clever people, these Greeks," said the fat man.

"I doubt," said I, "if the Yosemite Park and Curry Company, who own this cabin, would approve of having knives stuck in its walls."

"Oh, that!" he dismissed the resentment of the valley's concessionaires. "If I do a nuisance, I will pay. . . . Now we will chat. There are many people in this place of natural wonders."

"As you can see for yourself," I answered.

"From many States of this so-wonderful country of yours?"

"I suppose from every State in the union."

"And from foreign countries?" he asked. "I, myself, am from the Levant."

"Undoubtedly there are other aliens," I said.

"From England?"

"Possibly."

"From Italy?"

"Quite likely," I was becoming impatient.

"From China?" he asked, and I thought I detected an alteration in his tone. It seemed to me he had come to the point at last.

"There could be Chinese," I told him.

"Have you seen such a person, Mr. Ranger?"

I did not like this man and his bubbling ways, nor the fat boy who amazed with trickery and knife throwing. So I had no intention of giving him information which he was at such pains to seek.

"There are many Chinese in San Francisco," I said.

from those in your country," I said, "in more than politeness. They do not accept bribes."

"But no. No, indeed. No bribe. Mere appreciation of service done. Would it be a breach of your duties to tell me if you see a Chinaman here?"

"Possibly not," said I. "But in my book, if a man tries to buy information, then it is information he means to use for a bad purpose."

I got to my feet. He advanced upon me, laughing merrily, and would have slapped me on the back. I side-stepped.

"Goodnight, Mr. Zaharados," I said. "Thank you for the cigarette—and the performance."

I have encountered many people that I do not like, but never before had I met one that I was so thoroughly repelled by as this soft, adipose, laughing Levantine Greek.

On my way to take up my duties in Camp 14 next morning I stopped to report to the chief park ranger, who is directly in charge of our Protection Division. His duties are many and arduous, including fire protection, and maintaining travel records. The reason for my call was uneasiness about the man Zaharados and his fat boy. He listened to me attentively.

"A queer pair," he said, "but we get some odd ones. Would you think, Sawtell, that the Greek was some sort of mountebank or theatrical performer?"

"No sir," I answered.

"Then why the sleight of hand and knife throwing?"

"To impress me," I replied.

"I think, for some reason, he wanted me to know he could be a dangerous person."

"What luck did he have?" "I think he is a dangerous person," I said.

"But why would he invite you to his house for such a purpose?"

"I'm quite sure, sir, he had a definite purpose. What it could be I can't guess."

"And he offered you money for information?"

"He did, sir."

"What about this Chinese? Have you seen one in the park?"

"Yes, sir. A gentleman named Li Seow Yen. He occupies a trailer in Camp Fourteen."

"You speak of him as a gentleman."

"He is a gentleman, sir. I've reason to believe him to be a man of importance in the world—a man known in the capitals of Europe. His manners are stately. I believe he lives, or did live, in Shanghai."

"You were right in reporting this, Sawtell. We'll keep a weather eye on the man Zaharados."

The morning was beautiful, warm with a breeze blowing up the valley. The silvery thread of Yosemite Falls—a slender thread now in the dry season—traced its way down the mighty cliffs. Glacier Point, grey and bare, rose perpendicularly to the clouds.

It seemed incredible that its summit could be reached by human feet. Yet I knew that it could be come to by easy roads, invisible from where I stood, that wound and wriggled upward through a magnificent growth of pines to a hotel perched on top of the world. From its tip, when darkness fell in the evening, would plunge downward the Fire Fall, a man-created cascade of glowing embers, as awe-inspiring as some prehistoric lava flood.

A car stopped beside me and a feminine voice asked, "You are a ranger, yes?"

"I am a ranger," I answered and turned.

The voice came from a convertible whose top had been lowered—an exotic foreign car of a make unfamiliar to me. At its wheel sat a girl more exotic than the lemon-yellow car. Her hair was whiter than silver and it fell to her shoulders without curl or wave, and somehow the idea came to me that even strong wind could not ruffle it.

Her face was as foreign as her automobile, but to what race she might belong I could not guess. Such delicious coloring on human cheeks I had never seen before, nor such precise perfection of features. She was so beautiful that it seemed to be rather the creation of some great artist than a natural woman.

"I would ride," she said. "The stables are where? Them I have lost."

"Straight ahead," I told her. "So many roads! So many trees! So much river—and I feel fear that the great mountains will tumbling down come!" She smiled. "At this Ahwahnee Hotel they tell that I can get the horse for ride."

The shock of her strange beauty had been such that I had only vaguely noticed that she had a companion. This companion's head came but a little above the door of the car, and it was sheltered by a derby hat of a shape that never was made or sold in America. Underneath the hat was a bearded face, the face of a gnome to match the size of the body that supported it. It was a pointed beard. Small eyes set closely together peered at me coldly.

"Good morning, sir," I said.

"Good morning," he said in a metallic voice. "My daughter wish to ride the horse. The"

To page 51

## Fast Snapping Grippers Keep Rainwear snug



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 8, 1956



# 23 PACES TO BAKER STREET

★ The faint odor of perfume emerges from a London pea-soup fog . . . then a chain of weird happenings unfolds in Fox's widescreen thriller "23 Paces to Baker Street."

HOLLYWOOD star Van Johnson and new actress Vera Miles, who are photographed on this page, are the central characters in "Baker Street," a high-powered whodunit with a surprising climax.

Johnson plays the unusual role of a blind American playwright who chances to overhear a kidnapping plot in a city pub during a visit to London for the opening of his new play.

It's not long before he is drawn into a full-scale hunt for a gang of notorious criminals.

That whiff of perfume is Van's single clue, and a tape recorder his only weapon. Together with an ability to manoeuvre better in the dark than his opponents, they enable him to solve the mystery of Baker Street.



BELOW. Happy breakfast scene from the new thriller. Phillip Hannon (Van Johnson), a blind playwright and amateur detective, is reunited with his fiancée, Jean Lennox (Vera Miles), after the chase has ended.

RIGHT. Screen newcomer Vera Miles brings dignified charm and fresh acting talent to her sympathetic star role opposite Van Johnson in "23 Paces to Baker Street." Vera graduated from Little Theatre plays.





"Take back your ring!"



She'd said it at last! Her engagement to Harry Johnson was over.

"But, Helen — you — you can't mean it!" stammered Harry. "What have I done? I don't understand!"

How could she tell him? How could she put into words the way she felt? No energy. No feeling for fun any more. Too tired to even pretend an interest in their plans for the future. So irritable, nervous. It was no use.

But Harry wasn't the kind to give in so easily. He spoke to Helen's mother.

"She's not herself, Mrs. Grey. Do you think you could persuade her to see a doctor?"

"I'll do my best," promised Mrs. Grey.

"Miss Grey," said Doctor Hunt, "there is nothing organically wrong, but you are definitely over-wrought and run-down. You say you are always tired, even wake tired; well these symptoms point to 'Night Starvation'. You see, while you sleep your heart and lungs go on exhausting energy from your body. This, in addition to the day's activity, can start a chain reaction of being tired, worrying about being tired and waking up tired, nervous and irritable, that's 'Night Starvation'. Try a cup of hot Horlicks before bed every night."

It wasn't long before the following appeared in the society columns: "The bride looked radiantly lovely in white brocade. . . . Yes, it was Helen Johnson, of course."

What's so good about Horlicks? It's made with full-cream milk, malted barley and wheat. When mixed as directed on the tin, Horlicks contains: protein — essential to the growth of the body — carbohydrate — probably our best source of energy — mineral salts to help build tissue and regulate body activities — calcium, to build sound bone and good teeth. . . . Vitamins A, B1, B2 and D. Not only delicious and nourishing, Horlicks is a tonic, food drink for all the family.

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Do your feet itch so badly that they nearly drive you crazy? Does the skin crack and peel? Are there blisters between your toes and on the soles of your feet? The real cause is a germ or fungus which you must kill to get rid of the trouble. At last it is possible to end these foot troubles with an American Hospital Discovery called Nixaderm. Nixaderm stops the itch in 7 minutes, kills germs and fungus, and in 24 hours the skin begins to heal clear and smooth. Get Nixaderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee to heal your foot itch or money back.

# Movie star news and gossip

From LONDON and HOLLYWOOD

**DISTINGUISHED** Australian character actress Marie Lohr has another big role to follow her fine performance in "A Town Like Alice." Marie has been cast for the leading part in Tyrone Power's "Seven Waves Away"—again in a gruelling role, as one of a group of survivors drifting helplessly in an overcrowded lifeboat.

**A**VA GARDNER has just landed in England from her home in Spain and is putting on a grass skirt for her next starring role. She is to dance a hip-wiggling hula in "The Little Hut" for the benefit of Stewart Granger and David Niven. Filming has started at Elstree, will move to Rome and then Jamaica.

**LOVELY** Cyd Charisse, holidaying here with her husband, Tony Martin, is Fred Astaire's next leading lady—in "Silk Stockings," a

film version of a hit Broadway musical. From Paris, Fred Astaire, who is filming there in "Funny Face," with Audrey Hepburn, has written over to say he has already got some bright ideas for dance routines in his next film.

Said Metro producer Arthur Freed: "The Eiffel Tower gave Fred one idea which I think is the best since his 'Dancing on the Ceiling' routine in 'Wedding Bells'."

**A BITTER** Rita Hayworth snapped angrily to Pressmen at a London party, "Why do I stay in pictures? I don't know. I work fifteen hours a

day for eight weeks and all they pay is £10,000 sterling. By the time I am through I am probably no better off than you are. What I dislike most is being told what pictures to make. Right now it's two for Columbia. If I walk out I would have a £5000 bond slapped on me. I wouldn't be able to work—or anything."

At that red-faced publicity men hustled her away. In a restaurant at Elstree the next day she still looked haggard, angry, and unhappy. But at the salary figures she complains of, mustering a sympathetic tear for her takes some doing.

## Talking of Films

★★ *The Man Who Never Was*

**T**HEATRE patrons who enjoy true stories of World War II with a stranger-than-fiction twist and related with documentary exactitude should be well satisfied with Fox's new thriller, "The Man Who Never Was."

The picture is based, more or less, on the Ewen Montagu account of how the Germans were fooled about Allied intentions to invade Sicily during 1943.

Star Clifton Webb is only faintly reminiscent of Mr. Belvedere in the role of Commander Ewen Montagu.

Briefly, the idea of the backroom boys of British Naval Intelligence was to float a dead Marine major ashore off the coast of Spain so that German Intelligence would discover on the body a

set of pseudo-confidential papers dealing with the forthcoming invasion.

The enemy picks up the bait all right, and smartly sends a counter-spy to London to check on the background of the corpse.

The scriptwriters, apparently unable to let well-enough alone, have made the spy an England-hating Irishman. However, this character is played so strongly by newcomer Stephen Boyd that almost no harm results to the story.

As the American librarian who has ultimately to convince the spy that the corpse is not a fake, Hollywood actress Gloria Grahame, in a part specially written into the film, overacts badly and looks a real mess.

Robert Fleming as Webb's aide, and Josephine Griffin, who plays his secretary, are both thoroughly believable.

★★ *Mister Roberts*

**A** LOT of highly amusing entertainment is worked into this 20th Century-Fox color Cinema-Scope presentation of "Mister Roberts," which has to do with some unorthodox goings-on aboard a U.S. Navy vessel during World War II.

She is an unlovely cargo carrier and strictly a non-combat job on a tour of duty in safe Pacific waters servicing the ships that really fight the war.

The theme of "Mister Roberts," based on the long-running Broadway stage-play, has to do with the boredom and frustrations of the officers and men who find themselves aboard the craft towards the end of the war.

Concentrating on rowdy comedy, "Mister Roberts" nevertheless has an underlying streak of serious feeling.

A petty tyrant captain (James Cagney), a one-time merchant marine skipper who hates everyone and everything on board, and Mister Roberts (Henry Fonda), the second in command who is always around when the going gets tough for the men, are the film's central characters.

Some of the skirmishes between these two provide about the best scenes in the picture.

Henry Fonda, who scored in this role on the stage, has the character of combat-hungry Lieut. Roberts down pat, and the irrepressible Cagney is right in his element.

In the capable film company, veteran William Powell's ship's doctor is a model of smooth skill, and Jack Lemmon's Lieutenant Pulver, a congenital spine-basher who boasts of past amours and dreams up absurd schemes against the captain, is a riot.



ENGLISH glamor actress Diana Dors dancing with her husband, Dennis Hamilton, at the Mocambo, a plush Hollywood night-club. New arrivals in America, Diana and Dennis have announced their intention to settle on the West Coast.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 8, 1956



# The Proud Ones



**1 DELIGHT** of Sally Kane (Virginia Mayo) in engagement to Marshal Cass Silver (Robert Ryan) is tempered with concern on finding he is on his way to see John Barrett, an old enemy.

★ Filmed in color CinemaScope, "The Proud Ones" (20th Century-Fox) tells of the establishment of law and order in one of America's Western boom towns.

Robert Ryan plays the role of Cass Silver, Marshal of the small frontier town of Flat Rock, in Kansas, whose swift action to save the town from gunmen and card sharps is questioned by some townspeople.

For a time the Marshal has a personal problem with Thad Anderson (Jeffrey Hunter), a young hot-head who distrusts Cass at first, then joins forces with him.

Virginia Mayo plays the young woman in love with the Marshal.



**2 TALKING** with Thad Anderson (Jeffrey Hunter), left, a member of a trail crew, Cass learns he is the son of a man he killed while Marshal of Keystone. Though Cass denies it and attempts an explanation, Thad suspects that his father was shot while unarmed.



**3 SALOON** controlled by Barrett is scene of a fight when Cass exposes a crooked card game. He arrests three men after receiving a head wound which causes spells of blindness. Siding with Cass, Thad is shot in the leg.



**4 IN RETALIATION** Barrett (Robert Middleton), right, sends two hired gunmen to kill the Marshal. They are Pike (Ken Clark), left, and Chico (Rodolfo Acosta). Cass gets a sudden attack of blindness and barely manages to escape.



**5 SUSPICIOUS**, Thad tries to pull a gun on Cass, but fails. When Cass returns his gun, Thad is won over. The Town Council asks Cass to resign, and he agrees to do so after the trial. Escape, arranged by Barrett, is prevented by Cass and Thad.



**6 ARREST** of Barrett on a murder charge is left to Thad, who is forced to shoot when Barrett tries to use a concealed gun. The onlookers are shocked by the affair into supporting the law. Thad himself understands for the first time the circumstances of his father's death.



**7 HAPPILY**, Sally and Cass prepare to leave the town. Cass, who witnessed the shooting of Barrett, is proud of Thad, and has the added satisfaction of knowing that Thad will take over as Marshal.

The Australian Women's Weekly - August 8, 1956

## WUNDAWAX



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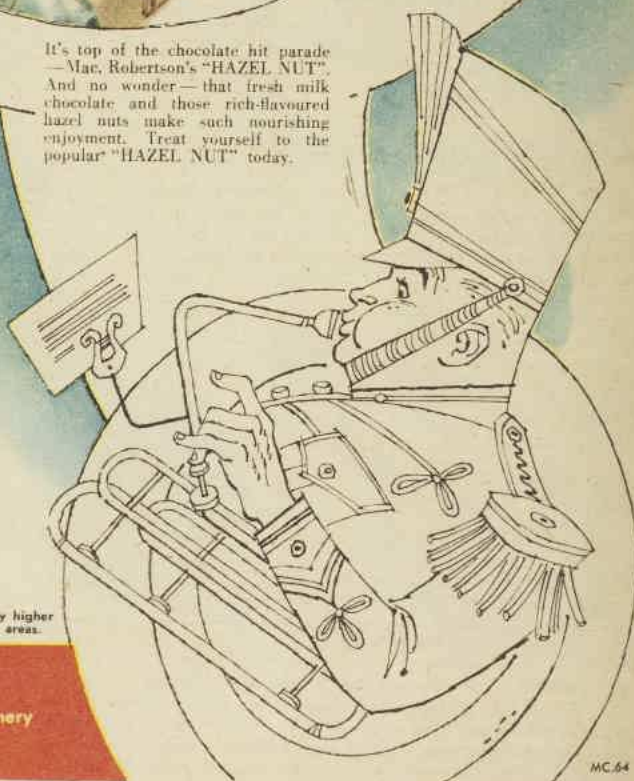
It's top of the chocolate hit parade—Mac. Robertson's "HAZEL NUT". And no wonder—that fresh milk chocolate and those rich-flavoured hazel nuts make such nourishing enjoyment. Treat yourself to the popular "HAZEL NUT" today.



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way we do not know. Is it that it will be possible for you to show us the way to the horse?"

"Why, yes," I said. "You cannot possibly miss it, but I'll show you the way."

The gnome-like creature moved closer to his daughter and thrust open the door.

"You will enter and sit," he said. "That this perfect girl could be the daughter of this dwarfish travesty of a man was incredible."

"I," said the man in his thick, guttural voice, "am Johannes van der Poot, from Amsterdam in Holland. Is my daughter, Katrina. We come to look at your country, yah."

"Is overwhelming," said Miss van der Poot. "Is beg. Is too frighten." She caused the car to move forward.

"You are policeman," said Mr. van der Poot.

"I am a park ranger," I said. "Not the same thing."

"The same thing!" he said positively. "Everywhere in the world is police."

I was of no mind to argue the point with him, being too engrossed in peering at his daughter, when I could do so without seeming to stare. We came to a stop near the corral.

"Now," asked Miss van der Poot, "how do I the horse get?"

It was evident that she was accustomed to service and not to doing things for herself, and I admit I was not reluctant. I showed her how to rent a mount, which presently was led out, saddled and bridled.

She looked at it with scorn. "Such a horse!" she said. "Goot for draw a cart."

"But safe," I said.

"Safe!" she said and wrinkled her nose at me. "To be safe is for vegetables, not people. If always there is safety then is also dullness, no?"

"I'm a dull person myself," I answered. "I like it humdrum."

"Humdrum! What is this humdrum?"

"Where everything goes along without excitement," I said.

She made a noise that sounded like "Whoo-oooh!" "It is not to be alive," she said. "You do not look so, you. Not humdrum. No. You look like one who would kiss the girl and fight the man." She glanced up at me and smiled in a certain sort of way, and I could not tell the meaning of it—except that it was disturbing.

At that moment over her shoulder I saw striding along

## Continuing . . . The Sinister Strangers

from page 45

the road the almost naked figure of Nature Boy Nussler. Miss van der Poot must have seen interest in my eyes, because she turned, and then stared as if fascinated.

"What is this man?" she asked. "An—how do you say?—an aborigine—an Indian of mountains?"

"A wrestler from Chicago," I told her.

"The party is leaving, miss," said the cowboy in charge of the cavalcade.

"Yes, Yes," she said without taking her eyes off Nature Boy. "Such I had before never seen!" she said. She turned away from me, grasped the mane of the horse with one hand and the pommel of the saddle with the other, and with one swift, lithe movement swung herself into the saddle.

"Goot-by," she said to me. "I thank you."

She trotted away after the party, and I returned to the car, in which sat Johannes van der Poot, peering after his daughter with narrowed eyes.

"So I wait for her," he said testily. "So I read a book. So I pamper her in all foolishness. Better it is to have the ugly child. You, Mr. Policeman—"

"Ranger," I corrected.

"Police are police," he repeated stubbornly. Then he suddenly reached into his pocket and extracted a wallet from which he selected a twenty-dollar bill. "Id is well," he said, "to be friends mit the police. Also the police can be useful."

"Put it back in your pocket," I said.

He shrugged. "I am Johannes van der Poot, at the Ahwahnee Hotel. If in this park"—he pronounced it with a b instead of a p—"you see a fat Greek with the name Zaharados, then you come quick to tell me, and where he is. There will be not twenty dollar, but fifty for you. Yah. Now I read and wait."

I was worried as I went on to Camp 14. Something was on foot—something that might be troublesome. A Levantine Greek wanted to find a Chinese named Li Seow Yen. A Hollander named Johannes van der Poot would pay for information about the presence of the Greek, Zaharados. The Chinese gentleman was an ancient acquaintance of Mrs. Letitia Potwin, of Boston.

It was a jigsaw puzzle with two extra pieces thrown in for

good measure—Miss Joan Vanderlee and the exotically beautiful Miss van der Poot. When I took on the job of park ranger I certainly had not figured on anything quite so extraordinary as this.

Mrs. Potwin was knitting in a camp chair under the canopy attached to her trailer, dressed as she would have been in the morning in her Boston home. Miss Vanderlee was invisible, but I heard the clicking of a typewriter inside.

"Good morning, Mr. Sawtell," Mrs. Potwin said in her aloof manner. "I make it a practice never to forget a name."

"Good morning, Mrs. Potwin," I responded.

I was about to pass on about my business when she detained me. "Where," she asked, "is the likeliest place to look for buried treasure in this park?"

"Most treasure seekers," said I, "have old maps, or cryptograms, or some other record."

"Romantic twaddle!" she exclaimed. "I am guided by logic. I have deduced the existence of a treasure and, further, that it is somewhere in this park. You are sure it is not against the rules to search for it?"

"Not to search for it, Mrs. Potwin. Provided your search does not deface. What would happen if you find it is another matter. The Government might claim it."

"My attorneys," she said, "have furnished me a written opinion covering the whole subject of treasure-trove."

"May I ask who hid this gold?"

"If any was secreted," she said, "it was by James D. Savage."

"Supposedly the first white man to enter the Yosemite?" I asked.

"The same," she said. "A man of mystery." She took from the table beside her a small green book. "One Hundred Years in Yosemite," she said, "by Carl Pachter Russell. It first drew my attention to the possible existence of a considerable treasure." She turned pages. "Listen to this!"

She read: "Under a brushwood tent, supported by upright poles, sat James D. Savage, measuring and pouring gold dust into the candle boxes by his side. Five hundred or more naked Indians, with belts of

cloth bound around their waists or suspended from their heads, brought the dust to Savage, and in return for it received a bright piece of cloth or some beads. What do you think of that?" she demanded triumphantly.

"I think," I answered, "that Mr. Savage was a smart trader."

"Eyewitness testimony," "Seems to be," I agreed.

"To an enormous quantity of gold."

"It would seem so."

"Very well then. What became of it? Gold is practically indestructible. Savage was murdered in 1852. After his death, no trace was found of this huge store of gold. So where is it?"

"Now that's all you're going to pry out of me, Mr. Sawtell. I fear I have already been indiscreet. No more questions."

I was amused that this stately woman should be seeking buried treasure—in a luxurious trailer and dressed for the quest in a morning gown—on the evidence of a paragraph in a book. But I was too astute to allow my amusement to become apparent.

"Mrs. Potwin," I said, "you tell me your memory for names is infallible."

"It is," she answered.

"May I ask you then if, in your extensive travels abroad, you have ever heard the names Zaharados or van der Poot?"

She dropped her knitting and let it lie unheeded. Her lips parted so that it would not be incorrect to say that she gaped; her eyes widened and I am certain that her cheeks paled.

"Where," she demanded tensely, "did you hear of those men—that loathsome Greek and that Tom Thumb of a Hollander?"

I replied to her question with a query of my own. "Have these men anything in common?" I asked.

"They have this in common," she said bitterly. "They are two of the most fantastic and dangerous scoundrels alive in the world today."

"Are they," I went on, "in any way associated with the Chinese gentleman, Mr. Li Seow Yen?"

"Only the devil knows," she said flatly, "with whom any of those three men are associated. But this I will say: If ever the three of them joined together, it would be time to duck into a cyclone cellar."

"Thank you, Mrs. Potwin," I said, and turned away quickly, leaving her with mouth open. I did not want to answer her questions. I wanted to think over what she had said and figure out if my duty required me to take any action or communicate with my superiors, or if it would be wiser to stand by and wait for developments.

Had these three men—one from China, one from Holland, one from the Levant—come to the Yosemite to meet for some common purpose, to form some alliance? Or were they in opposition, each with intent to thwart the others? Or were two of them in partnership in enmity to the third? But the most puzzling question of all was: What was the objective that had brought them so many thousands of miles to this valley? What loadstone had attracted them?

It was a busy day for me in Camp 14. There were new arrivals to register and locate; there were lost children; there were petty squabbles to settle about the use of tables; there were constant questions, absurd or sensible; people to be told where they could see a bear and to be warned not to annoy him if they found one; first-aid to be given to burns and cut fingers and blistered

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## Adam and Eve

Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest. Each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

### JUST LIKE A MAN

I SPENT quite some thought selecting a birthday present for my husband, finally deciding on a book and a nicely boxed double set of playing cards.

Six days after his birthday we had commenced our holiday at a seaside cottage, and the first night there we settled down to a quiet game of cards. My husband rummaged round for the pack I had given him, then remarked: "These are nice cards. Now who gave us these?"

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. E. M. Wilson, 50 Ellice Ave., Wellington, New Zealand.

### JUST LIKE A WOMAN

WITH a new car in the garage my wife was anxious for me to teach her to drive. So each morning she would drive round the block with me as instructor. After a few days of these short lessons she amazed me with the ease with which she handled the gear changes. On Saturday afternoon I suggested a short drive to see some friends. We set off, and my dream was shattered! Not once did she change gear without grinding, or brake at the right time. I asked what had caused this sudden loss of confidence, and she replied:

"But, dear, when we just went round the block I knew to change gear at the green house, again at the white house, brake at the corner, change gear again at Smith's," etc., etc.

£2/2/- awarded to Mr. John Scott, "Oriel," Goonumbia, via Parkes, N.S.W.

Send your entries to "Just Like a Woman" or "Just Like a Man," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 8, 1956



# Continuing . . . The Sinister Strangers

from page 51

feet. This press of normal business filled my mind for the duration of that day's tour of duty.

I was passing the store when Miss Vanderlee emerged, her arms laden with purchases. She nodded curtly and a package of breakfast food escaped from her clutch. I picked it up.

"Too much of an armful," I said.

She smiled ruefully. "I always pick up more than I can carry," she said.

"Troubles?" I asked.

"Major, intermediate, and minor," she answered, with a grimace. "At the moment, it's the dratted stove. It won't work. So my — so Mrs. Potwin will have to be content with sandwiches and a glass of milk. She had her heart set on lamb chops and mashed potatoes, and coffee — especially coffee."

"At least," said I, "I can help with the bundles, and take a look at the stove."

"Would you, Mr. Sawtell?"

I relieved her of her packages and walked beside her towards the trailer.

"Chauffeur, secretary, maid, cook," she said testily, "but not mechanic!"

"How," I asked, "does the treasure hunting go?"

"Mrs. Potwin hunts treasure deliberately, not to say ponderously. But if there's a treasure, she'll find it. If there isn't a treasure, she'll bury one so she can dig it up."

"If the stove can't be repaired tonight," I said, "you could go to one of the cafeterias or even to the Ahwahnee. Mrs. Potwin seems like a person who would prefer a luxury hotel to a trailer."

"Mrs. Potwin," said Miss Vanderlee, "has gone one hundred per cent. proletarian. She still wants humming-birds' tongues on toast, but they must be cooked over a camp-fire. Check by jowl with the masses. She just discovered the masses, so she's all out to solve social problems."

"I don't mean to offend," said I, "but you have puzzled me."

"I've puzzled me, too," she said without resentment.

"I've wondered why a girl like you took a job like this."

"Did you omit an adjective where that pause came?" she asked, and her eyes twinkled.

"The omitted word," I said, "was 'beautiful.'"

"Trite," she said judgmentally, "but always nice to hear. I'll tell you, Mr. Sawtell. I took this job because the pay was low, the hours were long and the work was killing."

"Better reasons no girl could have," I said. "You have company."

"Probably guests for dinner," Miss Vanderlee said ruefully.

"The fact that we have no dinner and no place to serve it wouldn't present an obstacle to Mrs. Potwin. She waves her wand and I produce miracles."

Mr. Li was seated under the canopy beside Mrs. Potwin. As we arrived he rose with stately courtesy and bowed.

"So you got here at last," snapped Mrs. Potwin.

"Complete with civi-service beast of burden and volunteer tinker," Miss Vanderlee said. "I'll hold open the door, Mr. Sawtell, while you carry in the feast and operate on the stove without anesthetic. I do so hope Mr. Li is staying for dinner."

"As a matter of fact," said Mrs. Potwin, "he is."

Miss Vanderlee slammed the door behind us. "See!" she exclaimed. "Do the Mandarin class of Chinese prefer ham or rye? Or would slightly wilted Swiss cheese make their mouths water? Drat! Doggone!"

I approached the little stove in the tiny galley with some trepidation. But the problem was simpler than I feared — merely a matter of a clogged pipe, which I blew out and was able to produce a flame.

"Miracle worker!" Miss Vanderlee said. "Such scientific skill deserves a reward. Is there any rule against rangers dining with the inmates?"

"None that I know of," said I. "But," I objected, "hadn't you better consult Mrs. Potwin before you toss around careless invitations?"

"Mrs. Potwin," she said tersely, "will take it and like it. Step to one side while I bustle."

She bustled efficiently. Once she went to the door, thrust her head out and announced curtly, "Mr. Sawtell is dining with us." To which there was no reply. "Do you," she asked, "know how to set a table large enough for one so that four can eat luxuriously?"

She indicated the location of napery and dishes and silver, and I, with a somewhat hang-dog manner, I fear, did my best to array the table. Mrs. Potwin took no notice of me, evidently figuring that a normal duty of a park ranger was to act as unskilled waiter. It was not long before Miss Vanderlee had completed the cooking of an acceptable meal.

"Tell them to come and get it," she said. "I'll be waitress, you be butler."

There was consommé, chops, mashed potatoes, canned corn, and a salad, with rolls made crisp in the oven, and coffee, and ice-cream for dessert. Mrs. Potwin attacked the dinner with gusto; Mr. Li ate daintily; Miss Vanderlee and I gulped mouthfuls as we bobbed up and down when Mrs. Potwin commanded this or that attention.

Mr. Li graciously drew me into the conversation, calling me by name rather than, as most people do, speaking to me as "ranger."

"I do not understand certain things about this park," he said. "For instance, sir, does the Government operate all the facilities in the area?"

"No, sir," I said, "most of them are run by The Yosemite Park and Curry Company. The Ahwahnee Hotel and Camp Curry are owned by the company. The bicycles you see scurrying about are rented by them. They operate the restaurants and cafeterias. Almost everything for which you pay belongs to them."

"Ah," said he, "an example of your American passion for private enterprise."

"You can," I said, "come into the park with nothing but your clothing, and rent all you need for your stay from the company — tents, beds, dishes. All this business is, of course, carefully supervised by the National Park Service."

"To one of my race," he said, "it is an astonishing co-operation between a Government bureau and private entrepreneurs. There are countries where it would afford rare opportunities for profit to the bureaucrats and the concessionaires alike."

"You refer to the possibilities of graft, sir?"

"It is an unpleasant word," I said. "For an unpleasant thing," snapped Mrs. Potwin.

"In a staff meeting the other day," I remarked, "the superintendent said that in his long experience in the service he had never seen anything of the sort, and never had heard even an accusation that it existed. It is true, sir, that the service may be called a bureaucracy, but it is a bureaucracy of devoted men, to whom our parks are almost a religion. Even in its highest ranks the pay is so small as to be unattractive. Men whose abilities would earn them big money in the business world devote their lives to the service."

"Splendid," Mr. Li said, and

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The first night he met the family

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Maybe the young couple will look back on this night and laugh together about it. They probably won't realise how sugar contributed to the success of that evening—to one of the sweetest

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THE COLONIAL SUGAR REFINING CO. LTD.

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# Talking of HAIR..

What is happening to YOURS?

Too many people, men especially, take their hair for granted. They keep it trimmed and washed and believe they can safely leave it at that. How much the hair may suffer from this mistaken belief this article clearly shows.

Is it inevitable  
that a baby's downy  
growth of hair...

AS you can easily prove by pulling a hair from your head and examining the 'root', your hair begins beneath the skin. From this bulbous end it grows up through the scalp, deriving life, growth and nourishment from beneath, almost exactly as a plant does from the soil. The only difference is that whereas outside influences, particularly light and warmth, play a vital part in plant growth, the hair depends chiefly for its development and health upon special foods produced by the body and supplied from within.

Thanks to the work of biologists and trichologists, much is now known of the processes governing hair growth. Moreover, the various hair-forming substances produced by the body for the development and growth of the hair have been isolated and identified.

## 18 Essential Substances

Hair is produced, and its growth maintained by the body, with the aid of at least 18 separate substances to which Science has



Hair begins beneath the scalp

given such names as tryptophane, leucine and methionine, to name only three. The important thing to remember is that the healthy growth of your hair depends upon adequate and properly regulated supplies of all eighteen of these vital substances. Disturbance of the balance of these 'raw materials' of hair growth, or partial failure of the flow of them to the hair-forming tissues, produces gradual starvation and subsequent loss of hair, which, if allowed to continue, leads inevitably to baldness.

## What happens in middle-age?

A philosopher once remarked, with dismal truth, that we begin to die from the day we are born. Certainly we need no reminding that with the arrival of middle-age there is a noticeable slowing up of our bodily activities. The majority of middle-aged heads, especially male heads, bear silent witness to this.

Most people accept loss of hair after middle-age philosophically as an inevitable part of growing old. But is it? If loss of hair is unavoidable, why is it that many men and women retain youthful heads of hair until advanced old age while others lose hair in comparative youth? The answer is that those who keep their hair are enjoying the results of ample supplies of tryptophane, leucine,

... should reach  
perfection in early  
manhood...

methionine and the other hair-forming substances. In others less fortunate, those supplies are failing fast.

## Can baldness be postponed?

Faced with fast-falling hair most people make some attempt to delay the evil day when baldness can no longer be denied. Some try to disguise the fact with long forelocks and other subterfuges. But the wise and knowledgeable face up to the fact that their hair is dying from 'natural causes' and that a natural treatment is the only hope of saving the situation.

One of the first and essential steps on the road to the recovery of hair health is to adopt regular and thorough massage of the scalp. It is quite easy and, properly done, produces wonderfully beneficial results by loosening up the scalp and stimulating the flow of blood through the capillaries. But massage alone is insufficient to maintain the full growth of the hair. To do this you must massage into the scalp the hair foods and nutrients which the body is failing to supply in adequate quantities.

## THE SILVIKRIN PRODUCTS FOR HAIR CARE

**PURE SILVIKRIN**—For use in severe cases of falling hair, dandruff, greasy scalp—for the treatment of serious hair root deficiencies—Pure Silvikrin, a highly concentrated form of the hair's natural food and the foundation of the whole Silvikrin method.

Also available: **SILVIKRIN HAIR TONIC**. — an invigorating lotion without oil. For greasy hair—contains a measured quantity of Pure Silvikrin. Many women find this pleasantly perfumed lotion aids hair health and makes the hair delightfully easy to manage.

## SILVIKRIN TONIC HAIR DRESSING —

**FOR DAILY GROOMING.** Specially prepared to be the ideal dressing for handsome, healthy hair. Contains (a) just enough oil to keep the hair handsome and neatly groomed all day, and (b) a measured quantity of Pure Silvikrin—so it is truly a tonic hair dressing.

... only to  
disappear, often  
well before old age?

## How Science Helps

As many thousands of men and women have discovered to their benefit, science has produced a treatment which, provided the hair roots are still alive, enables the youthful health and vigorous growth of the hair to be restored. This treatment is called *Pure Silvikrin* and consists of a combination of tryptophane, leucine, methionine and the other natural hair-producing substances so balanced as to produce the correct chemical equivalent of nature's own hair food. Massaged into the scalp, *Pure Silvikrin* carries on where nature leaves off, feeding the hair with the vital nourishment it needs.

However, many people have nothing seriously wrong with their hair, but wisely wish to keep it in perfect condition. For this purpose the Silvikrin Laboratories have developed — for the use of women as well as men — two special hairdressings, each containing a measured quantity of Pure Silvikrin — the hair's natural food.





nodded his narrow, scholarly head. "Do you, Mr. Sawtell, hope to devote your life to it?"

"I am," said I, "only what they call a Ninety-Day Wonder—a seasonal ranger. It is my hope to become permanent. It's a good life."

"But," he asked, "can you marry, have a home and children?"

"Certainly," said I. "There are homes for us, schools for our children."

"But ambition, Mr. Sawtell. Have you no ambition to become rich, to climb to high position?"

"I have ambition, sir, but ambition does not necessarily aim at wealth or power or fame."

"I understand," he said. "I quote the Chinese philosopher Ling Po, who said, 'Shall we envy the rich man whose sleep is troubled by fear of thieves or the powerful lord who hides from the assassin's knife? Or shall we only envy him whose sole possession is virtuous thoughts?'"

Mrs. Potwin obviously was bored by this conversation. She picked up a copy of a New York newspaper and glanced at it. Her granite face became animated and she grinned maliciously.

"Listen to this," she commanded, and read from a gossip column: "What lovely descendant of which wealthy and distinguished family has mysteriously vanished from the hot spots which she adorned? Is it possible that some of her escapades have come home to roost and that she has fled from the wrath to come?" Mrs. Potwin snorted. "Why don't these people name names?" she demanded.

"What is an escapade?" asked Miss Vanderlee with interest.

"An escapade," said Mrs. Potwin blandly, "is when you give a hotfoot to the humdrum."

I was mildly astonished that this severe Boston lady should use such an expression as "hot-foot." I did not think it would be in her vocabulary. But Mrs. Potwin, as I was to learn, was capable of even more astonishing manifestations than that.

"Was it," asked Miss Vanderlee, with twinkling eyes, "an escapade when a certain inhabitant of the land of the bean and the cod abducted the shaggy little Pomeranian dog of our ambassador to Paris and had him trimmed like a French poodle?"

"That was politics. It got him laughed out of France."

Mr. Li chuckled. "I recall the episode," he said.

"It was," said Mrs. Potwin dryly, "about the time when you and van der Poot and Zaharados plotted the revolution in Nicaragua."

"About that time," Mr. Li said unemotionally.

So, I thought, these three men had once been partners. Were they, I wondered, partners now, or were they rivals or even antagonists?

"Joan," ordered Mrs. Potwin, "will you please clear the table?"

Miss Vanderlee raised her brows at me. We rose and carried the dishes into the trailer. Water had heated and I wiped while she washed. We were a bit crowded in the small galley.

"Outside," commented Miss Vanderlee, "you didn't seem so big."

I do not know why I said it. The thought popped into my head and I spoke without thinking. "Not so big," I said, "as Nature Boy Nussler."

"It would," she said, "be a dandy battle."

"I'm willing," said I, "to go to almost any length to amuse you. But fighting with a professional wrestler is not one of the normal duties of a park ranger."

## Continuing . . . The Sinister Strangers

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"You never can tell," she answered. And then, "He's the nastiest-looking beautiful man I ever saw." She shuddered. "He gives me goose pimples."

We finished and stowed away the dishes. Miss Vanderlee preceded me out of doors, where Mrs. Potwin and Mr. Li were still seated in conversation at the table under the awning. I was about to say good evening and go to my quarters, but before I could do so there came through the trees an exquisitely beautiful sound. If it was a whistle of a bird, it was none I ever had heard before. It was intricate with trills and cadenzas. It rose and fell, twittered, warbled in a pattern of loveliness.

I listened, open-mouthed. Mr. Li, usually so imperturbable, sprang to his feet, overturning the table. On a human face I never before had seen such an expression. The only way I can describe it is that it was one of superstitious fear, amounting to horror. Mrs. Potwin's cheeks were ashen.

"The Warbler!" she exclaimed, her large hands gripped into fists. "The last time I heard that sound," she said almost inaudibly, "was on the night Matteoti was assassinated."

"Always—always," said Mr. Li, "when it is heard there comes a death."

Nature Boy Nussler was the centre of an admiring huddle of urchins of both sexes clamoring for autographs. I watched them waggle little books and scraps of paper and pie-plates or any other thing upon which a signature could be written, and he loftily complied.

Nature Boy towered over the group, his great body seeming to shimmer with a golden glow in the morning sunlight. His face wore the lofty calm of a minor and, to my mind, slightly decadent demigod.

To say that he reeked with vanity would be an understatement to end all understatements. He may have been a very fine wrestler, but when it came to vanity he was the champion.

After a while the mob of bobby-soxers and gaping small boys exhausted their hero worship and withdrew to take up other unpleasant pursuits. Nature Boy, to his manifest regret, was left without an audience. He preened himself briefly and then went into the store, where he bought a handful of so-called comic books.

As he came out of the store he paused for a moment on the verandah and a figure sidled up to him and touched his arm. It was Zaharados' fat boy. It was apparent that the asking for an autograph was a pretext because, as Nature Boy wrote, he bent his ear attentively. The fat boy spoke to him, and I could hear the words, but could not understand them, as the language was French.

Nature Boy nodded with that manner which indicates that one is either listening to a communication of importance or is receiving orders. In some intangible way I became convinced it was the latter. The wrestler was receiving direc-

tions or commands from the Levantine Zaharados!

It would be difficult to imagine a more incongruous association than one connecting this Chicago wrestler with the unctuous, oily Levantine Greek. Of one thing I was certain—it was not a healthy connection. The greasy boy faded away as inconspicuously as a weasel, and Nature Boy stood in deep thought for a minute. Then he came down the steps and his eyes fell upon me.

"Good morning, Ranger," he said.

"Good morning, sir," I answered.

"I," he said in a curiously high and reedy voice that ill fitted with his tremendous body, "am interested in ski-ing."

"I'm afraid we can provide none at this season," I told him.

"Naturally. But I am told there is a ski run."

"An excellent one."

"How does one reach it?"

I pointed out the location on my map and he nodded. He smiled a sly smile.

"Not a popular spot at this time of the year," he said.

"I imagine that very few go there in this weather."

"Nice place for a picnic if one doesn't want to be over-run by tourists," he said.

I thought that the last thing he wanted was not to be over-run by admiring tourists. The only reason this exhibitionist could desire privacy was that something was going on requiring secrecy. He had just received a message from Zaharados.

It was a reasonable guess that the Greek had summoned him to a conference in a secluded spot—a conference that could not take place in Zaharados' cabin in Camp Curry without being observed. Nature Boy had all the possibilities of camouflage of the Washington Monument.

He was studying me with professional eye. "You're a big boy, Ranger," he said.

"Not so large as you," I answered.

"Few are," he said. "Ever do any wrestling?"

"Never," I told him.

"Didn't waste all that muscle, did you? What was your sport?"

"Football and boxing in college," I said.

"There's an argument about who would win, a first-class wrestler or a capable boxer. What do you think?"

"I've no opinion," I answered.

"I think," he said, "that a wrestler would tear a boxer apart."

"Quite possibly," I admitted. His eyes gleamed with a hungry anticipation. "They put on a lot of evening shows here," he said.

I nodded briefly. "Now why wouldn't that be a good exhibition some night? Wrestler against boxer. How would you like to take me on?"

"I'm afraid the park authorities would frown on that sort of thing."

"A clean, friendly, athletic contest! Why should they?"

"We go in more for the cultural and the informative."

"I need some exercise," he said. "How about trying it privately?"

"I'm a park ranger, not a sparring partner."

"Don't like to get mussed up, eh?" There was a sneer in his eyes.

"No," I told him promptly. I did not like the man. There was something loathsome about his physical beauty.

"I don't," I said, "like to get mauled to furnish amusement. But"—I paused and looked him in the eye—"if it ever became necessary in the line of duty for me to take care of you I'd come towards you and not go away from you. . . . I hope you enjoy your picnic, Mr. Nussler."

I crossed the street through the scudding bicycles and milling tourists.

It was my morning for unexpected encounters. As I reached the other side of the street, Miss van der Poot, again in jodhpurs, stepped from her car, peered up at me without recognition for a moment, and then smiled.

"It is you again, Mr. Ranger," she said. "Did you tell me your name or did I not hear it?"

"My name," I told her, "is Sawtell."

"Ver' American name, that. Also is a first name?"

"Lincoln."

"So patriotic!" she exclaimed.

"For the great President. My name is Katrina, but not for the great Czarina of Russia, who was a much bad woman. I am not bad," she said with a little laugh, "like that czarina. I am only like to enjoy and maybe break some little nuisance rules. At thees hotel Ahwahnee—such a queer name—they tell me all rangers are mooch to be trust. They have been select' because they are good and of a reliability and gentlemen. So," she finished, looking up at me brightly, "I have no fear of you."

"We're not exactly inhuman," I said.

"Not robots, no. I would not make eyes at a robot as I do at you. Do you like that I make eyes at you?"

"Not during office hours," I said.

"Oh, yes. The hours of duty are not for make the eyes. But are there other hours?"

"Even a postman," I said, "has a private life after he delivers his letters."

"When is this private life?"

"Well, sometimes in the evenings. Also there are days off."

"To play?" she asked.

"If there is a game," I said.

"Would you play this game with me?" she asked.

"Now that," I said, shaking my head, "requires thought."

"I tell why I ask," she said very simply. "With my father I am here. My father is not fun. He does not play. All the time he sits to think and make figures and look at maps. I do not think; I do not make figures nor look at maps. So I am lonesome. It is comprehended?"

"It is comprehended," I answered.

"I also think," she said

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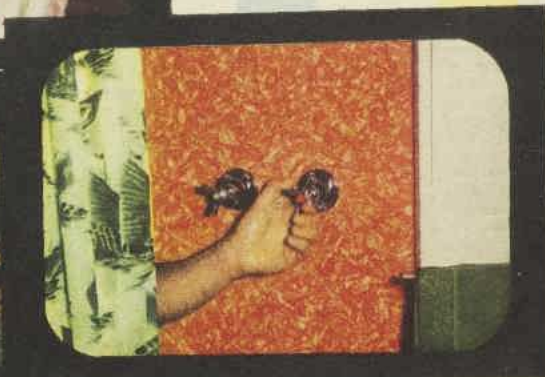
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broodingly, "that my father has fear." "Of what?" I asked. "There's no danger here." "Anywhere can be danger. That I know. When dark comes, my father sits in his room. Because there is no friend I also sit in my room. Is that gay?" "Not what I'd call a frolic," I said. "That," she said, "is why I suggest."

"Look, young lady," I said as sternly as I could manage. "I am a park ranger, seasonal. My salary is at the rate of thirty-four hundred and ten dollars a year. That is Point Number One. Point Number Two is that you are as lovely as a solid gold chipmunk, and are probably as rich as Fort Knox. Point Number Three is that I am young, male, and was not brought up to join the clergy. If I were to play around with you for a couple of weeks, the odds are about forty to one that I'd scorch my fingers, crack my heart, and end up a morose old hermit living in a cave. Thank you, Miss van der Poot, I wouldn't care for any."

She pouted for an instant and then looked up at me and nodded her head. "You are afraid," she said. "You hit the nail on its head. And you can't dare me to take a chance. I was dared once before today."

"By that immense naked animal that struts?" she asked. "By him," I told her. "Me," she said with a determined nod, "you need not fear. Just so much I will let you like me, and no more."

"Can it be turned on and off?"

"I ask only for a little time a playmate," she said. "For the rest, I will guarantee."

What could a man do? "Right," I said. "A part-time playmate. A sort of young-lady-sitter."

"You are big and nice and neat," she said, with a quick decisive nod of her silver head. "When do we commence?"

"When I can gambol on the green with you," I said. "I'll telephone you at your hotel."

"Now," she said, "I am again

## Continuing . . . The Sinister Strangers

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happy. Thank you, Mr. Sawtell.

She turned with a little dancing step and got into her car and disappeared around a bend in the road.

For no reason that I could see, I found myself thinking about Miss Vanderlee, comparing her to the silvery little Dutch girl. Miss Vanderlee was lovely, too. She was nearer to my size, and, as chauffeur-maid-secretary to Mrs. Potwin, she was light years closer to my pocketbook.

To think about either of them in anything but a completely casual and detached manner was idiotic, and I resolved not to let them agitate my mind. It is easier to make such a resolution than to keep it.

The whole floor of the valley seemed busied with breakfast. The cafeteria at Camp Curry was jammed. Across the road in Camp 11 coffee was boiling, eggs were frying. Undoubtedly, the guests in the Ahwahnee Hotel were breakfasting, too, probably in the luxury of their rooms, and thus invisible.

I cut through Camp 11 to adjoining Camp 14. At my right a bridge crossed the rushing Merced to the stables. Under the awning of her trailer sat Mrs. Potwin in an inappropriate morning gown, knitting intently while Joan Vanderlee made ready the table for breakfast. Mr. Li in the adjoining trailer was invisible. I said good morning and would have passed on, but Mrs. Potwin detained me.

"Ranger," she said peremptorily.

"Yes, Mrs. Potwin," I answered.

"I intend," she said, "to commence my hunt for treasure today."

"May I ask how you mean to go about it?" I asked.

"I shall," she said, "endeavor to put myself in the place of James D. Savage. I shall close my eyes and try to see this valley as he saw it in its primeval grandeur. As you should know, he established a trading post some fifteen miles

down the Merced from this valley. He maintained a harem. His enemies were the Yosemite Indians. Now I have reasoned the matter out. I believe that this man Savage was informed that the Yosemite Indians were planning to descend upon him to slay and plunder. It was then, I believe, that he took precautions to protect his great store of gold. I believe he concealed it. And where would be a more logical spot than this secret, this unexplored fastness?"

"Where, indeed?" I asked. "Have you any clues to this spot?"

"None whatever," she answered.

Miss Vanderlee spoke behind me. Her voice was crisp and dry, but not derisive.

"She doesn't need clues," Miss Vanderlee said. "I suggest that she blindfold her eyes, whirl around half a dozen times, walk in any direction as far as she likes, and then dig."

"Hush your noise," Mrs. Potwin snapped. She lowered her voice. "I believe," she said, "that others are seeking this treasure."

"What others?" I asked. "Mr. Li Seow Yen, for one," she said grimly. "That man goes nowhere without a purpose. That purpose is to increase his wealth. Tell me this, young man," she said: "How could he hope to make a lot of money in this place in any other way than by finding this hidden treasure?"

"Logical," I said without smiling. "Do you think Mr. van der Poot and Mr. Zaharados came on the same quest?" She nodded positively.

"What else could bring them here? Of course. Naturally, it means that there will be trouble." She said this as placidly as she would have remarked that the sunshine was pleasant. "Those men! Sometimes they have been in partnership. But a watchful partnership. Sometimes they have been enemies. Bad men. But

different kinds of bad men. Mr. Li is a gentleman, and I like him. Mr. van der Poot is not a gentleman—not by Boston standards—but he is to be tolerated. Zaharados simply is not to be received. Evil one may deprecate, young man, but greasy, slinking, slimy evil is abhorrent."

"Have you had breakfast, Mr. Sawtell?" Miss Vanderlee asked. "A cup of coffee might help you to understand Mrs. Potwin's attitude. Without stimulant it is apt to be confusing."

"There are," said Mrs. Potwin severely, "good bad men and bad bad men, just as there are good bad women and bad bad women. It is a fact accepted by society."

"You have never studied Mrs. Potwin's biography?" asked Miss Vanderlee.

"Never," I admitted.

"It would be instructive," Miss Vanderlee said.

"That," said Mrs. Potwin grandly, "will be all, Ranger. I have been discussed sufficiently."

So I was dismissed. Again it was a busy day for me, as all days are for a ranger in the height of the tourist season. But I made one resolution, which was to do some research into the history of Mrs. Potwin. One conclusion I had already reached—that she was nobody's fool. And, as a corollary, that she had not come to the Yosemite to hunt for an absurd hidden treasure.

Just as was true of Mr. Li and Zaharados and Mr. van der Poot, she was here for a purpose for which treasure hunting was mere camouflage. Whatever Mrs. Potwin might be, she was not fatuous.

The superintendent was not in his office, so I ventured to call at his home in that neat little village of houses occupied by the families of the married members of the staff. His charming wife answered the door and invited me into the parlor. In a moment, the superintendent came in.

"Evening, Linc," he said. "What's on your mind?"

"Do you, sir, know anything about a woman named Letitia Potwin; from Boston, I believe?"

He eyed me and lifted his brows. "Letitia Potwin . . . Why do you ask, Linc?"

"She's here," I said, "living in a trailer in Camp Fourteen."

"In a trailer!" he exclaimed, and then shrugged. "I'd have expected her to take a couple of floors in the Ahwahnee. I thought she was extinct. She must be getting along in years."

"I would guess her to be in the sixties," I said.

"She comes," said the superintendent, "if I remember correctly, of an old Boston family which was moderately wealthy. She cut up capers. When she was just a girl she married a Frenchman, the Count de Ponthieve. Those international marriages made quite a splash in those days. Let's see. Some sort of scandal. Oh, I remember. She horsewhipped him in front of the Paris Opera House. Married a copper magnate from Montana. Another divorce. I don't remember the whole series of marriages and adventures. And nobody knows how many escapades. Finally married a Boston banker named Potwin. He died and left her his fortune; and then she tackled speculation. Fabulous. She's rated one of the richest women in America. Found making money was more fun than raising the devil, I guess. In a trailer, eh? That's pretty conservative for her."

"She claims," I said, "that she's here to hunt for buried treasure."

"It could even be true," he said. "What bothers you about her?"

I had already told him about Zaharados and the knife-throwing fat boy. I told him now about Mr. Li and the Hollander, van der Poot, and his lovely daughter, and Nature Boy Nussler, and then—though it sounded extravagant as I told it—about the unseen man who whistled.

"And your conclusions from all this?" the superintendent asked.

"That," I said, "some common objective drew all these queer people to the park, and that I've got a pricking in my thumbs. Maybe it's all imagination and I shouldn't have bothered you with it."

He smiled.

"You were right to come to me, Linc." He stood up.

"Come along," he directed. He took me to the home of the chief park ranger, who is head of the Protection Division, and so responsible for the protection of human life, of property, for the enforcement of laws. The chief ranger was watering his lawn. To him the superintendent repeated what I had told him.

"Might be something or it might be a mare's nest," the chief ranger said. "But we can't ignore it." He eyed me speculatively. "Sawtell," he said, "things happen to you."

"There are people like that," the superintendent said.

The chief ranger nodded. They discussed me as if I were not there, which was embarrassing.

"Could be a nuisance or could be useful," the superintendent said.

"He's observant," said the chief ranger.

"Or too much imagination." "Don't think so. He's stated facts. Had sense enough to come to headquarters with them."

"Could you use him?" the superintendent asked.

"Temporarily, anyhow."

"Linc," the superintendent said, "you're now assigned to Protection."

"Yes, sir."

"Hereafter you report to me," the chief ranger said. He turned to the superintendent.

"I think this is important enough to be given attention. These birds seem to have lighted on Sawtell's shoulders. Maybe he's what our scientific lads call a catalyst . . . Until further notice, Linc, these

To page 63

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

## Five days of new freedom

Meds tampons are so absorbent . . . so completely protective . . . and, what's more, so comfortable you never know you're using them. Meds are the modern form of sanitary protection. Next time try Meds — available with or without individual applicators.

# Meds

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TAMPON



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PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON • THE MOST TRUSTED NAME IN SURGICAL DRESSINGS





## Can you be patient for just seven minutes

while mother freshly home-cooks a wonderful, *real* chicken soup? We know it's hard to wait because, once the aroma of this delicious soup starts steaming up from the saucepan, most people want to spoon-in right away.

You see, Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup has a richer, fresher chicken flavour because the ingredients are sealed in an air-tight aluminium packet which keeps them in perfect condition — nicely moist, never soggy.

You don't add the water until you're all set to cook and bring those good, flavoursome ingredients freshly to life. Simmer, then serve four big bowls of wonderful home-cooked soup, made from plump spring chicken, enriched egg noodles, and garden-grown parsley. THEN —

## Taste that Chicken

REAL CHICKEN . . . LOTS OF IT  
. . . IN EVERY SIP



## Chocolate Biscuit Cake

Layers of crunchy biscuits sandwiched with rich chocolate.

### WHAT YOU NEED:

$\frac{1}{2}$  lb. icing sugar, 2 level dessertspoons Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 5 oz. "Copha" shortening, 1 egg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. biscuits (e.g. coffee biscuits, softened by exposure to air).

### HOW TO MAKE:

Line straight-sided cake tin (6" square) with greaseproof paper. Place in basin sifted icing sugar, cocoa, egg and vanilla. Melt Copha over gentle heat. (Must be warm, not hot.) Pour on to ingredients in basin and mix thoroughly till smooth and beginning to thicken. Arrange alternate layers of mixture and biscuits in tin, commencing and finishing with chocolate mixture. Stand in cool place till set. Remove from tin and slice as required.

## Surprise! YOU MAKE THESE EXCITING CONFECTIONS WITHOUT COOKING

"You don't even heat an oven to dash up these easy recipes the Copha 'Melt'n'Mix' way,"

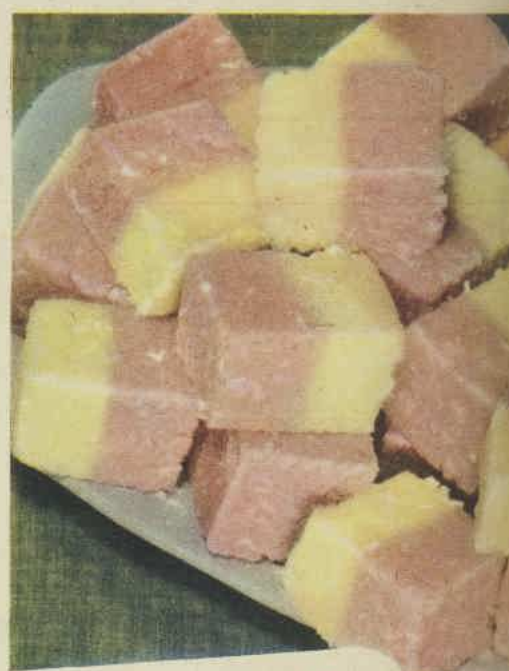


says *Betty King* Home Economist of World Brands.

"You'll be so pleased when you see how easily pure, white "Copha" melts, and mixes perfectly with all the ingredients. There's no creaming. Beating is cut to a fraction, and only one mixing bowl is required! How about Chocolate Biscuit Cake for afternoon tea, or a plate of creamy Coconut Ice as an after-dinner treat? My special tested recipes are on this page."



PURE, WHITE  
ALL VEGETABLE  
SHORTENING



## Creamy Coconut Ice

Chunks of pure delight for young and old.

### WHAT YOU NEED:

1 lb. icing sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. coconut, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 egg whites (slightly beaten), 4 oz. "Copha" shortening.

### HOW TO MAKE:

Place in basin sifted icing sugar, coconut, vanilla and egg whites. Melt Copha over gentle heat. (Should be warm, not hot.) Pour on to ingredients in basin and mix thoroughly. Press half mixture into shallow cake tin (6" or 7" square). Colour remaining mixture pale pink and press on to white mixture. Stand in cool place till firm, then cut into blocks.



# Informal Lunch

By LEILA C. HOWARD,  
Our Food and Cookery Expert.

● Simple food, carefully cooked and attractively garnished, is best for informal lunches. Dishes that can be prepared in advance are ideal.

TRY, too, to choose dishes that may be easily eaten with a fork. A small quantity of cooked meat, either ham, tongue, or luncheon meat, works wonders with an otherwise everyday dish. All spoon measurements in our recipes refer to level spoons.

## SAVORY CHEESE POPOVERS

One cup flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne, 2 eggs, small cup milk, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 4oz. grated cheese.

Sift flour, salt, and cayenne into a bowl, make a well in the centre and gradually mix in the beaten eggs and milk. Fold in the melted butter and cheese and pour the batter into heated and greased glass ovenware custard-cups until they are half full. Place cups on oven tray, bake in hot oven 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate and bake further 10 to 15 minutes. Remove from oven and serve piping hot filled with a thick white sauce mixed with chopped ham, tongue, corned meat, cheese, or celery.

Note: Gem-irons may be substituted for custard-cups if desired.

## TONGUE AND CELERY SAUCE

One cup milk, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons flour, salt and cayenne,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup diced celery,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup diced cooked sheep's tongues, 1 tablespoon chopped red pepper.

Make a thick white sauce by melting the butter, add the flour, stir over low heat a few minutes without browning. Add milk, continue stirring until sauce is smooth and thick. Season with salt and cayenne, fold in tongues, celery, and red pepper. Use as a filling for the popovers.

For variation substitute ham and tomato, cheese and gherkins, salmon and onion, or sweet corn and green peas for the tongue and celery filling.

## HAM AND VERMICELLI BAKE

Four ounces fine vermicelli, 4oz. ham or bacon, 3 eggs, 2 cups milk, 2oz. grated cheese, 1 teaspoon salt, dash cayenne, tomato slices or red or green pepper slices to garnish.

Place vermicelli into a large quantity of boiling salted water and cook 5 minutes. Drain; place under running cold water to separate pieces. Chop ham or bacon finely and add to the vermicelli. Separate the eggs and beat egg-yolks with the milk, salt and cayenne. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Arrange vermicelli, ham, and cheese in an ovenware dish, pour over milk mixture. Top with slices of tomato or red or green pepper. Bake in moderately slow oven until set, approximately 1 to 1½ hours.

## CHEESE WAFFLES

Two cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cups milk, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 cup grated cheese.

Sift the flour, baking powder, and salt. Beat the egg-yolks, mix with milk, and stir into the dry ingredients. Fold in grated cheese and melted butter, then stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pre-heat waffle-iron until the butter or oil used for greasing sizzles when brushed on. Grease both sides, then measure 4 tablespoons of batter into a small jug, and pour carefully on to the prepared iron. Close lid down, cook for 5 to 6 minutes in an electric waffle-iron. If using any other type of iron, cook over steady medium heat for 2 minutes on each side, then 1 minute on each side. Remove from the iron, keep hot. Grease the iron before adding the next quantity of batter.

Note: If preferred, these waffles may be served with the tongue and celery sauce in place of the popovers.

## MIXED SALAD BOWL

One lettuce, 2 tomatoes, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 4oz. cheese, 4oz. ham, 1 tablespoon mixed mustard, 3 or 4 radishes.

Arrange a bed of crisp washed lettuce leaves in a bowl. Slice tomatoes and eggs into wedges, cut the cheese into cubes, and cut radishes in sections, peeling back the skin to form roses. Spread prepared mustard on to ham slices and roll up, securing with a cocktail-stick. Arrange the mixed salad pieces on the lettuce and garnish with parsley.

## COOKED SALAD DRESSING

Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mustard,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup vinegar, 1 tablespoon condensed milk.

Melt butter or substitute; add beaten eggs, milk, sugar, salt, and mustard. Stir in vinegar

a little at a time. Stir over gently boiling water 10 to 15 minutes. Allow to cool slightly. Stir gradually into condensed milk in basin. When well mixed bottle in screw-top jar, store in refrigerator until ready to use.

## LEMON DRESSING

Three-quarter cup lemon juice, 3 tablespoons sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons dry mustard, 3 onion slices.

Pour lemon juice over onion slices, leave to stand  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Strain, gradually add to sugar, salt, and mustard, mix until smooth. Flavor to taste with chopped mint, chives, gherkins, olives, parsley, horseradish, or shallots.

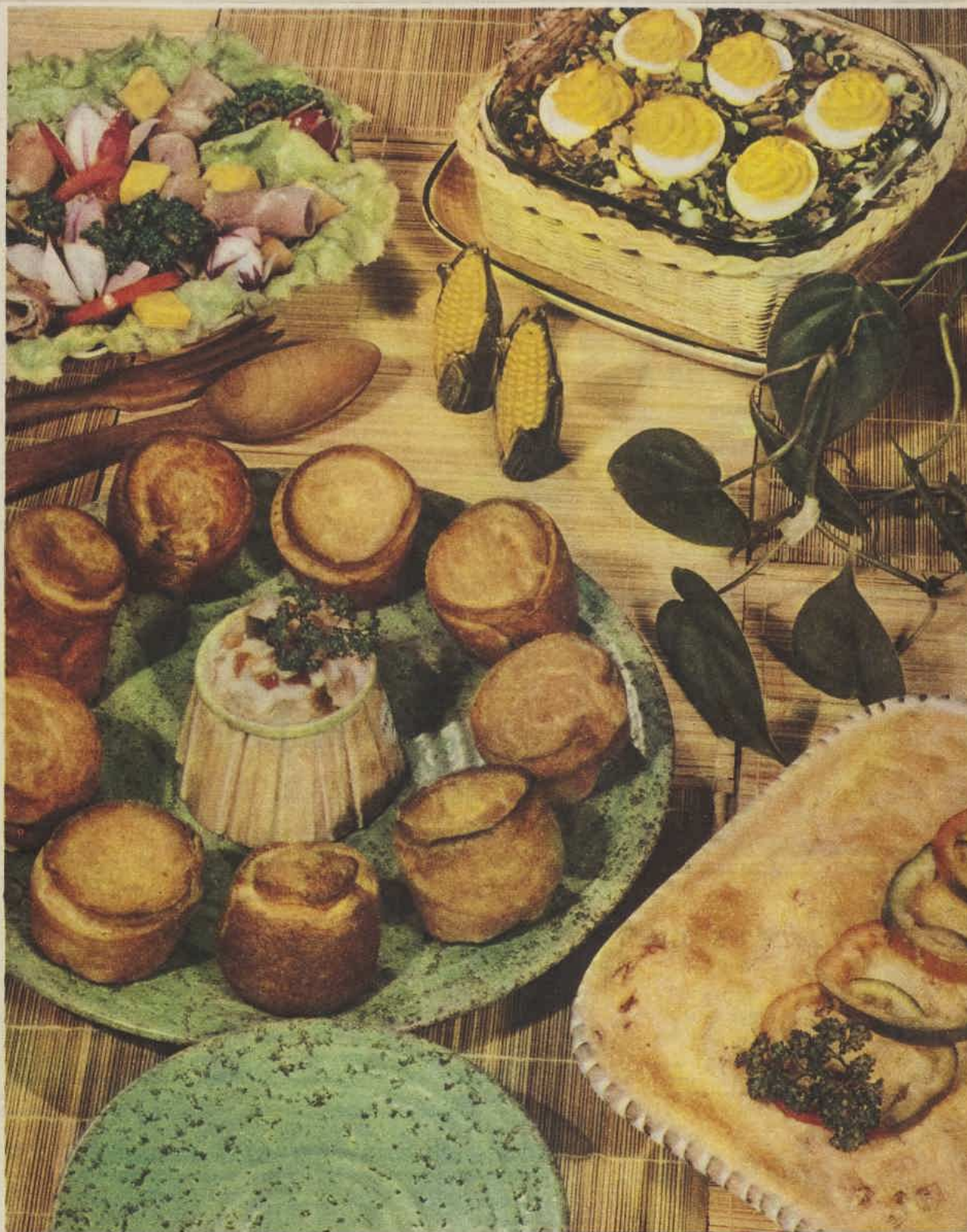
## STUFFED EGGS FLORENTINE

One bunch spinach,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, dash nutmeg,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped onion, 1 cup finely diced luncheon meat, 3 hard-boiled eggs,  $\frac{1}{4}$

**GOLDEN CHEESE POPOVERS** filled with a savory tongue mixture, stuffed eggs Florentine, ham and vermicelli bake, and a mixed salad bowl are attractive luncheon dishes. They are illustrated above. See recipes this page.

cup mashed potato, 1 dessertspoon melted butter, salt, pepper, paprika.

Wash and roughly chop the spinach. Cook in a small quantity of boiling salted water until stalk section is slightly softened. Drain and chop finely. Add nutmeg to taste with the onions and meat, and place into an ovenware dish. Halve the eggs, scoop out the yolks and mix with the potatoes and butter. Season to taste with salt and pepper, fill into egg-whites, using a pastry-bag and rose-tube. Sprinkle with paprika and arrange on top of spinach. Reheat in a moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes before serving.







# UNCLE TOBY'S OATS

*the satisfying breakfast*

and you serve 3 plates for 4d.

another new RECIPE

## LEMON OAT COOKIES

1½ cups Uncle Toby's Oats, ½ cup brown sugar, ¾ cup flour, pinch salt, 1 teasp. spice, 1 teasp. grated lemon rind, 2 tablesps. boiling water, 1 dessertsp. lemon juice, 3 tablesps. margarine, ¼ teasp. bicarb. soda, chopped nuts. Sift flour, spice and salt, add oats, lemon rind and brown sugar. Melt shortening in boiling water, add lemon juice and bicarb. soda. Stir until dissolved and add to dry ingredients, mixing well. Leave standing 10 minutes and then drop in teaspoonful on to greased trays. Bake in moderately hot oven 10-15 minutes. Loosen with a knife and when cool remove from tray.

UTO 47



*Twice as much*

FROM  
EVERY CAN

Each can makes double quantity of rich, satisfying full strength soup when made with milk or water.

# Rosella

double strength  
SOUPS

Choose from  
TOMATO  
VEGETABLE  
CELERY  
ASPARAGUS  
PEA SOUP WITH HAM  
SCOTCH BROTH  
CREAM OF CHICKEN

A different  
soup for  
every day!



## Prize recipe

● Caribbean steak, an appetising and substantial dinner dish, wins this week's main prize of £5.

IT is an inexpensive dish to make, and good to eat. The long, slow cooking tenderises the cheap cut of meat.

All spoon measurements are level.

### CARIBBEAN STEAK

One pound blade steak, 1 large onion, ½ clove garlic, 1 or 2 tablespoons oil, pinch turmeric, 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 tomatoes, 2 bananas, 3 cloves, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, pinch nutmeg, 1 tablespoon flour, pinch ground ginger, ½ cup hot water, ½ cup rice, salt and pepper, peanuts.

Beat steak with a meat mallet until half original thickness. Cut into lin. cubes. Place chopped onion in hot oil in saucepan with finely chopped garlic and turmeric and cook until onion is light golden brown. Add steak and butter and continue cooking until meat changes color. Add skinned chopped tomatoes, sliced bananas, cloves, cinna-



A DELICIOUS SPICY SAUCE is good with plain steamed pudding. Try this one: Boil ½ cup water with 1 tablespoon butter and 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Thicken with 1 tablespoon blended cornflour; add 1 cup sugar and 1 teaspoon nutmeg. Stir until sugar has dissolved. Serve hot.

mon, nutmeg, ginger, and water. Mix well. Cover with tightly fitting lid and simmer 3 hours or until meat is tender. (If oven is in use, may be cooked in a casserole.) Season with salt and pepper, remove cloves. Thicken gravy with flour blended with little extra water. Cook rice in usual way. Drain; place on large serving-dish and pour meat mixture on top. Sprinkle with chopped peanuts. Serve immediately.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Milde, 48 Chopin Rd., Somerton Park, S.A.

### TUTTI FRUTTI SANDWICH

Half cup chopped glace fruits, ½ cup finely chopped almonds, sponge fingers, lemon cheese, toasted almonds.

Chop finely equal quantities of glace cherries, pineapple, and pears, and, if liked, a few chopped muscatels. Mix fruit with chopped almonds. Moisten with lemon cheese to make a thick spreadable filling. Spread fresh sponge fingers with the fruit mixture and sandwich two together. Along the sides between the fingers insert a few blanched toasted almonds. The tops may be iced and decorated with cherries.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Zerbst, 429 Buckingham St., Albury, N.S.W.

### FAMILY DISH

COOKED veal and macaroni combine to make this week's tasty family dish. It costs approximately 5/10 and serves four.

### VEAL AND MACARONI PIE

Two cups cooked diced breast of veal, 1 cup cooked macaroni, ½ cup diced onion, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup meat stock, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 cup cooked mashed potato, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 extra teaspoon butter or substitute.

Lightly brown diced onion in hot butter or substitute. Stir in flour, cook 2 to 3 minutes. Stir in salt, stock, and milk; stir until boiling. Fold in sauces, meat, and macaroni. Fill into greased casserole, cover top with mashed potato mixed with grated onion and parsley. Dot with extra butter or substitute and bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes.

### Tony's luxury dish

## Duckling with Turnips

"THIS is a famous Parisian dish with a unique flavor," says Tony Clerici, well-known Sydney restaurateur.

For six persons you will need:

Five to 6lb. tender duckling, 4 tablespoons sweet butter, 12 small onions, 2 bunches young turnips, 2 cups brown sugar, salt and pepper to taste.

Brown Sauce: Three tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon tomato paste, 2 cups veal stock, 2 tablespoons sherry, salt and pepper.

Melt the butter and let it brown a little before stirring in flour. Let flour brown, stirring constantly to keep from scorching. Add tomato paste, meat stock, and sherry, and stir until smooth. Cover and let simmer for 10 minutes. Season with pepper and salt. Remove from fire and cool.

Tie wings and legs of duckling to body with kitchen string. Heat butter in large frying-pan and brown duckling on all sides. Scrape turnips and peel onions. Cut turnips into medium-sized pieces. Remove duck from frying-pan and place in large casserole. Fry onions and turnips in fat in which the duck has browned, sprinkling with brown sugar. Add them and brown sauce to the duckling and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cover and bake for 55 minutes in moderate oven. Remove duckling and place on hot platter. Surround with vegetables and cover with sauce. Serve hot.

## FEVERISH CONDITIONS

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

A FEVERISH child needs more water and less food. Fluid is necessary to enable the body to throw off the poison causing a temperature.

Give water and fruit juices frequently and dilute the milk mixture while baby has a high temperature.

Give the older child a fluid diet only when the temperature is high, and then transfer to a light diet. Keep the bowels well open.

Keep the child in bed. Do not overclothe him, but be careful to guard against letting him get chilled, and avoid draughts when lifting or moving him.

Sponge him all over with tepid water to which a few drops of methylated spirit or eau de Cologne have been added. This will help to reduce the temperature.

Change the patient's clothes frequently if he perspires

much, and rub his body with a warm, dry towel.

A high temperature is a sign of illness. But in babyhood and early childhood the temperature can rise quickly to 100 deg. F. to 102 deg. F. for quite trivial reasons—such as cutting a tooth, a cold, or a digestive upset.

Don't become "thermometer conscious" and take your baby's temperature every time his head feels hot. But if he looks ill and you notice these signs, do not delay in getting medical advice.

GOT THOSE

*fry-day blues?*



*Quick!*  
**the Air-wick**

There's nothing like the smell of crisply fried fresh fish to start the family's mouths watering! But, after the meal is over, that delicious smell turns into a stale hangover reek which spreads right through the house... here's how to kill it, fast!

You can stop any smell at its source! Just open your bottle of Air-wick and pull up the wick. Immediately, Air-wick's 125 natural air-freshening compounds, plus Chlorophyll, give you garden-fresh air. Remember, for less than one penny per day...



**AIRWICK  
KILLS  
SMELLS  
FAST!**



**Cerebos  
SALT**

IN ITS  
IODISED  
FORM it guards health, assists to prevent and guard against goitre.





SKETCH shows the exterior of the reader's planned house as amended by the architect.

## ARCHITECT'S DIARY

# GETTING THE MOST OUT OF THE SUN

By Sydney architect W. J. McMURRAY

Many readers have asked me how they can plan a house to get the maximum sunlight in as many rooms as possible.

MRS. P. J. PLAIN, of Islington, N.S.W., sent me a rough sketch of a 12-square house to suit a block 67 feet wide with a south-easterly aspect, and requested an opinion of the layout from the point of view of convenience, economy, and light.

The layout Mrs. Plain has suggested is good because every room would have a good share of the sun at different times of the day. Bedrooms one and two and the lounge would get the morning sun; the kitchen, dining-room, and third bedroom would be warmed in the late afternoon.

Some form of heat control would be needed for the kitchen, which, facing north-west, could be uncomfortably hot in summer. A pergola, increased eaves projection, or some form of awning would provide this control.

The blank wall to the carport is advisable, because the south-west is the direction from which much of N.S.W.'s bad weather comes.

I also feel that better use could be made of the space the large entrance porch and

hall occupy. A porch of the proportion shown is usually cold on a southerly aspect, since it is warmed only by the early-morning sun. The porch as shown is not well arranged for outdoor living and, as it is in the front of the house, it lacks privacy.

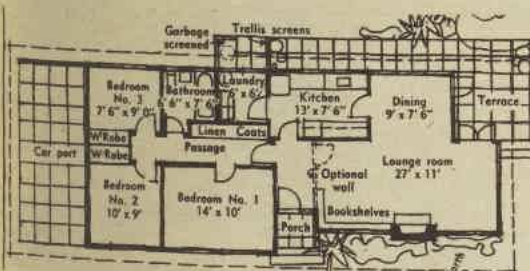
The lounge has suffered in size as a result of this over-generous porch and hall, so an alternative plan for the living areas has been suggested.

This design has the same floor area, but allows a much more spacious living-room. The sun porch has been moved to the north-east with greater privacy and plenty of sun.

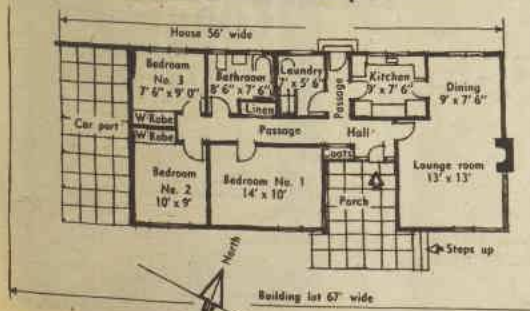
Some economy in planning has been achieved by removing the separate passage to the back door and throwing the additional area into the kitchen. The rear door is through the laundry, which is protected from the hot westerlies by trellis screens.

The moving of the chimney on the south wall allows bigger windows on the north-east. Highlight windows adjacent to the chimney would ensure cross-ventilation for the whole of the living area.

Each week Mr. McMurray will discuss a reader's problem of general interest.



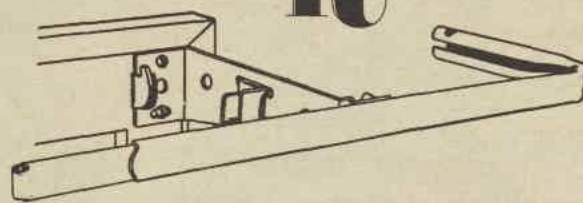
HOUSE PLAN Above which was submitted to the architect, (below) is his amended plan.



Curtains by Margaret Jaye

Find the edge of the window?

It's under the Kirsch Extender Rod



The secret is the Kirsch Extender rod shown here, that holds the curtain out beyond the window sash, without marking the wall.

The Kirsch Extender Rod has other uses, too. If you want fixed side curtains on a window without rod showing in between—it's for you. If you want a fixed sheer curtain in between—there's a bracket provided for a Kirsch Gold Seal Rod. If you want to draw those sheer curtains—there's a bracket for a Kirsch Traverse Rod.

The Kirsch Extender rod is just one more example of what we're always saying — there's a Kirsch rod for every type of window, every style of curtain. Why don't you see the whole range at your local Kirsch retailer or at any leading store. They'll be glad to help with your window decorating problems.

All you have to do is be sure the rod you buy is Kirsch. Nothing else does so good a job.



This is a narrow window (picked out by the dotted lines) — but you'd never know. With the curtains hung on Kirsch Extender Rods, it's now well-proportioned — nearly two feet wider.

**Kirsch** CURTAIN RODS

are products of WORMALD BROTHERS INDUSTRIES







Haven't you noticed?  
*Good things go together . . .*

More than just a tempting combination—a nutritionally balanced breakfast! Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and fruit supply the protein, vitamins, minerals and energy-values you need every day.



Plump, luscious fruit . . . cool, creamy milk . . .  
 and crisp, golden-toasted Kellogg's Corn Flakes!

Doesn't it make your mouth water? Doesn't it make you itch to pick up that spoon and start tucking into those big rustling-crisp Kellogg's Corn Flakes? It's a pretty wonderful idea, you know — not just for breakfast but for busy-day lunches, children's

teas and easily-digested bedtime snacks. Of course you've *heard* about Kellogg's Corn Flakes, but have you discovered them for yourself — how good they taste, how good they make you feel? Why don't you, then — *tomorrow, if not sooner?*

FULL OF  
 ENERGY  
 FROM THE SUN





queer people are your assignment."

"How shall I go about it, sir?"

The chief ranger grinned.

"I think you've gone about it very well. Don't make yourself conspicuous. Don't take chances. Don't try to be a detective." He grinned again.

"Just make yourself available for things to happen to you. It seems to be a good system." He raised his brows quizzically. "If there should be social overtures," he said, "as from Miss van der Poot—say dinner at the Ahwahnee—you are permitted to wear civilian clothes for the occasion."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Always remember," the superintendent added, "to follow the old sailor's injunction: One hand for the ship, one hand for yourself."

"I'll be careful, sir," I said.

"That's all. Go get your chow."

If keeping an eye on this group of strange people who had come into the park was to be my assignment, then it seemed to me the proper way to go about it was to become better acquainted with them—if I could manage it in what would seem to be a natural way. Already I was on a friendly basis with Mrs. Potwin and Miss Vanderlee. Miss van der Poot had made pointed overtures that morning to which it would be only natural for a young man to respond. Therefore I telephoned the Ahwahnee and was put through to her room. Her voice came to me over the wire.

"Miss van der Poot," I said, "this is Ranger Sawtell. Are you of the same mind as you were this morning?"

"Oh, how very nice!" she exclaimed, and her voice sounded sincere. "Would it be this evening? I am with nothing to do. Could you dine here with us? Then we could watch this Fire Fall and maybe find some pleasure afterward."

"I would enjoy that very much," I told her. "What time would you suggest?"

"Oh, seven-thirty. When you

## Continuing . . . The Sinister Strangers

[from page 57]

come will you telephone from the desk. I will not keep you waiting."

"I am looking forward to it," I said, and went to my quarters, where I changed my uniform for civilian clothes.

By the time I was ready it was nearing the hour Miss van der Poot had set and I strolled towards the Ahwahnee. I had not before been in the huge hotel and because there were yet some ten minutes to spare I strolled about the lobby, walked down the covered way with its shop windows, looked into the great lounge with its enormous fireplace aptly decorated with conventionalised Indian art.

At seven-thirty I went to the desk and called Miss van der Poot's room. She answered immediately.

"You are prompt," she said. "It is a good sign. It shows that you are eager to see me."

"Promptness," I said, "is one of my qualities." It seemed best to be a bit cautious.

I walked to the elevator doors and in a surprisingly short time she came out of the car, preceding her father.

"You have met Mr. Sawtell," she said to him, "when he shows us the way to the horses."

The gnome looked up at me sharply and did not smile. His voice was neither cordial nor resentful as he said in his deep bass. "I remember Mr. Sawtell. He was courteous."

We walked to the dining-room, an imposing apartment with an enormously high ceiling, and were shown to a table by the headwaiter. It was near the far end of the room in a corner away from the aisle.

As we walked to our place, eyes turned to stare at us.

"We make," said Miss van der Poot, smiling impishly, "the sensation."

"Sensations are not goot," said Johannes van der Poot. "I like modesty. I like to be unnoticed."

"Then," she said, "you should have had a different daughter."

"I should," he said, "have had a homely daughter, to match myself."

"You," she said, "are not homely. To be homely is common. You are grotesque. To be grotesque is to be notable. To be with you I like. It is the contrast."

He was not offended. He patted her arm in a gesture of affection.

"She has not goot veneration for her father," he said to me, his queer, sharp eyes twinkling. "Sometimes I teach her better manners." He wagged his head like a mechanical toy. "Soon I will pay some strong, bad man a sum

The way to gain a friend is to be one.  
—Jules Michelet.

of guilders to marry her and beat her often."

"I would make him tame, to eat out of my hand," she retorted. And then she widened her eyes. "I do not like red hair," she said. "I like my hair so much better. Do you like red hair or my silver hair?"

"I've never considered the point," I said. "What brings it up?"

"There comes a girl," she said. "She flames like a torch."

I turned to glance over my shoulder and saw, ushered by the headwaiter, Miss Vanderlee and Mrs. Potwin approaching down the aisle.

Mr. van der Poot uttered an ejaculation in what I took to be profane Dutch. "That woman!" he said in English.

And yet he was smiling. "Look, my daughter. You see a sight. You see an old friend who is also an old enemy! You see one who behaves like the bull in the china shops! Who tweaks noses of the exalted! The Countess de Ponthieve, whom

in many years I have not seen." He bounced to his feet and darted towards Mrs. Potwin.

"Countess! Countess!" he exclaimed. "It is Johannes! Do you not remember Johannes?"

Mrs. Potwin snapped her eyes at him. "Who'd be apt to forget you, you little ape? And I'm not the countess. I took his hide off with a horsewhip. I'm Letitia Potwin, my friend—Potwin, and make no mistake about it."

"And what—what escapade brings you here?"

"I've sworn off escapades. I'm a housewife from the Back Bay in Boston, if you know what that means."

Miss Vanderlee, not in chauffeur's uniform now, but beautifully gowned, was looking at me with an enigmatic expression on her face. She glanced from me to the silver-haired girl with a slight lifting of the brows, scarcely responding to my bow. Johannes van der Poot continued to be ebullient.

"So many years it has been . . . Waiter, arrange this table for two more. We must old days talk over." He took her reluctant arm and urged her towards where we sat. "What do you here, countess? What brings you here?"

"Hunting," grinned Mrs. Potwin, "for buried treasure."

"If treasure is buried," van der Poot replied, "you will find it . . . This is my daughter. Is the young lady your daughter?"

"My secretary, Miss Vanderlee," Mrs. Potwin said.

The girls nodded to each other, and the Dutch girl said admiringly. "You have such beautiful hair. Of all hair, the red hair is the best."

This seemed a bit contradictory to me, for she had just declared her detestation of that color. "You have met Mr. Sawtell?"

"I have met Mr. Sawtell," Miss Vanderlee said. "Mr. Sawtell has a talent for meeting young women."

"You are the secretary, Miss Vanderlee, on the typewriter?"

"Also the cook on the stove

and the chauffeur in the automobile," Miss Vanderlee said.

"So very—what do you say?—versatile! Me, I am not useful. Joost for pleasure."

Mrs. Potwin's voice took command of the conversation. "You are aware, Johannes," she said, "that your old buddies, Zaharados and Li Seow Yen, are basking in the park?"

"It comes to my ears," he said, with a jerky nod.

"Quite a coincidence," Mrs. Potwin said.

"Of this coincidence you are a part," van der Poot said, with an edge to his voice.

"Don't worry about me, Johannes. I have retired. I vegetate. I am extinct."

"Like the volcano," said van der Poot, "which for years sits without even the wisp of smoke at its top. And suddenly there is a rumble and a roar, and lava pours down to devastate."

Mrs. Potwin armed herself with a lorgnette, through which she peered at van der Poot in a grand, aloof manner. "Do you know the buzzard?" she asked.

"A bird, is it not?"

"A great black bird," she said, "that soars so high it is only a dot in the sky. Its eyes are sharp and its stomach is greedy. You see one of them, and you know it only watches. You see three of them, and you know there is carrion on the ground upon which they will swoop."

He shrugged. "Of birds I know nothing," he said blandly.

"But at swooping all three of you are experts," she retorted.

There was a serious and, to me, a menacing undercurrent to their talk which, to the inattentive ear, may have sounded like mere badinage. Mrs. Potwin went on talking in her Bostonese manner; Johannes van der Poot was sly and chuckling.

But I sensed that both of them knew what they were talking about, and I later gathered that the Dutchman meant to convey a warning or a threat.

The girls were carrying on a brittle conversation, very charming and polite. I might as well not have been there. I was ignored. Katrina noted my discomfort and twinkled at me.

"We chatter, eh?" she asked contritely.

"It leaves me to eat in peace," I said.

Miss Vanderlee leaned forward a trifle. "Is it true, Mr. Sawtell," she asked, "that there is a community inside the park that does not belong to the park?"

"Yes," I told her. "A little way down the river. A piece of land the Government never has acquired. A good many houses have been built there, privately owned. It's a bit of a thorn in our side."

"Why should it be?" she asked.

"Mostly," I said, "because we have no jurisdiction over it. It's not subject to our regulations, to our policing."

"How odd! Why doesn't the Government buy it?"

"There's a pretty big investment there in homes," I said. "It would be expensive. The nation doesn't exactly lavish money on its national parks."

She thought it over and frowned. "What a dandy place for unpleasant people to hide," she said.

"It could be just that," I answered. "Anyhow, it's a nuisance."

Our dessert arrived, and when we had enjoyed it Miss van der Poot was eager to see the Fire Fall. We trooped out to the lawn in front of the Ahwahnee and found chairs from which we could look upward at towering Glacier Point. Miss van der Poot skilfully manoeuvred me to a seat where I was separated from Joan Vanderlee by Mrs. Potwin and the gnome. Her arm touched mine, and I was conscious of its round warmth. She pouted.

"It was not as I planned," she said. "These strangers intrude and spoil all things."

"An old friend of your father's," I said.

"I do not mind this old friend," she said. "It is this young friend weath the red hair. The old ones we could elude. Do you think she is beautiful?"

"She is good-looking," I answered conservatively.

"More good-looking as me?" she asked.

I grinned at her in the semi-darkness. "A man named Paris

To page 66



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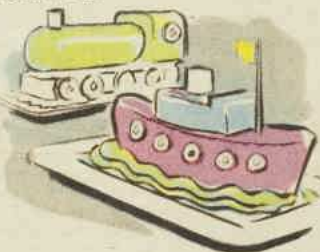


**LIFE SAVERS IN PARTY MOOD**

Parties are fun, and fun to prepare for, too! There are so many little details you can organise to make your parties more unusual and gayer.



**For Candles.** How's this for a birthday idea? Candles set in Life Savers. They help support the candles, prevent grease from falling on the cake, and they're decidedly novel. For added colours use Musk, Vi-O-let and Floral Life Savers as well as candy-striped Stik-O-Pep.



Novelty cakes are always popular at parties and Life Savers look great as wheels on car or train designs. They make ideal port-holes on cake ships, too.

**Life Savers Games** can really give them the party spirit! For a variation of an old favourite party game, tie Life Savers to the ends of a number of pieces of 12" cottons. Contestants nibble away until they eat the Life Saver. With a Life Saver at the end it doesn't really matter who wins!

**Teams' Games.** Each team has to pass a Life Saver tablet from one to another by means of a match held in the mouth. This can be very amusing!



**Strictly for Grown-ups.** Here's a new table decoration. Place your cigarettes in the holes in the middle of Life Saver tablets. You can stand them up and down the length of the table or buffet, set them in special designs, or space them around the plates and dishes. This is decorative, convenient and smokers appreciate the increased enjoyment of smoking after a peppermint Life Saver. It's so cool and refreshing!

**Luscious apple pies** with cream—they're real party food! Bake them with Clove Life Savers for added flavour. Clove Life Savers are great in the centre of baked apples, too. And a Spear-O-Mint Life Saver may be used when boiling peas, should the usual sprig of mint not be available.

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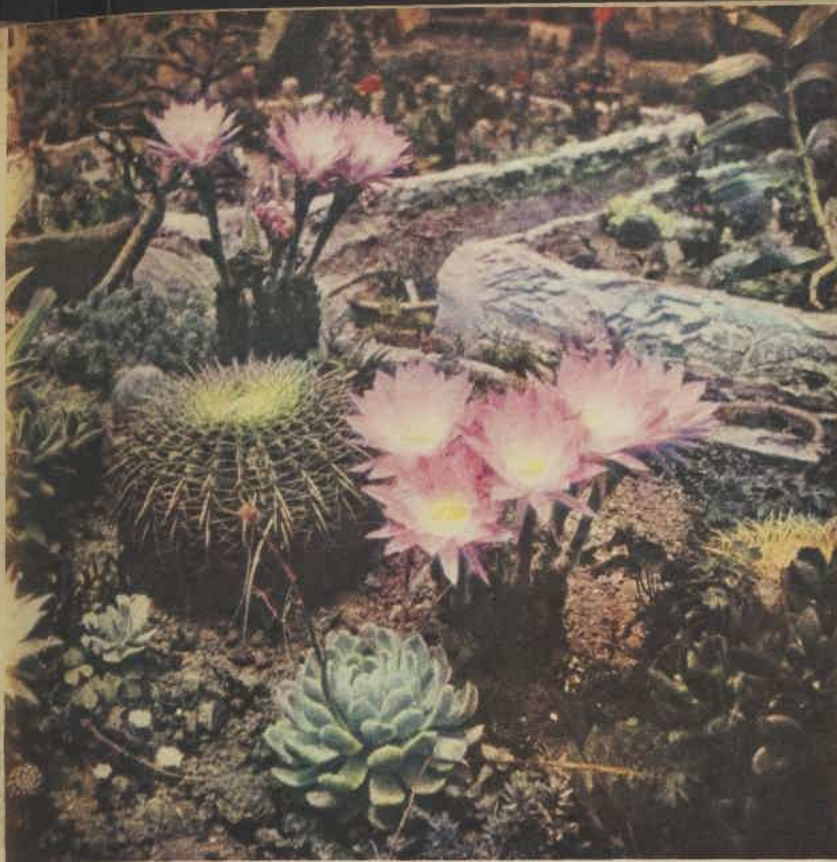
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**SOME TYPES OF CACTUS**—*Echinocactus Johnsonii* (in flower), *E. Grusonii* (centre left), and *Echeveria Elegans* (centre foreground). *Echinocactus Johnsonii* is good for rockeries. If growing cacti from cuttings let the ends dry in the sun before planting.

## Keep cacti dry

**C**ACTI are most useful plants for dry, sandy soils, for hot, dry banks or rockeries, or places where rainfall is scanty, as well as for indoor plants.

In all, there are 1500 species, subdivisions, and hybrids in the cactaceae family, which is usually divided into three sections. These are pereskiae, opuntiae, and cereae.

They vary from tiny plants a few inches high to 30ft. giants.

Although some of the sturdy species are grown out of doors, many are grown in pots, troughs, and miniature table-gardens, where their interesting habits and great variety of shape and colorful blooms can be closely studied.

As there are dwarf globular, flanged, pyramidal, tubular, segmented, hirsute, smooth-skinned, tall climbers, and extremely spiny cacti, the gardener has to select his choice carefully.

When planning a cactus garden, a gentle slope is ideal. The ground should be dug over and topsoil removed and a substratum of stones, broken rock, or very coarse gravel laid down. If the soil is heavy, add about half sand, mix well, and replace.

The addition of a very little well-balanced fertiliser will help the plants while they are becoming accustomed to their new surroundings, but, unless the soil is very poor, be careful how much artificial manure is added.

Climatic conditions vary, and it is diffi-



**CRASSULA PERFOLIATA** makes a fine show when massed closely in a warm garden spot.

cult to lay down strict rules applicable to all varieties.

The gardener should remember that cacti come from a wide range of climates in North and South America, from arid desert to tropical jungle.

Most desert cacti prefer alkaline soil, and some slaked lime in the soil helps them. This should be thoroughly mixed in before the young plants are set out.

The cacti drawn from semi-tropical to tropical areas need protection, and these are mostly grown under glass. They require moist, acid soil. This often applies to climbers, although many thrive best in alkaline soil.

In the warmer parts of Australia cacti can be planted in the garden and allowed to remain there. Several, such as the common opuntia (to which the prickly pear belongs), are illegal, and the gardener should avoid them. Heavy penalties are provided for their introduction from one locality to another.

Seedsmen and nurserymen who specialise in cacti know all the banned varieties and can advise you about this problem.

When planning a cactus garden, study the mature size of every variety before planting out. Some are tiny, others of medium size, some are very slow growers, others fast and tall, while many grow to a great size and become impregnable.

Some of the smaller species and varieties like shade, others prefer full sunlight and do best in heat, humidity, or dry conditions.

**STAPELIA GRANDIFLORA** is a succulent floral cacti novelty that increases rapidly.

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got in a peck of trouble," I said, "awarding a golden apple." "But I love golden apples," she cooed.

"There would have been no Trojan War," I told her, "if Paris had declared it a tie."

From the summit of that towering mass of rock came the ritual cry announcing the imminence of the Fire Fall. Sparks arose from the summit and then a torrent of embers, thin as Yosemite Falls, came pouring down the mighty precipice until a ribbon of fire threaded its face from top to bottom, cutting its way through thousands of feet of darkness. Miss van der Poot seized my arm in both of hers and exclaimed ecstatically. The spectacle persisted for minutes; then dwindled and all was night again — night and silence.

But then there was not silence; there was sound from afar, the singing of a bird like no other bird song ever heard by man. Beautiful it was, rising and falling in arpeggios, trills.

Mr. van der Poot stiffened

## Continuing . . . The Sinister Strangers

from page 63

in the chair next to mine and uttered a sound that was between a gasp and a moan.

"The Warbler!" he exclaimed in a strangled voice. "The Warbler!"

"Gives one furiously to think doesn't it?" asked Mrs. Potwin dryly. "Especially if one has a guilty conscience."

Johannes van der Poot sprang to his feet, seized his daughter by the arm, and dragged her away, scuttling into the protection of the great hotel.

"The Dutchman," said Mrs. Potwin in her best Boston manner, "always was a trifle on the timid side. It must be quite a nuisance to be afraid to die."

My adventure into society was not an unqualified success. Mrs. Potwin and Miss Vandervee took their departure almost immediately after the Fire Fall, and I left, too. Somewhat disgruntled, I walked along the road, crossed the bridge, and plodded along towards my

quarters. Entertainments of various kinds were going on in the several camps, but they had no attractions for me.

I veered off towards Camp Curry to have a cup of coffee before I went to bed. A motion picture of some sort was being shown in the amphitheatre to an attentive audience, but I went into the restaurant and ordered coffee. I sat at a table over by the wall, inconspicuous in civilian clothes.

Before I had half finished my cup a very large man came through the door. I did not immediately recognise him; then I saw that it was Nature Boy Nussler. He was most effectively disguised. That is to say, he wore clothes. He even wore a hat.

I watched him as he ate. He sat frowning in concentration. I wondered why he was not courting an audience. The man interested me; his long hair interested me; the slightly effeminate movements of his hands as he lifted food from his plate or sipped his coffee both interested and repelled me.

He wriggled his great shoulders and stretched his arms as though to relax his muscles, and then I became doubly interested. Because, when he stretched, there appeared below his left armpit a bulge which his coat had been tailored to conceal. There was no doubt in my mind that he carried a pistol in a shoulder holster.

Firearms of any sort are not permitted in the park, and to be in possession of a gun was to incur penalties and expulsion. For a moment I debated with myself as to my duty. My authority as a ranger existed even though I was out of uniform. My badge was in my pocket.

I could, of course, disarm the man and take him into custody, but it seemed to me that it would be more intelligent to try to find out why he thought it necessary to wear a gun in the evening — discover what errand he was on that made it a proper precaution to carry a concealed weapon.

Presently he stood up and walked out of the cafeteria. I waited briefly, then followed him. His height and broad shoulders made him easy to see as he walked at a good pace along the pavement ahead of me. I kept at a discreet distance. He was heading generally downriver and I dropped back as we left the more thickly populated area. He strode along determinedly, as one does who has a definite destination.

Not once did he look back. It appeared that he was going to one of the lower camps, but he did not hesitate when he reached their locality. Instead, he walked on and on, until I became convinced that he was heading for that area which was in the park but not a part of it — that area which was privately owned and where our jurisdiction did not run.

There were lights in a few of the houses. Nature Boy Nussler, not even taking the precaution to look behind him, walked up to the door of one whose windows were illuminated and rang the bell. I crouched as the door opened and Nussler went inside.

As soon as the door closed again I approached with caution, and taking advantage of cover and walking on the grass, took a position under a window which gave into the living-room. It was a balmy night. The window was open and the shade not drawn. Through the screen, as I raised my eyes above the sill, I saw four men in the room. Three sat in undershirts and stock-

inged feet, Nussler was the fourth.

"Might as well be in the pen," one of the men said thickly in a disgruntled voice.

"You don't feed so well in the pen," Nussler answered, "and the pay's better."

"I don't like this caper," said another. "Too many trees and mountains stickin' up. Gimme streets 'n' buildin's 'n' clip joints 'n' boogie-woogie. How many hours a day can a guy play gin rummy without goin' nuts?"

"Another thing is all this shuttmouth," the third man said. "Me, I like to be hep. What's the project and who's the big finger?"

"You're working for me," Nussler said.

"Says you! And who dishes out your orders?"

"What's it to you?" Nussler demanded.

"Look, Nussler; when I'm in Chi I know my way around. I know people. I got friends. Does there have to be a fix, I know where to get it. Here I walk a city block and I'm so lost a bloodhound dawg couldn't find me. And it's so still at night I can't sleep."

"When," demanded another, "do we get action?"

"Yeah, and what kind of action? Do we knock over a popcorn stand?"

"Maybe there won't be any action," Nussler said. "You're just here in case. What's wrong? People pay money to spend a vacation here."

"Gimme a vacation on a rock pile," growled the first man. "This ain't neat. I'm used to havin' things set up — the joint cased 'n' getaway car ready."

The man who sat opposite me had a more intelligent face than his two companions. It was not a face I would care to meet up a dark alley, but his eyes were shrewd, small, and glittering.

"I been thinkin'," he said. "I'll do the thinking," Nussler answered shortly.

"I been thinkin' like this: I been turnin' it over. I don't like the looks of it. What I want to know, Nussler, is it a snatch?"

"It could be," Nussler said, "to stop a snatch."

"If the set-up is right," the man said, "I don't mind knockin' off somebody. But a snatch is somethin' else again. It's been made unpop'lar by them G-men. And look, Nussler, we ain't no birds. This here hole in the mountains is a trap. Does things get screwed up and the alarm goes off, how do we get out? They block a couple roads, and then what?"

"Know what, Nussler?" said one of the others — a squat, bulky-shouldered man. "I seen a bear. Not in no cage, neither. Walking around by himself. Goofy's what I say, where a bear walks around like he was a tame dawg! There ought to be a law against it!"

"What you show up tonight for?" asked the man with the shrewd eyes. "I was hopin' you come to give us the office."

"Just to keep you from gettin' lonesome," Nussler said. "You boys got everything you want?"

"How much longer?" asked the third man.

"Sit tight. It could be any day or not at all. Either way you'll be out of here in a few days," Nussler grinned. "Don't get bitten by any squirrels. Suddenly his face hardened. "See that you're ready and in shape if I send the word."

"When we take a job," said shrewd eyes, "we don't miff it."

"Right," Nussler said. "I'm on my way. Lay your pretty little heads on your pillows and go beddy-bye."

I slithered around the cor-

ner of the house as he arose. I heard the door open and shut and Nussler's feet descending the steps. He was humming contentedly. I watched him walk to the road and turn to his right. After a short wait, I followed him back up the floor of the valley. At last he turned into Camp 15, and I guessed that his night's labors were over and he was going to bed.

I undressed and lay awake in the darkness. Inside the park, but in an area not under our jurisdiction, were three Chicago gunmen. A gunman, I suppose, is as much a citizen as anybody else until he is caught at his job.

I reviewed the conversation I had overheard through the open window. From the words that had come to my ears, it was apparent that these three gorillas had done nothing in the line of their profession since their arrival. They were simply there, waiting.

They had been hired to come here by Nature Boy Nussler, but they regarded him as an intermediary, and not as the principal employer. They did not even know why they were there, as a sort of card up Nussler's sleeve, and they were discontented and uneasy. It was a problem — a problem made more difficult because they were not under the jurisdiction of the ranger service.

I STARTED at the beginning, noting all the events as they had occurred during the past few days, since all these unusual strangers had come to the park. It was plain to me that there was some tie between these people — that they, with the possible exception of Mrs. Potwin, had come here for some common purpose.

It might be they had come to the park for a meeting, to arrange something, to make some plan. It might be that some one or two had come for that purpose, but that the others had not come in a spirit of friendship, but to upset the applecart. It was all so tenuous and there were so few definite facts.

Finally I slept. In the morning I put on my uniform and reported to the chief ranger, who listened with furrowed brows.

"You've had luck, Sawtell. Good. Maybe you're a lucky fellow." He frowned. "That hunk of private land is going to give us big trouble some day. Why doesn't some wealthy philanthropist buy it up and give it to the park?"

"Maybe nobody's been asked," I said.

"We're so confoundedly short-handed," he said. "So far we've been lucky, but—"

"Yes, sir," I said. He grinned wryly. "Go on out and expose yourself to contamination," he said. "Things seem to happen to you. Maybe it's just bull-headed luck, and maybe a pinch of brains is mixed in. I hope so." He paused. "But don't get headstrong and take chances."

"No, sir," I said. "This Zaharados," he said, "never seems to come out into the air. You might keep a casual eye on his cabin. Circulate. Don't neglect Camp Fourteen. This Chinaman seems to have done nothing suspicious. Does he do his own housework in his trailer?"

"There ja," I answered, "a young Chinese who, I suppose, does the chores."

"On your way," he directed. "Be our lump of honey for the flies to light on."

Perhaps it was inclination rather than duty that made me walk more briskly than necessary to Camp 14. Neither Mrs. Potwin nor her secretary was visible. The door of the trailer was tightly closed and

the automobile was gone. I was about to go on, disappointed, when Mr. Li came out of his trailer.

"Good morning, Ranger," he said pleasantly.

"Good morning, sir," I responded.

"You were looking for Mrs. Potwin or possibly her secretary," he said. "If he had not been so stately, I would have thought him a bit roguish."

"I was merely passing," said I.

"Listen to the words of the philosopher Ling Po," he said. "It is agreeable to nature that the feet of a young man should carry him on the road that passes the dwelling of the maiden of beauty." Mrs. Potwin arose early this morning. He smiled. "She is seeking buried treasure. I trust last evening was a pleasant one?"

"It could have been more so," I replied.

"Was it disappointment," he asked, "that caused you to take so long a walk?"

"How," I asked, "did you know I walked?"

"The blind man," he replied, "sees through the eyes of a faithful servant."

"And what, sir," I asked, "did this faithful servant see?"

"He saw," Mr. Li said, "a man who is proud of his nudity, but covered it with clothing. He saw you, Ranger, following that man with caution. He saw you peering in the window of a certain house."

"Sir," I said, "I do not like to be spied upon."

"You," he replied, "were of only secondary interest. It was the one who followed you, lurking among the trees, that filled the eyes of my friend."

"I was followed?"

"It seems so," said Mr. Li.

"By whom?" I asked.

"By the unpleasant but dangerous boy who is the servant of a certain Levantine Greek." He smiled at me blandly. "It would seem, Mr. Sawtell — he used my name instead of calling me 'Ranger' — that you are somewhat exceeding the routine duties of a park ranger."

"In our service," I replied, "duty is an elastic word. It stretches to cover everything in the park."

"A young man never takes harm," he said, "by giving heed to the wisdom of the old."

"And that wisdom advises?" I asked.

"He who meddles in the affairs of another, unbidden," says Ling Po, "is like the child who strokes the wolf, thinking it a neighbor's dog."

"I know no Chinese philosophers," I said, "but may I cap this proverb of Ling Po?"

"Please do so," he said benignly.

"The child," said I, "who doesn't know the difference between a lap dog and a wolf should stay out of the woods."

"I would not see harm come to a young man of promise," he said gravely.

"Would that, Mr. Li, be a threat?"

"Not a threat. But a warning to tread with caution."

Even as he spoke there was a sort of "swish-h-h" through the air and a glint, and then a thud. A knife quivered in the door of the trailer. It had passed between Mr. Li and me. I turned swiftly and peered in the direction from which it must have been flung. Only scurrying tourists, romping children, and half-clad people on bicycles were visible. I started to run in the hope of discovering the knife thrower, but Mr. Li's hand detained me.

"He will have another knife," he said. "Also he will have vanished. It is a part of his art. What do you think, Mr. Sawtell? Was the knife meant for you or for me?"

To be continued

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# THE LARK SHALL SING

Conclusion of our delightful  
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By **ELIZABETH  
CADELL**



**T**HE next few hours were busy ones for everybody. Fires had to be stoked to provide extra bath water; garments had to be shared out among those who needed them; food had to be prepared. There was no question of the visitors going to other quarters; Miss Cornhill, though now able to borrow money, could not travel until her own clothes were repaired or others obtained for her.

Pietro was fitted out in a suit belonging to Nicholas; Robert was still immaculate, but his car gave him the excuse he needed for staying, and he seized it firmly. He was in this thing—well in—and he was enjoying it. He would have to go soon, but not to-night.

Lucille, her mind in a haze of bewilderment, found herself upstairs attending mechanically to the needs of the three younger children. She had gone up determined to quell at once any pleas, any arguments; there was too much to be done tonight, and her head was spinning. Discussions would have to wait until morning.

But she found that, far from wishing to discuss the situation, all three children had slipped back naturally and without comment to their old, well-remembered routine. All three—even Simon, from whom some kind of nervous reaction might have been expected—seemed oblivious to everything but the fact that they were home once more.

Julia, by a masterly move, had got into the bathroom before the others and was luxuriating in a bath so deep that it was doubtful whether any hot water would be available for the others. Dominic, enraged, was hammering on the door.

"Come out!" he yelled angrily. "Come

on out, you mean pig, you! Lucille, make her come out!"

It was certainly homelike, reflected Lucille. Simon was leaning dangerously out of his window, pulling towards him a branch of a nearby tree; she knew that he would tie it to his window-sill in the way it had been tied before, so that on waking in the morning he could lie and watch the leaves stirring in the breeze or, by good fortune, see a bird or two hopping along the branch and peering inquisitively into the room. Lucille made a note of the fact that although the boys had brought a minimum of luggage and Julia none at all, their rooms looked as littered as though they had never left them.

The whole house, so empty, so neat, so impersonal when she and Jeff had gone over it earlier that day, now resounded with the babble and bustle of family life; the idea of selling it seemed to have been a myth and the time that they had been away from it now appeared as nothing.

She could hear Julia singing in the bath, Dominic shouting, Nicholas whistling; downstairs, footsteps sounded, doors opened and closed; the house was alive and humming and the shell that she had been preparing to offer to strangers had vanished.

They had come home. Something deeper than her plans had been working in their minds, and her letter had brought it into the open. It was ludicrous to suppose that Rose and the younger children had been living in unrelieved misery since their departure, but the threat of losing the house had brought them instantly back. Though they had come individually, Lucille was aware that they were solidly united in one wish and determination—and they were united against her.

The thought made her feel strangely hollow, but she thrust it resolutely away. Everything would be sorted out tomorrow; everybody would be rested and able to join in a calm survey of the situation. She would get rid of the three visitors and she would ask Jeff's father to come out and talk to them. For the moment it was better to concentrate on getting Julia out of the bathroom and assembling everybody at some sort of meal.

Miss Cornhill would have liked to be upstairs seeing to the children's baths and clothes, but she felt that on this, their only night with Lucille, she should leave them together.

She therefore turned her energies to providing supper and found her way to the kitchen to discover that Pietro was already there, peering distractedly into

**L**OVELY, self-willed LUCILLE WAYNE had taken so many family burdens on herself she felt entitled to dictate to her younger brothers and sisters. Shocks were in store for her, however, when she calmly wrote and told them all that, as she was about to marry DIGBY RUSSELL, she had instructed their estate-agent friend MR. MILWARD and his son JEFF to sell their family home Wood Mount, which had been let during the past year.

From the various places where they had been working or staying the family converged on Wood Mount to stop the sale, but owing to their lack of money they arrived in a state of chaos and with a trio of oddly assorted benefactors.

NICHOLAS, the eldest brother, on a dilapidated motor-cycle with ROSE, the second sister, and MISS CORNHILL, who had befriended her, in the side-car, was approaching the gate when the outfit came in halves, forcing film star ROBERT DEBRET to drive his sumptuous car containing SIMON and DOMINIC, the two youngest boys, into a ditch. Simultaneously JULIA, the youngest girl, arrived on a broken-down bicycle wheeled by the itinerant brush-seller PIETRO FACCINI, whom she had knocked down on the road. NOW READ ON.

Continued overleaf

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drawers and cupboards and assembling the result of his search on the kitchen table. He greeted Miss Cornhill desperately.

"Here is nothing," he said. "I tell myself that I shall make a good dinner for everybody, and where is the things to prepare? Look."

Miss Cornhill looked. On the table were three tins of baked beans, three tins of sardines, two loaves of bread, a packet of butter and a dozen eggs: Jeff's response to Lucille's request to him to lay in a few provisions for her.

"I plan a little thing — my little specialty," went on Pietro. "Terraine of duck — but where shall I get everything? I need so little, but it is not here; how I do it, I shall tell you. A duck — large, of course: the feet of a calf and some pork and one or two things more — some red wine, some brandy, thyme, onions, garlic, shallots —"

"You could put the beans on toast," suggested Miss Cornhill.

"Beans on —! But who will eat that?" Pietro shuddered. "If there is no duck, give me chicken," he besought. "Two chickens and I will make my Poulet à la Madame Pompadour; this perhaps will be better for the children."

"Or you could see," said Miss Cornhill, who had given the matter further thought, "if there were any potatoes in the garden and boil them and mash them up with the sardines."

"Sardines smashed with —! But not! How shall we eat that? You see me here," declared Pietro passionately, "ready to cook. For my little Miss Julia, a gâteau — yes!"

"We weren't expected and there's nothing to eat."

"But this — ah, yes!" Pietro's smile broke out like sunshine. "This young man, this Jeff, he will have to get food. I will find him."

## "THE LARK SHALL SING," by Elizabeth Cadell

Jeff was not easy to locate, but Pietro's professional instincts had been roused and he persisted in his search; going from room to room he knocked politely and thrust his head in with a query, "Meester Jeff is here?" He found him at last in the dining-room, sitting upon a window seat at the far end.

"Meester Jeff! Here I find you! You are here in the eating-room, but as yet there is nothing for anybody to eat. I must have — oh!" Pietro became aware that Jeff was not alone; beside him, half-hidden by the curtains, sat Rose, and Pietro's teeth flashed in an understanding smile. "Ah, so you are not alone! This is the sister of Miss Julia, no? This is Miss Rose. She is an old friend from childhood, no?"

"Yes," said Jeff. "Everybody in this family," declared Pietro with passionate sincerity, "is so beautiful! This young lady — like an angel!"

Jeff said politely, "Did you want something?"

"I have disturbed you — you are not pleased," said Pietro remorsefully. "Miss Rose has come home to you again and it is plain to see that you are so happy, and now I have come in to spoil your solitude. But it is not my fault. There is a lady in the kitchen — she is perhaps the duenna, 'ow we shall say, of Miss Rose?"

"She . . . no," faltered Rose. "She's just . . . she has been very kind. She —"

"She is a good woman," allowed Pietro, "but there is one thing I have to say: she know nothing, but nothing, nothing, nothing about food, about cooking, about — ah!"

He threw his arms wide in despair. "If you will only go, Mr. Jeff, I will write everything that is necessary. I will —"

"The shops will be closed," said Jeff.

"Then you must borrow some things," said Pietro positively. "From somewhere you must borrow them. If you beg your friends, they will give you what you need. There are just some little things: a duck or some chickens; ham, pork, veal — come with me, come and I shall write it on a little piece of paper to remember. Wine, brandy, peaches for the gâteau for Miss Julia."

Jeff returned with more sardines and more beans; Nicholas had dug potatoes from the garden; Mrs. Milward sent butter and bacon and more eggs. With these, Pietro had to be content; he set to work with spirits only momentarily dashed, and planned to raise the standard of living as soon as he could get a word with Lucille. Robert, whose object was, for the moment, to avoid Lucille, appointed himself Pietro's assistant, with the idea of keeping out of her way.

Jeff, returning with the food, had brought an invitation from his mother of accommodation for two people. No two people seemed disposed to come forward to accept the invitation, and although Lucille dropped what she felt was a strong hint to Robert, she found him apparently oblivious; he was either stupid, she thought, or a too-famous film and stage star to understand that this was not one of his fan clubs. But he had been good to Simon, and she could not appear ungrateful.

She was, indeed, still in a dazed condition; she was beginning to gather, out of the confusion, some idea of the upheaval her letters — her short, swiftly written, carelessly posted letters — had caused. Nicholas, watching her with a wary eye, said nothing, but Robert saw that he was preparing himself for the struggle that was to come.

But Lucille was only too glad, tonight, to postpone hostilities. She had spent the afternoon completing, with Jeff, the formalities necessary to the sale of the house; throughout their interview, he had shown clearly that he considered she was acting unwisely, but the criticism was wordless and she had ignored it. She was not doing this, she told herself hardily, because she wanted to, but because she believed it to be for the best — for all of them.

This unlooked-for development, this shattering, unexpected response to her letter, brought back all her doubts and uncertainties. But nothing could come of it, she decided, except a disagreeable interlude of argument and protest. None of them would have any feasible proposition to put forward; they wanted to keep the house, but they could not provide the money with which to do it. She dreaded the morning, when Nicholas would — she could see — present the case.

But the morning was the morning; let it wait. In the meantime, there was supper, and as she looked round the table, she came to the conclusion that she was dreaming. They were not really here; it was something she had built up in her mind, the result of worrying too much over the house.

But they looked real enough: Miss Cornhill, dignified in spite of torn seams; Robert Debreit, calm and — she

couldn't help thinking — completely at home; Pietro, dancing in and out of the dining-room bearing dishes which — from his reverent handling of them — might have contained caviare, but which turned out to be full of baked beans.

The telephone shrilled as they went into the hall, and Lucille went over to answer it. Some instinct drew Simon to her side; the others waited where they stood, frankly listening. Lucille, looking them over, saw that there was a quite unmistakably eye-of-battle look about them; nobody knew, as yet, who was on which side, but everybody — even the prim Miss Cornhill — showed clearly that a telephone call was now a matter of general and not merely family interest.

"Greenhurst two-four," said Lucille. "Yes . . . yes, Aunt Mary . . . yes, they are." A faint flush crept into her cheeks. "I was going to ring you up as soon as . . . Yes, they . . . I beg your pardon? . . . Yes . . . Yes, I see . . . Well, that, of course, is entirely up to you." The flush deepened; the tone, from one of warmth and reassurance, had grown formal and chill. "Yes, certainly; you must do as you please. Yes . . . Good-bye."

LUCILLE put down the receiver, her brows drawn in anger.

"Was that —?" Simon looked up at her. "I suppose that was Aunt Mary?"

"It was," said Lucille.

"Did she . . . I mean, did she sound . . . cross?"

"Not at all," said Lucille calmly. "She sounded relieved."

"What for, relieved?" asked Dominic, puzzled.

"Because you're not going to live with her any more," said Lucille.

"You mean we can't go back there?" shrilled Dominic.

"Can we, Lucille?" asked Simon.

"You can not."

"Oh." An expression of deep relief came into Simon's face. "Oh . . . jolly good!"

"Oh, jolly good, jolly good, jolly hopping good," chanted Dominic. "Now that beastly baby can howl all day if it wants to, and I shan't have to talk to it and make it go to sleep. I'm jolly glad, and I bet Simon is, too."

Simon, glancing at Lucille's face, decided that this was not the moment in which to express his satisfaction. He moved closer to Rose and she took his hand and squeezed it affectionately. Lucille's eyes rested on them, and she addressed Rose.

"What happened to your job?" she asked.

"I gave notice," said Rose.

"But I don't understand," said Lucille, "why you —"

She paused. The telephone bell had shrilled again. This time she made no attempt to answer it. Nicholas lifted the receiver.

"Yes? Speaking, yes . . . Yes, Sister, she's here. Yes, I . . . But I can assure you that . . . You see, I . . . Yes, Sister . . . Yes, Sister . . . Yes, Sister . . . Yes, Sister."

He replaced the receiver, his face expressionless. Julia crept to his side.

"Wasn't that —?" She stopped. "Yes, Sister," said Nicholas. "You're expelled."

"I'm . . . what am I?"

"You're expelled," repeated Nicholas. "You're sacked."

"You're out — for good."

Julia stood rigid for a few moments and then gave vent to a curious, low moan. Her wild

glance round the room showed that the four walls were insufficient to contain her emotions. The others were at the front door on their way out to the greater freedom of the garden, and with a wild shriek she rushed to join them. There was a swooping movement of her red head; it vanished, and in its place appeared two skinny legs which wavered in the air and then steadied and remained stiff as Julia joined the procession and walked out — on her hands.

The door closed on a vision of deplorable bloomers. Lucille, without speaking, walked into the drawing-room and after a moment Robert came to the door and stood watching her. She picked up a cigarette box and held it out. Not until their cigarettes were lighted did he break the silence. Then Robert looked at her.

"Well," he said. "You seem to have run into some complications, don't you?"

"They are nice, no?" confided Pietro to Robert later as they washed the dishes together.

"Very nice."

"Those children — so sweet."

"Yes."

"I feel one with them — here," said Pietro, the handle of a wooden spoon indicating his heart. "I am lonely for my brothers and sisters all the time. The big family, how good it is."

"I daresay," said Robert. Lucille was upstairs gathering more news items as she put the children to bed.

"But, Simon, didn't you say anything to them?"

"I left a letter for Aunt Mary. I said we were here and not to worry about us. I left it in the kitchen and I put a milk bottle on it so's it wouldn't blow away."

"But . . . you could have written to me!"

"No, we couldn't. We wanted to see you, and . . . and so we came, Lucille —"

"In the morning, Simon," she said hastily, at the new note in his voice.

She found Julia entirely unmoved at the thought of Belinda's feelings, or her parents' anxiety, or Mr. Penley's loss. The only one who was causing her anxiety was Signor Faccini.

"He must have hurt himself when I thudded into him, Lucille, but he didn't say a word. But his brushes are spoiled, and we'll have to buy him some new ones, won't we?"

"Yes. But Julia —"

"I know you think I came because of my books, Lucille, but I didn't — not really. It was Long John."

"Long John?"

"I know he's Simon's, but I knew Simon wouldn't say anything, and just go on feeling bad about him. You said a year, you told us all it would only be a year —"

"I said we'd try it for a year, Julia. You can't always do what you want to do in this world. You have to —"

"Even if we could understand, Long John wouldn't. Dogs don't forget — Mr. Hewett said so. He said Long John would remember. And there was the tree-house — how could anybody move a tree-house?"

"We'll talk about it in the morning, Julia. Not now."

It was hardest of all to understand Rose.

"You mean . . . you can't mean that you never liked it? You were so madly keen to go, Rose. You wanted to live there and work there."

"But I didn't know what it would be like in London. I'd only been on visits before. I didn't know what it would be like all the year round, just sit-

ting in that awful office and in that awful room and —"

"But you could have written to me long ago. It didn't have to be London, if you wanted a job and independence; it could have been somewhere near me in Cornwall."

"It was being away from home. How can you know, until you go away, what it'll be like without a home? Besides, I didn't know you'd meet someone and —"

"He's very nice, Rose; he's kind and he knows all about you all and he's longing to meet you. My home will be your home, too."

No answer. And no spark of enthusiasm, Lucille noted. This was all going to be more than she could cope with. A dull feeling of depression settled on her.

Her thanks to Miss Cornhill were cut politely, but firmly, short. Miss Cornhill was, in fact, far too busy to listen; there was work to be done and she was secretly amazed at the pleasure she was finding in doing it. Something within her that had been struggling for release had now welled up, and she knew that her two years of retirement had been rather dull ones. She was back at work — familiar work, congenial work; she was extraordinarily happy.

Lucille left her and went to seek out Pietro. Her speech of thanks to him was interrupted while he took over and gave her a flowery and picturesque but distressingly detailed description of the state in which he had found Julia.

Robert Debreit, after their brief encounter in the drawing-room, was proving difficult to get hold of; if there were any reason for avoiding her, Lucille would have thought that he was doing so.

She found him at last in the kitchen, putting away the dishes; there was no sign of Pietro. This time her thanks were neither cut short nor snatched from her and returned with flowers; Robert merely listened attentively until she came to a somewhat faltering end.

"You mustn't thank me," he said at last. "I enjoyed it very much."

She looked at him. He was acting, she knew, but why would he act now, unless it were from force of habit.

"You can't have enjoyed having your car wrecked," she said with a flash of irritation. "I went out to look at it. It's a Rolls, and it's lying in a ditch."

He gave her what, with rising anger, she felt the film director would call a hooded glance.

"Your brothers," he told her quietly, "are charming. And very plucky."

She caught herself up on the point of asking him why they were plucky; his manner seemed to indicate that they were plucky to come home and face her. A sense of injustice rose in her and she saw for the first time what Mr. Milward had so often seen — the too-swift rise of her temper.

"They ran away," she said. "What's plucky about that?"

"Your letter was a challenge. They rose to it — beautifully."

"I think you've rushed to one or two unfortunate conclusions, Mr. Debreit," she said. "The question of our selling or not selling the house isn't a new one; we've been over it many times before."

"I hope you'll go over it again."

"And I hope you won't look for too much drama in a quite straightforward situation. This thing has many sides and you've only seen one of them."

He turned to study her — a long, speculative look — and she felt her anger increasing. He saw her — of course he would, after spending those hours with Simon and Dominic — he saw her as the hard, selfish eldest



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sister throwing the home to the dogs and going off to find happiness for herself.

A longing to push his head under the cold tap before which they were standing filled her and showed clearly on her face. Robert watched her, and smiled happily to himself. This was going to be livelier than he had anticipated.

She opened her mouth to speak, and he waited with keen interest, but the door had opened, and Miss Cornhill had come into the room.

"I wonder," she asked Lucille, "if you could tell me whether there are any hot-water bottles in the house? I think the children would go to sleep more quickly tonight, after all this excitement, if they had one each. If you could—"

She stopped abruptly, her face paling. "What is that noise?" she asked.

"It's all right," said Lucille. "That's only my brother Nicholas giving off a trumpet solo." "Ah," said Miss Cornhill. "Virtuoso," commented Robert. "He's quite a—but what's that?"

"I think," said Lucille slowly at last, "that it must be Pietro singing."

"Suffering tomcats," murmured Robert, whether as an ejaculation or a comparison was not clear. "I'll go up and choke him."

"Hello," said Nicholas, as he went in. "Too much row here?"

"Yes. I thought Pietro was with you."

"He was—until he joined in. Now he's in the garden looking for—I think—rare herbs."

"I've rung up the breakdown gang," said Robert, sitting on the bed. "They'll be out tonight. Is your motor-bike a total loss?"

"The bike's all right, and I never wanted a sidecar anyway. I bet Miss Cornstock never took a ride like that before. I did tell you I was sorry about your car, didn't I?"

"Yes, several times. Between you and me, nothing could have turned out more fortuitously."

"Nice word; what's it mean?"

"It means that I'm glad I'm here."

"You won't be in the morning. There's going to be a large-scale attack against Lucille, and you can see, now that you've met her, that we'll only be five to one—which isn't enough. You taking sides?"

"Yes."

Nicholas whistled.

"No—really? Hers or ours?"

"Mine and mine only. Your sister and I had a brief interview a moment ago and I came out of it with less than full marks. The look on her face as I left her said clearly, 'This man must go—and this man is bent on staying.'"

"You must have it wrong," said Nicholas after consideration. "You're the boy the girls all pant after. We're not what you'd call theatrically minded, as a family, but even Lucille must have heard of you, and what girl would tell her friends she only had you in the house for a short while? You must have read the signs wrong."

"I never read signs wrong," said Robert calmly.

"Well, for myself, I'd be glad to have you around when the storm breaks," said Nicholas frankly. "You give me confidence somehow, I don't know why. The Cornfield's no use; I've upset her life and ruined her travelling suit, and I dare say she'll hold it against me. The Italiano's less than useless; if he's present at all—which we'll try to prevent—he'll make long speeches about how beautiful Julia is going to be in a few years. But you—you're a sensible age and you've got a sensible look and

## "THE LARK SHALL SING," by Elizabeth Cadell

the two boys like you. You could stand behind me and prop me up every time I look like sagging."

There was silence; as it lengthened, some of the brightness went out of Nicholas' face.

"What's the matter?" he asked at last. "Don't you feel we've got a case?"

Robert propped a pillow behind his back.

"You've got a good case," he said thoughtfully, "but as I see it, you're going into court a bit unprepared. All the emotional—the sentimental factors are in your favor, but your sister is basing her arguments on solid facts. I hate to seem to butt in on your—"

"Skip it. Go ahead and help me."

"As I see it, you can't keep the house because you haven't the money to run it."

"At the moment we haven't; agreed. But I've only just come out of the Army! I didn't buy the bike for pleasure—there was a strictly practical idea behind it. I had an idea that if I could get a job in Greenhurst, I could drive myself to and fro every day—there's no bus service. If I get a job, if Rose runs the house, that's something, isn't it?"

"Your sister's going to be married, and—"

"Well, let her. Let her go to this Digby character and marry him and raise little Digbys; nobody's stopping her. All we're asking is for time, that's all; time to organise. She's worked so fast that there were people coming to look at the house tomorrow."

"Pietro's coming back," said Robert, sitting upright and glancing out of the window. "Look, Nicholas, don't worry too much—we'll work out something. If there's a fight—which I hope there won't be—I'll come in on your side."

"Thanks. The real fighter," said Nicholas moodily, picking up his trumpet once more, "is young Julia. If Julia were older, she could handle Lucille. I could handle Lucille if she were a man instead of a girl."

Robert said nothing. He could, he thought, handle Lucille—in spite of being a man.

Lucille slept little that night, but before she slept she had come to a decision: she would telephone to Jeff in the morning and ask him to come out and drive her in to see his father some time during the morning.

With the thought of seeing Mr. Milward and hearing his slow, sensible sentences, she felt better; she felt able to face the coming struggle with Nicholas with all her usual coolness.

Nicholas rose late and went into the kitchen to watch Pietro cooking him a hearty breakfast. There was no sign of any of the others; Dominic and Julia could be heard up in the tree-house; Simon had vanished after breakfast; Robert Debreth was somewhere in the garden and Rose was tidying rooms with Miss Cornhill.

After disposing of a substantial breakfast, Nicholas sought Lucille out and found her in the bathroom washing the less bulky of the garments Julia had come home in. He came in, kicked the door shut, and sat on the edge of the bathtub.

"Well, what about it, Lu?"

"If you mean the house," she said, without pausing in her work, "I'll talk about it later. Jeff's calling for me soon and taking me in to see Uncle Bill."

"This is nothing to do with Jeff or Uncle Bill," pointed out Nicholas. "This is purely our affair. Look, I've got a propo-

sition: let me take over the house."

She turned from the basin, dripping hands idle, to stare at him. "I don't understand."

"It's very simple. You're getting married—incidentally, congratulations, and I hope you'll be very happy, and I think he's a lucky guy if he doesn't knuckle under. Well, as I say, you're marrying him; he's been very kind and said we can look in on you at any time, but we want to be here, in our own home, Lu, and not in yours. We—"

"I've—"

"Hold it; one at a time, and you don't know what I'm going to say yet. I propose that you go ahead with your life and let me take on this house and the kids."

"And support them on what?"

"I can get a job in Greenhurst."

"A third-rate, run-of-the-mill, small-man job in a—"

"Small town; yes, that's why I want to start there. We're known here in Greenhurst, Lu."



"Suppose you're whispering to Miss LeMaire about how expensive it is to send our three daughters—all her age—through college..."

In any other place I'd be just another ex-Army man looking for a job; here in Greenhurst I'm Mr. Wayne of Wood Mount. Not much, certainly—outside Greenhurst—but in Greenhurst quite a pull. And as to third-rate—Jeff hasn't done so badly, sticking down here with his father."

"No, don't say anything yet. That's me settled and bringing in a bit. Now, Rose, I know it's only a reaction after London, but she's burning to cook and wash and work in the house, and so instead of wasting this power, I propose to harness it; I want her to run the house for us—and a couple of P.G.s. Paying Guests. Lodgers. Boarders."

"You think Rose can tackle a—"

"Half a mo; boarders. People—some people—would be jolly glad to live out here in the nice open country and go into Greenhurst every day. The bank manager—the new one; he's a widower and he'd probably jump at it. Uncle Bill knows everybody and he'd even put a notice up in his office if we wanted him to. No—I haven't done yet. Schools. Julia's no problem—she can go as a day girl to Greenhurst. She'll enjoy tooling back and forth on a bicycle—and coming home every day."

"The boys are more difficult, but I thought I'd pop out to see my old headmaster and talk to him. I'll crawl in on my knees and spill the whole story and see if he can't let 'em in on the, as it were, instalment plan—I pay so much now and more as and when I can afford it. If you help me a bit there it would be useful, but I don't

know how this Digby fellow of yours is placed financially. He's supporting his mother, isn't he?"

Lucille hesitated.

"No—not exactly. He lives with her—I mean, they're in the house they lived in before his father died."

"But he has to fork out a bit towards her upkeep, I suppose?"

"No. She's got money of her own."

"Well, that helps; I mean, it might leave you with a bit, and if you sent it along—when you could afford it—you wouldn't proudly spurn it. So there you are; now I've put it to you. I know you don't think I'm up to carrying the weight, but I'm certain I am, and I'm certain it'll work out. Now you can talk."

Lucille did not seem disposed to talk; she was rubbing the clothes once more, but the energy had gone out of her movements.

She said slowly, "I'll leave it till I've seen Uncle Bill."

"Why? How can he decide for you?"

"He can assess your chances of making a go of it better than I can—perhaps better than you can."

"He'll be on my side."

"Why this talk of sides?" Lucille's voice rose. "This isn't a war—this is a family problem, that's all. And I'm beginning to resent the way I'm represented as the bullying head of a bunch of cowering orphans. It's a false picture and you know it."

"I don't know it—yet. Your letter wasn't a proposition, you know; it was a plain statement of fact: we're selling."

"Not from choice—you knew that quite well."

"Not after discussion—I knew that quite well, too. I don't altogether blame you; two years ago, I wasn't much use to you and neither was Rose. But you shouldn't have assumed that we wouldn't want a say in things now."

"Rose couldn't get out of this house fast enough a year ago. Who's to say that in another year she won't have changed her mind again?"

"A year from now," said Nicholas, "she'll be married to Jeff."

She looked at him scornfully. "No, she won't. She had her chance and she didn't take it. For the past four months Jeff's been going about with the Arkwright girl. Miriam Arkwright. His mother told me."

"Well, I'm sorry for Miriam, that's all. She's got a big disappointment coming. But with Lord Templeby for a father, she should catch a husband without much trouble. My bet is that after a decent interval to soothe his pride—and to give Rose a fright—Jeff will come at her again and then we'll sling the boarders out and he and she can marry and settle down here. You've done your whack for this family. You don't have to go on carrying us all. What's this Digby chap like?"

"He's—"

Lucille frowned. It was difficult not to remember that on her first meeting with him she had been singularly unimpressed. "He's tall; wears glasses, but they suit him; he's got a long, rather clever face. He's kind and—and patient."

"If his mother's got money, why this arrangement of her living with you when you're married?"

"Well, it seemed pointless for her to move out just because Digby was marrying me. There's lots of room—for her and for you all."

Nicholas thought the picture remarkably unattractive, but he

said nothing. One thing at a time. He opened the door.

"I'll go into town and see Uncle Bill myself," he said. "And do a bit of scouting round."

"One moment," Lucille closed the door cautiously. "When are all these strays leaving?"

"What—Corny and the chef and Robert? What's the hurry? We owe them something."

"They can't settle down here for ever. If you don't want that suit you lent Pietro you could donate it to him, couldn't you, and let him go on his way?"

"Then you would have to do the cooking, or Rose would. Why not leave well alone? He's happy in the kitchen and Corny's going round the house in a fever, tidying as she goes."

"Well, Robert Debreth isn't cooking and he isn't tidying; you can get rid of him."

"Ah," Nicholas looked at her frowning brows. "Has he said something?"

"He hasn't said anything. I imagine he thinks he doesn't have to; just being around is enough to enchant people—he thinks."

"Oh, look, Lu, you've got him all wrong. He's all right."

"He's staying here solely in order to see what we're going to do—and I won't have it. It's nothing whatsoever to do with him."

"It was my fault that he had to ditch his car."

"It isn't in the ditch now and it isn't hurt—I went out and looked. Besides, he earns fabulous sums—if he wants to hang around he can go into Greenhurst and get a room at The George."

"But I like him."

"And I don't."

"All right then, you tell him to go."

She made no reply, and after a glance at her angry face Nicholas went out and, grinning in the safety of the landing, ran downstairs and met Robert in the hall. Taking him by the arm he led him out into the garden.

"When do you want to go off?" he inquired in a low voice.

Robert looked at him.

"I don't want to," he said. "Not yet, anyhow. But if I'm in the way—"

"We're all for keeping you as long as you can stay. All but one of us, that is."

"Ah," said Robert. "I'd already gathered that."

"I know. You said so, and you were right. Some people make it so plain, don't they? You know how you stand with them, at all events. But my advice is to treat a certain person with consummate tact. If you don't give people the opportunity, then they can't, so to speak, serve notice on you, if you follow me."

"If she really feels I'm—"

Nicholas looked pained.

"If you're going to take that gentlemanly attitude, then I'm

Continued overleaf

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wasting my time. I didn't tell her so just now, but I have an idea we're stuck with Pietro permanently. He likes us and keeps saying so. Miss Cornhill will depart in due course, but while she's here, you hang on. We like having you round."

"Thank you."

"Not at all. Want a lift into town?"

"Pillion?"

"Naturally. I can't take you in the sidecar unless I tow you."

"I'll stay at home, thanks."

"As you like. Oh—there's one other thing."

"Well?"

"Would you do me a little favor?"

"Yes."

Nicholas grinned appreciatively at the promptness of the reply.

"Well, when Jeff turns up this morning to take Lucille into town," he said, "could you pretend you've got an urgent date with the fellows who're doing your car?"

"Yes. But why?"

"It's only a two-seater, and you could offer to drive Lucille in and bring the car back for Jeff."

"But that leaves Jeff marooned out here."

"Quite right. But you'll find he won't waste his time. Or I hope he won't."

There was a pause while Robert examined all the aspects of this plan. The more he looked into it the more highly did he rate Nicholas' intelligence.

An hour later he was seated in Jeff's car with Lucille beside him, driving towards Greenhurst.

They said little at first. Lucille leaned back, glad to be for a little while out of the house; she was feeling tired and confused. This time yesterday she had arrived in Greenhurst with a cut-and-dried plan; today she was

## "THE LARK SHALL SING," by Elizabeth Cadell

leaving a house into which all her brothers and sisters had flocked, bringing strangers with them—and she was driving into town with Robert Debbett, the screen's most sought-after bachelor, feeling nothing but irritation at the certainty that he meant to stay and see the affair out to the end.

Well, he wouldn't have that satisfaction. This going in to see his car was a good sign; perhaps she was misjudging him, she thought; perhaps she was overrating his interests in their problem. It was not likely, after all, that a—what was the term? — a popular idol would be able to immerse himself in a country house and stay there indefinitely, without causing chaos among his adorers.

"Worried?" inquired Robert.

"In a way," she admitted.

"You're lucky to have a nice family like this. I was an only child, and I missed a lot of fun."

"You have quite a lot of fun now, judging from the newspapers."

Her tone was cool, and he found the coolness bracing. This was, he knew, no deliberate withdrawal to make him believe, as some women tried to make him believe, that the glamor of his person and position was having no effect upon them. This girl really wanted him out of the way; she suspected his motives and refused to have him, a stranger, prying into her private affairs. She was right, and he was acting reprehensibly in not removing himself at once, but he realised that he wanted, more and more, to stay.

He wanted to talk to Lucille,

but he remembered Nicholas' advice and said as little as possible. She was waiting for an opportunity to trap him into saying he would go; the least said the better.

Lucille got out at Mr. Milward's office and Robert drove away to the garage.

Mr. Milward settled her in a chair by the window and heard her out. His advice this time was unexpected.

"You must send for your fiancé," he said simply.

Lucille stared at him. "What for?"

"You came here to leave the sale of the house in our hands; this return of your brothers and sisters is a complication which is bound to delay you, and your fiancé must be advised."

"What can he do?"

"This concerns him as well as yourself, Lucille. If you care to telephone from here, perhaps you can get him in his office; you can explain what has happened, and if you don't care to ask him to come, you could leave it to him to decide whether he will do so or not. But you cannot settle this out of hand."

"Nicholas says I can; he says it's nothing to do with anybody else."

"Your decision will be your own, but your fiancé has the right to know what is going on."

"Uncle Bill, is Nicholas' plan . . . ?"

"It has a great deal to recommend it."

"But it sounds . . . crazy! How can I just walk out and leave him and Rose to . . . to run the place?"

He looked at her in silence for some moments.

"You must learn," he said quietly at last, "that you're not in charge of them any more, Lucille. You — One moment!" He held up a hand and waited for silence. "You have been splendid all these years; splendid. You looked after your father and you nursed your mother; more, you took the household on your shoulders for all those years and bore the weight of it. But things have changed now; Nicholas is a man and you can — your must — pass the burden over to him. If you don't you will be doing him a great wrong."

"But . . . but he hasn't the faintest idea of what running a house entails! He —"

"He'll learn."

"And money — where will —"

MR. MILWARD smiled gently.

"He will get a good job here in Greenhurst and he's extremely sensible to realise it. In fact, I think his whole scheme is full of sound sense. He is known and liked; and trusted. This is a progressive little town and he will do better here — for the present, at any rate — than in a place in which he is unknown. I myself will arrange Julia's entry into the school here and — as Nicholas guessed — I will be able to find suitable paying guests for Wood Mount. You mustn't feel that you're leaving them all entirely without friends, you know. You can go away and live a happy life with your husband."

He stopped and there was a long silence. Lucille was staring at him and he saw that there was a strange look on her

face. Then, to his astonishment, he saw tears spring to her eyes.

"My dear," he said gently, "you're not to worry about them."

"I'm not w-worrying," sobbed Lucille. "I-I'm just thinking."

"Of the future?"

"N-no." It was a desolate sound. "But everybody, all of you, all you say is Go. Nicholas told me to g-get out — oh, not in so many wo-words, but that's what it amounted to. And now you've just said the same thing. Go away. Go and get married. Go away and leave Wood Mount and all of them in it — leave your home, leave your family, and go on down to C-Cornwall and stay there. I kept the home together — you know I did. You just said so. And now you say that all I've got to do is . . . is walk out and leave it and—"

"It's hard," he said, "but it's life. Besides, Lucille, you're going to a home of your own. Soon you'll have your own children, your own family."

It sounded weak; it was weak, thought Mr. Milward. She wasn't going to a home of her own; she was merely joining her husband and his mother. He wondered, with a recurrence of misgiving, what sort of man this Digby Russell was, and then he realised that he must find out.

Lucille must telephone.

He waited outside while she put the call through; when she joined him he thought she was looking better.

"He's coming," she said.

"When?"

"At once."

"Good," he murmured, and walked to the door with her.

"By the way, where's Jeff?"

"He stayed at the house. Mr. Debbett drove me in; he had to come to see about his car. I hope he finds they've got it ready for him."

"You mustn't let him escape without your Aunt Maggie getting a glimpse of him, you know; she's very much excited. She surprised me very much; I didn't think she knew so much about these famous personalities. I suppose he'd be too grand to come and have a little dinner with us before he goes?"

"Why too grand? Who are these film stars, anyway?"

"Well, busy people," pointed out Mr. Milward mildly. "If you can persuade him to look in, it would give your aunt pleasure. I must say that for myself, I'm a little out of touch, but Jeff says he's handsome."

"He's got a straight nose and a good opinion of himself—and here he comes."

The car stopped and Robert got out. It took him, Lucille noted, exactly twelve seconds to find out that golf was the passion of the old man's life, and slip into the role of the keen but average-handicap golfer. She stood by while they discussed clubs and scores and tees; she saw Mr. Milward standing on the pavement in the sunshine, look up at the tall, handsome actor with his mild blue eyes glistening with pleasure.

"I was just saying to Lucille that if you could find time before leaving us . . . my wife . . . a little dinner . . ."

Nothing would delight Robert more. Tomorrow, if his car was not ready — and it didn't look like being ready — Jeff would go and fetch the four of them in the big car: Robert and Lucille, Nicholas and Rose. Splendid, splendid . . . my wife . . . yes, yes, charming.

They drove away; Lucille had no comment to make. She

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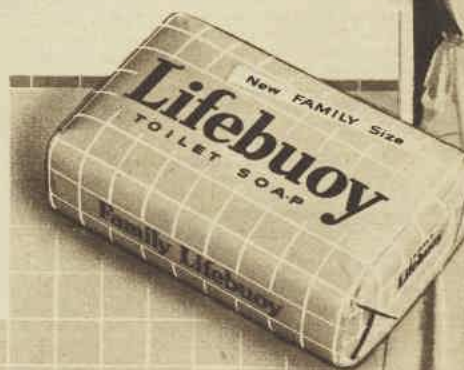
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had seen Uncle Bill—steady, solemn, slow old Uncle Bill—charmed as a snake was charmed. Five minutes' chat on the pavement, and he couldn't get back into the office quick enough to telephone the good news to his wife. Potent, that was the word. It was like a tablet; if you swallowed it, it worked instantaneously.

Well, Nicholas could do almost the same damage without any star backing. Some people did it for nothing, and some people commercialised it and netted a packet—that was all. "How long will the car be?" she inquired.

"They couldn't tell me. No serious damage."

"Good. Doesn't your . . . your studio get agitated when you vanish like this?"

"They might if I were in the middle of a film. At the moment I'm in the middle of a holiday."

There was silence, but she felt that she had made her point. When they reached the house she drove it home ruthlessly.

"Thank you for taking me in," she said. "I always feel better when I've talked to Uncle Bill. He made me telephone my fiancé."

"Oh, yes?" Robert got out and opened the door for her.

"Perhaps I ought to have thought of it last night, but I was too bewildered. He's coming here."

"Really? When?"

"He should be here," said Lucille, "at any moment."

Dominic left the breakfast table and went straight out of the house, across the lawn, through the paddock, and so to the home of his spirit. Up and up, to revisit his tree-house, to examine, to assess what the past year had done in the way of damage.

When he came down he found Jeff coming out on to the lawn, and with a frown of anger made his report.

"Somebody went up to my tree-house," he informed him.

Jeff looked down at his accusing countenance and arranged his features in the proper expression of concern.

"Well, now," he said. "You can rule me out; I haven't had time to go climbing up trees. And my father's too old to get up there."

"Then who?"

"Not the tenants; definitely not the tenants. They were rather big, both of them." Jeff pursed his lips and pondered. "Now you come to mention it, though, I do remember a boy who—"

"I knew all the time!" Dominic gritted his teeth. "I bet it was that Derek Arkwright. I bet it was. I told him if he ever went up there I'd kick him. I'll go and do it right now."

"Oh, but wait now! Suppose it wasn't Derek Arkwright?"

Dominic was already setting off in the direction of the Templeby Mansion. His lips were set firmly, and it was clear that he was going to kick Derek Arkwright as soon as he could get near enough. There was a slim chance that he hadn't been up the tree, but a good kick would ensure that he didn't go up it in future.

Jeff looked after him with some apprehension, and turned to find Simon beside him, looking extremely anxious.

"Hello," said Simon. "Have you seen Dominic anywhere?"

"Dominic? Yes—I think he's gone off to look for Derek Arkwright, but I don't think he'll find him, Simon. Derek will be at school. The term hasn't ended yet."

"I thought he'd be at school, too," said Simon, looking more harassed than ever, "but I asked the baker when he came this morning, and he says he isn't at school; he's been at home having chicken pox. I'll go after Dominic . . ."

He walked almost up to the

## "THE LARK SHALL SING," by Elizabeth Cadell

ground of the Templeby's imposing estate, but search as he might he saw no sign of Dominic. He turned back at last, and for the first part of the return journey he kept to the paths by which he had come.

At the first cross-road, however, he hesitated; his footsteps slowed, dragged, and finally stopped altogether, and his eyes went to a distant point and remained fixed there.

The struggle was not a long one, but it was a sharp and exhausting one, and at the end of it he decided that it could do no harm to skirt Mr. Hewett's land. Just skirt it. Just walk along the footpath and see—what he could see. He went on his way, his heart beating fast . . .

Another heart was beating fast, Jeff, listening to its thudding, wondering why Rose, beside him, could not hear it too. But she appeared to notice nothing—her head was bent.

They had been walking for some time. The beech tree was not the place that Jeff would have chosen to walk round—it stood in the very middle of the lawn, in full view of several windows—but he had given up all hope of getting Rose into a more propitious spot. She was being gentle and sweet, but she seemed to be more than a little absent-minded.

His voice penetrated at last through her meditations, and she turned to him.

"What did you say, Jeff?"

"I said—" Jeff cleared his throat—"I just said that it had seemed a long time. That you were away, I mean."

"It was a year," said Rose.

"Rose?"

"Yes, Jeff?"

"Lucille said you weren't going back to London. She said

you'd given up your job for good. Is that so?"

She was looking at him, and there was a look in her blue eyes that made Jeff's heart rise slowly to its own site once more. She had never looked like this before, never so soft and so sweet and so—Jeff found the term at last—so yielding.

Taking a firmer grasp of Rose's hand, he led her into the shelter of the rhododendrons; here they would be unobserved.

"Rose?"

"Yes, Jeff?"

"I love you, Rose. I love you very much. Do you—could you love me—a little?"

"Yes, Jeff. I could. I mean—I do."

It was undoubtedly the most concise contract ever drawn up, but, enfolded in one another's arms, neither of them had any thought but that of relief.

Miss Cornhill stood at her bedroom window gazing out with unseeing eyes, deep in thought. Twenty-four hours less. This time yesterday she had been minding her own business and leading an orderly and leisured existence. Today

Today she was here.

And she was—the sensation was so extraordinary, so rare, that she had to be quite sure before she put a name to it, labelled it. But facts were facts and she had been taught to face them, pleasant or unpleasant—and this one was very pleasant. She was enjoying herself.

She was still staring out of the window when she heard the car and the voices of Lucille and Robert Debreth. Shortly afterwards there came the splutter of Nicholas' motor-bike. A glance at her watch told her that it was time for lunch.

When they were assembled, there was no sign of Simon.

"He went looking for Dominic," said Jeff.

"He's back; I saw him," said Julia. "I was up in the attic sorting books and I saw him."

"Well, he'll turn up," said Nicholas.

Robert Debreth was at the door and he prepared to shut it. As he did so a movement outside caught his eye and he saw Simon disappearing into the pantry at the end of the corridor.

"I think he's here now," he said.

He went out and Lucille followed him; together they walked along the corridor and as they reached the pantry door Lucille made to pass him, but with a swift movement he put out a hand and stopped her. She looked past him into the room and then stood silent.

Simon was standing by the table in the middle of the room, staring through the window at the empty square of garden outside. Lucille saw that he was panting and, although their entrance had not been accomplished without noise, he was unaware of their presence.

She was about to speak when something in his tense attitude made her pause. He was waiting for something, but what could come through the pantry window? What could—but, of course! This was the window through which Long John had always come. This was the window which had been left open always for the comings and goings of a restless puppy.

The window was closed now, but as they stood, unmoving, there was a sound outside. Something was to be heard, and now it was to be seen. Two enormous paws and a head, a huge, shaggy head and a pair of brown eyes peering out of their obscuring fringe.

There was a second's pause. Lucille looked at Simon and saw that he was unable to move.

Somebody had better move, she decided, before the dog had broken his way through. He was uttering loud, triumphant yelps, and his paws were drumming, scratching, tearing at the windowpanes.

She walked forward and unlatched the window. Before it had opened more than a foot, a hairy body had launched itself past her, over a chair, and on to the waiting boy. There was a thump as the two hit the ground together, and then boy and dog were inextricably mixed up, and the dog's yelps were joined by other, quieter, murmuring sounds as Simon talked in the language that Long John knew so well.

Lucille stood looking down at them for some time. Soon she would have to look up and meet Robert Debreth's eyes and the accusation in them. But when she looked up at last Robert was not looking at her. His gaze was on Simon, and Lucille, after hesitating for a moment, went out of the room and left the three of them together.

If Digby Russell had been twenty-five instead of thirty-five; if Lucille, when telephoning him, had been less anxious to appear calm and in command of the situation; above all, if she had let fall a hint that film-land's most eligible bachelor was a guest in her house, her fiancé would, possibly, have put down the receiver and gone out to his car and driven straight and swiftly to Wood Mount.

His first impulse, indeed, had been to leave at once, but as he gave his attention once more to his work, he began to feel that perhaps the matter was

not so urgent; he could tidy up affairs here in the office, and leave the next day.

He communicated his change of plan to Lucille in a telephone call that evening. She heard him out without comment, and then returned to the drawing-room, where the household was assembled. Nicholas looked up from the hearthrug, on which he was sprawled playing draughts with Julia.

"Who was it?"

"Digby."

Robert, playing Beggar My Neighbor with Dominic, gave no sign of interest beyond putting down two plain cards for a King, instead of three, and then sweeping the trick absently and illegally into his own pile.

"Hey, that was mine!" protested Dominic.

"It was? So it was, and I

owe you one more. Next thing you know, I'll be cheating purposely. Here you are."

Digby was delayed, was he? Good. That meant he could hang on here a bit longer.

Lucille looked round the room. Nothing, she thought, could look more ideally domestic than this gathering. Miss Cornhill, there on a window seat sewing something of Dominic's and looking as though she had been in the family for generations; Pietro drawing a map of Italy for Simon, as they both lay on their stomachs on the floor. The entire group looked placid, pleased and—permanent.

They were—one would have said, looking at them now—a tight little, right little family. Except for that big, handsome deb's dream sitting there doing a children-adore-me act.

It might be an act, she reflected, but the children did like him. Simon's large, serious eyes followed him wherever he went; Dominic had admitted

Continued overleaf

Suddenly she was asleep again!



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## "THE LARK SHALL SING," by Elizabeth Cadell

him to his tree-house. And for a man who seemed to take so little exercise, Robert Debreit had got up the tree with remarkable skill and swiftness. He and Nicholas . . . brothers, no less . . .

She was roused from her thoughts by the extraordinary, the fantastic and at the same time quite real picture of Miss Cornhill shepherding the younger members of the family to bed. Pietro went to the kitchen to concoct the preliminaries of tomorrow's special dish. Robert uncoiled himself from the floor and leaned out of the window to look at the lovely night.

"Stars, millions and millions," he said, without turning. "Nicholas, would you sister trust herself with me out there under them?"

"Surely," said Nicholas. "She's armed against fascinating strangers—she's got this Digby chap, remember?"

"If I don't remember, I feel she'll remind me." Robert turned to look at Lucille. "How about it?" he asked.

They walked through the paddock and along the path beside the fields beyond. The air was cool and clear, and Lucille, with a sudden feeling of enjoyment in the exercise, quickened her step.

"There's a nice walk down to an old mill, and back another way," she told him. "It'll take about an hour, if you want a real walk."

They went at first in silence; then she began to ask him about his work, and found herself learning something about his life. She put aside for the moment all the reservations she had felt about him, and gave herself up wholly to enjoyment of his company.

They stopped at the mill and looked up at the ruined shell silhouetted against the sky.

"We used to swim here," Lucille told him. "It was cold, but it was fun. Nicholas nearly drowned once, fooling about."

"He's a nice fellow," said Robert, "and if it doesn't sound too presumptuous from a comparative stranger, I think his idea of keeping the house is a good one. Are you going to let him do it?"

"I don't suppose letting him will come into it," said Lucille. "It's almost twenty-four hours since I was the head of the family. Now I'm just hovering on the edge of things."

"It must be good to know that things will go on satisfactorily when you've gone away; it must make you feel better."

"Well, it doesn't make me feel better; it just makes me feel lonely. I suppose I've got so used to ordering them about that I don't take kindly to the idea of . . . just stepping out."

"How long have you known your fiancé?" he asked.

"Digby? Seven — eight months."

"He's round about thirty, isn't he?"

"Thirty-five. He doesn't look it; he's the type that doesn't age much. Slim and boyish; in twenty years he'll probably still look slim and boyish and I'll look like his mother."

"Twenty years . . . marriage is a long contract," he mused. "I suppose it doesn't seem long when the Lucilles and the Nicholases and the Roses start appearing. I think it's a good idea, this one of your parents — having a family in two separate halves."

"No, it isn't a good idea. Just when my parents were beginning to relax, they had to go back to the beginning and bring up Simon and the other two. They weren't young enough; they couldn't stand up to it when things like staff and

money became difficult. Were your parents young?"

"My mother was; my father was twenty-four years older than she was, but it worked out very well. As a matter of fact, she died before he did."

"Were you famous before they died?"

"No. I was in a small repertory company doing odd parts and painting scenery in my spare time. It wasn't until I was cast as Bassanio in the 'Merchant' film that I got going."

He talked no more about himself. He went on to speak of Julia and Simon and Dominic; from Dominic they got somehow to Denmark and from there to Europe and travel, and Robert learned the story of the old lady who was to have taken Lucille to the cities of her dreams—and who had remained at home.

The shape of Wood Mount appeared before them, and Lucille sighed a little to herself. It was over, but it had been a pleasant hour from which by some strange way she had derived strength and comfort.

As they reached the house, Rose came down the steps to meet them. It was too dark to see her expression, but her excitement could be felt.



"After dinner he generally relaxes for about ten hours."

"Oh . . . Lucille. We . . . we were looking for you."

"Well, here I am."

"Jeff's inside, talking to Nicholas."

"Well, come on in, then."

"N-no. No, I think I'll stay here—but you go in. Jeff wants to see you."

Robert's laugh came through the darkness.

"Where do you keep the champagne, Lucille?" he asked.

"In the shop. Rose, are you—"

"Of course she is," said Robert. "Rose, can I give you a kiss of pure, quite pure congratulation?"

"Oh, please! Robert, isn't it . . . wonderful?"

"He's a lucky man," Robert put out a hand as Lucille moved toward the steps. "No, don't go," he said. "Let him get Nicholas' blessing and then you can go in and give him yours."

There was no news of Digby the next day; there was no letter in the morning and no telephone call in the evening. Nobody noticed the omission except Lucille — and Robert Debreit — and neither of them commented upon it.

Robert went into Greenhurst during the afternoon and returned in his car. When they were ready to set out to the Milwards' for dinner Robert sat in front beside Nicholas, who wanted to handle a Rolls

and the only time; Lucille and Rose sat behind.

The dinner was in the nature of a celebration; there were toasts to Rose's future, to Lucille's future, even to Robert's future, which seemed, said Mr. Milward with unwonted humor, already reasonably secure. The women helped to dish up, the men helped to wash up, but when they had settled down afterwards in the little drawing-room, the party was interrupted by a telephone call from Julia. A man had come, she said.

"You mean Digby?" said Jeff, who had answered the telephone.

"I don't know. I suppose so. Pietro let him in and he just said he wanted to see Miss Wayne, and Pietro took him into the drawing-room and told Miss Cornhill, and Miss Cornhill came and told me and said she thought I'd better see him, so I came down in my pyjamas to telephone and tell somebody about him."

"But haven't you seen him?"

"I saw him from the bedroom window when he came. I heard his car and I thought it was Robert coming back and I looked out, but it wasn't Robert — it was a taxi and it went away and left a sort of thin man with glasses. If that's

angry as she felt. Digby could at least have telephoned that he was on his way; he could have sent a wire to say that he was coming. To appear at this time of the evening —

It was not, she had to acknowledge, late. Really there was nothing to blame him for, but Lucille, squaring up to the fact with all the honesty of her nature, knew that his coming had put an end to a peaceful, even a magical, interlude. From now on arguments would begin—and whatever happened at the end she herself would be going away from Wood Mount for ever.

And long before that . . . tomorrow, perhaps . . . Robert Debreit would also be going away — for ever. The thought left her with a cold feeling which she thought it unwise to analyse.

They spoke scarcely a word on the way home, but Lucille got out of the car with the curious feeling that a great deal had been said. Robert helped her out and watched her as she went up the steps.

"Good luck," he called softly.

She looked back at him and tried to speak. No words came, however, and she merely raised a hand and then went into the house.

The picture that met her eyes in the drawing-room was not an encouraging one. Digby was sitting on the edge of a chair on one side of the fireplace; in a chair opposite sat Julia, cross-legged, pyjama-clad, with an expression on her face that spoke only too clearly of utter and abysmal boredom. Digby, glassy-eyed, was still doing his best, but his relief, his almost joyous bound from his chair as Lucille appeared, came as near to enthusiasm as she had ever seen him display.

"Ah — Lucille, my dear."

"I think I'll go to bed now," said Julia, rising with a huge yawn. "I was talking to him till you came, Lu."

It was plain that she felt this act merited all Lucille's gratitude. As she went out and closed the door Digby's lips parted in a stifled sigh of relief. If they were all like that —

He had done his best. He had ignored the remarks overheard on the telephone; he had treated her as one should always, he had heard, treat children as though they were grown-up. He had talked of every subject in the world calculated to hold the interest of a ten-year-old and she had sat there looking at him as though he had been something on a slide, unwinking, wondering, and plainly bored.

He took Lucille in his arms and kissed her gently.

"I came as soon as I could," he said. "How is everything?"

"Working out," said Lucille. "Did anybody offer you a drink, Digby?"

"No, I don't want one, thank you. I hope you've room for me; Julia seemed to indicate that the house was full."

"Your room's ready. I'm sorry I wasn't here when you arrived — we were asked to dinner at Uncle Bill's."

"Uncle Bill . . . ah, Mr. Milward," said Digby, pleased to be able to show his grasp of the cast. "I expect I shall be meeting him tomorrow. Has anything at all been settled, Lucille?"

He was certainly a conscientious man, she reflected, looking at him with a gaze that she fought to keep from becoming too keen, too analytic. He had come to discuss this matter, and here he was discussing it.

"Let's leave it till tomorrow, Digby," she said. "I'm rather tired tonight."

"As you like, of course. But as we're alone . . ."

"Now we're alone it's high time we were making love. The words of the currently popular song, the tune of which Nicholas played a dozen times a day, came to Lucille's mind. But that sort of song — like whistling — would not go down well with the Russells. Digby and his mother called themselves musical and went to a great many concerts, but they would not enjoy "Now We're Alone."

"Let's go up and I'll show you where I've put you. It isn't the room I wanted you to have," she said, as they went up the stairs, "but things have been rather confused lately."

"The foreign-looking man who let me in —"

He paused. Pietro had appeared on the landing clad in a pair of Robert's pyjamas and a dressing gown that had once belonged to Lucille's father. He was on his way downstairs to look at the boiler, an invention he was convinced was designed especially to plague him.

"Ah, The lover!" he cried. "I tell Mees Cornhill and she says, 'No, that cannot be' — but I was right, so! Signor, you are a very lucky man, very lucky. You have a beautiful wife; she will have beautiful children. Men will be at her feet; they will adore her. You, too, adore her, no?"

"Well, yes, I do, rather," said Digby, endeavoring to edge past the speaker.

"I will not keep you; she is taking you to your bedroom. Soon —" Pietro gave a leer that made Digby's scalp crawl — "soon it will be the other way about, no? I give you both my salutations; you will be so happy, so happy, so happy!"

At the third repetition Pietro was well on his way downstairs. Digby looked at Lucille and she saw that his face was pale.

"My word!" he murmured. "Very foreign."

"In here," said Lucille, opening a door. "Will you be comfortable?"

"Thank you — yes, of course. This is a beautiful house," he commented. "I can understand why you hesitated before parting with it."

She paused on her way out, looked at him for a moment, and then decided that she would take it up in the morning.

"Good night, Digby."

"Good night, my dear." He came over and kissed her and she put her hands on his shoulders and looked at him earnestly.

"I've got a nice family," she said slowly, "but you might find them difficult to get to know."

"I've got a long time to do it in," he reminded her. "The rest of my life."

"You may need it."

"Who's this Debreit fellow that appears to have rescued Simon? Not the actor, is he?"

"No, she got it right."

"My word, you must have your hands full with them all."

Not the jealous type, Digby, she reflected, shutting the door and going downstairs again. He thought she was going to bed, but she wasn't going to bed yet. For two pins, she thought rebelliously, she would go back to the party. They had all been happy, they had all been enjoying themselves. It was mean to think that Digby had put a damper on everything, but he did have a way of reducing things to a sensible level. She ought to be thankful that he was so level-headed, but . . .

She was in the kitchen when the others returned, sitting at the table with Pietro, and cutting sandwiches for them all. Nicholas looked in and then ushered in Robert and Rose.

"Where's Digby?" he asked in surprise.

"In bed. He was . . ."

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was tired . . . and there was no point in his waiting up."

"None — unless he wanted to meet Rose and me," observed Nicholas dryly. "Food; good. Tuck in, fellows."

Lucille made coffee and they all sat round drinking it. It was past midnight and she ought not to have waited up for their return, but she felt happy — and strangely relieved. Digby had come and perhaps it wasn't going to be such an upheaval after all.

Rose was the first to go upstairs to bed. Pietro was next, but he went only because Nicholas led him to the door and forcibly ejected him; he had got only halfway through his life story, recounted with all the picturesque details that he had left out in previous recitals; there was a great deal more and he would dearly have liked to stay and tell them about it.

"Tomorrow," said Nicholas firmly. "I'll put a marker in page four thousand two hundred and eighty and we'll read on from there. Now go on." He shut the door on him and yawned widely. "Ah-oh! I'm off. You coming, Robert?"

"Not yet. There's more coffee here."

"Well, I'm going. Good night, Robert: good night, Lucille." He went out and Robert

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looked across the table at Lucille.

"Well, what did he say?" he inquired. "Did he have any suggestions?"

"Heaps, but we left them until the morning."

"I'm looking forward to meeting him. He must be an extraordinary man."

She looked at him a little warily.

"Why?"

"Because if I'd come a long way to see you, and found you alone, I wouldn't have gone up to bed . . . alone," he said deliberately.

"I don't suppose you would." Lucille's voice was suddenly cold. "You'd probably have done what you wanted to do, instead of what somebody else wanted you to do."

"Hard words, but no doubt true," he acknowledged. "But he must be the bloodless type."

"He is. He wouldn't make one of those smouldering screen lovers. But he's got some qualities almost as good — decency and kindness, for example. The fact that we weren't in a huddle on the sofa when you came in might seem odd to you, but we don't all have your tech-

nique and experience. And the fact that he can go placidly to bed and leave his future wife alone with you doesn't mean that he's underestimating your charms; it simply means that he—"

"Underestimates yours," put in Robert, and saw her rising to her feet.

"The coffee's behind you," she said, "and if you're still hungry, there's bread and butter there, and the rest of the ham."

"If I promised to keep my mouth shut, would you stay?"

"No, I'm tired. Good-night."

"You're not angry with me, are you?"

"No. I'm tired, I told you."

He was between her and the door; he did not look as though he were deliberately barring her way, but she hesitated for a moment.

He looked at her, but he knew, suddenly, that he could say and do nothing that would help him to an understanding with her. His name and his fame had put a barrier between them—a barrier she had erected to defend herself against any assumptions he might make regarding her susceptibility.

She thought he thought he was irresistible, and it was useless to try to tell her that his work was his work, and his life was whatever, wherever he cared to make it. He was an actor, and he had come into contact, in the course of his career, with scores of beautiful women. They had been co-stars, colleagues; sometimes they had been more. But he was aware that he had never before, outside his professional orbit, met a woman who had disturbed or distracted him for more than a moment.

Until now. He could tell her that, and she would regard it merely as another dip into his actor's box of tricks. If he said that she was beautiful, desirable, if he told her that he loved her, that he wanted to marry her, that he wanted to go upstairs and pull that pale imitation of a man out of bed and throw him out of the window, she would think that he was piqued at her aloofness and anxious to break down her barriers.

There was nothing he could say that she would believe; the more convincing it sounded, the more she would applaud the act.

He moved aside and opened the door for her.

"Good night," he said. "I'll be leaving Wood Mount in the morning, but I would like to thank you for—"

"We have to thank you," she broke in abruptly, and then without another word walked past him and out of the room.

He closed the door behind her, kicked two chairs savagely into place and stood staring down at the table.

He would be leaving Wood Mount, but he wouldn't be going far. He was going as far as The George at Greenhurst and, for the moment, no farther.

This thing was not finished, not by a long way. It was a race now, and there could be no dead-heat in the marriage stakes. There could be only one winner. Only one nose could get past the post.

And, God helping him, it was not going to be the Digby nose.

Breakfast was not a comfortable meal, but Lucille, looking at the assorted elements seated round the table, felt that things might have been a good deal worse.

She and Digby were the first down; the others came in one by one, and Digby, she was forced to acknowledge, tried

his best with each. The fact that he had made little impression on them discouraged her, but she was not greatly surprised. If she herself, in the last few hours, had begun to feel that the members of her family had formed themselves into a complete unit with herself on the outside, how could Digby, a stranger and a newcomer, hope to fix their attention on himself?

Robert Debrett was by far the most comfortable among the grown-ups at the table. He went to the kitchen to superintend Pietro's cooking of his omelet and bore it to his place to eat it. He gave Digby a brief summary of the beauty spots in the neighborhood — none of which he himself had seen — and regretted that he could not stay and drive him round.

This was the first indication the others had had of his imminent departure, and Lucille saw that Digby missed nothing of their blank dismay at the prospect. Robert let the clamor go on for some time before he stilled it with the assurance that he was going to remove himself only as far as The George at Greenhurst.

"Good-oh, good-oh," said Dominic. "Lucille, can't I have an omelet like Robert's got?"

"No, Julia," said Lucille, "there's cereal—don't you want it?"

"I'll go back to it," said Julia. "You'll start with it," said Nicholas.

JULIA nodded obediently. "Oh, all right. Lucille, Pietro says I can be his assistant in the kitchen and learn all about Italian food. Can I?"

"If Pietro doesn't mind, why should I?"

"You won't make a proper cook; you're too messy," Dominic informed his sister. "Here, Long John. Look, he likes cornflakes!"

"You're not to feed him at table," said Simon angrily. "Stop it, Dominic."

"You're cruel," said Julia indignantly to Simon.

"No, I'm not. Long John knows it's wrong to go snuffling at people at table. He never used to do it."

"Well, I'll take him out after breakfast and play ball with him," promised Julia. "I will, Long John darling. I will. Ball, fellow!"

"You're coming out with me," Nicholas told her, leaning across to hand his cup to Lucille for refilling.

"Where to?" asked Julia in surprise.

"We're going to see the headmistress of the school in Greenhurst. Uncle Bill fixed an appointment for us," said Nicholas.

It was some time before Julia could speak at all, so unexpected was the blow. Mouth open, fork dripping with a clatter on to her plate, she gazed at her brother speechless.

"A school!" she gasped finally. "A school?"

"Did you think you'd finished with them?" asked Nicholas.

"But . . . but—" Julia's mind darted in search of lifelines.

"But I haven't got any proper clothes to put on! Only my other school clothes, and you can't go to other schools in other school clothes!"

"You can take off the distinguishing marks," said Nicholas. "We leave the house at eleven."

"But—" A ray of hope illuminated Julia's countenance.

"They won't have me," she stated with confidence. "I've only just been expelled."

"But you didn't do anything bad," said Dominic in an at-

tempt at reassurance that drew upon him the full glare of Julia's wrath.

"I didn't ask you to say anything," she shouted. "Why don't you mind your own beastly business? Oh, Lucille, couldn't I stay at home and have a governess, like girls used to in the olden days? Couldn't I, Lucille?"

"No," said Nicholas. "Cheer up! Lucille and Rose survived their schooldays, and there's no reason why you shouldn't."

"But some girls—" Julia leaned across the table to emphasise the point—"some girls like school, Nicholas, honestly they do! But other girls . . . girls like me, don't get on at all well in them. If you'd tell me what lessons to do, I'll do them, truly I will! I'll work like mad."

"That's the spirit," said Nicholas. "Let's get to the school with those words still echoing. And now get a move on."

"I . . . I don't feel very well," said Julia. "I've got an awful pain suddenly."

"That's tough," said Nicholas. "You must go and lie down — when we get back."

Hope died, and Julia sat hunched in despair. The others were silent; Simon looked across at Lucille thoughtfully for some moments and then made a wary circle round the point on which he wanted enlightenment.

"Lucille?"

"Yes, Simon?"

"I was only wondering," said Simon, about me and Dominic. I mean, will we have to go to new schools, like Julia?"

It was Nicholas who answered the question.

"You'll go, eventually, to my old school," he said. "But there's no hope of getting you in straight away like Julia. She's the lucky one; you and Dominic will have to wait until the school's ready to take you—to wit, next term."

"Is Julia's a day school?" asked Dominic.

"Yes."

"But how will she get there?" asked Simon.

"She'll get there on a bicycle."

"Yes, but where from?"

There was a moment's pause and then Nicholas spoke quietly.

"From here," he said.

There was complete silence in the room. Julia, her mind swept clear of her own affairs, could only stare. Simon had turned white; Dominic had a good deal to say, but was having difficulty in deciding where to begin. Lucille, watching them, saw that as the full import of Nicholas' words went home to them, they turned and looked at the person they recognised, by guess or by intuition, to be the one most affected by the news—herself.

But she saw, with a pang, that there was no surprise in their expressions. There was curiosity, there was relief, but it was, in their opinion, the obvious solution, one to be taken almost for granted. Something nice had happened, they seemed to say; the house won't be sold, but we knew all the time that it wouldn't.

Julia was the first to speak.

"When will you get married and go away?" she asked Lucille in simple curiosity.

"Soon, I suppose," Digby smiled, putting down the cup of coffee that, with a piece of toast, was all he took at breakfast.

"Will you like it there?" inquired Dominic of Lucille.

"We hope so," Digby smiled again. "And I hope you'll remember that then you'll have two homes instead of one."

It was gracefully said, but Lucille was feeling the effect of a double shock. She had known nothing of the arrangement made by Nicholas to see the school; he must have learned of the appointment after she had left the Milwade last night. And this sudden, this completely public announcement of it was made, she knew, to cut the ground from under her feet, to prevent arguments, to bring her face to face with the fact that there was, in fact, to be no argument; she had made her plans for the future, and Nicholas had made his.

She saw, dimly, that he had acted with promptness and good sense. Her fiancé and her fiancé's mother were unknown quantities, and however helpful they might turn out to be, they could not provide a home for the children. It was not Lucille's own house, it was old Mrs. Russell's, and the children could be no more than welcome visitors. Their own home was here; she wondered miserably how she could ever have thought otherwise.

She felt sick and shaken, but hardest of all to bear was the relief she had heard in Digby's voice after Nicholas had made his announcement. After one meal with them, after less than an hour in their company, he showed plainly that the noise and confusion, the caper-and-toss of a healthy and boisterous family, was not his idea of gracious living.

She lifted her head to find Robert Debrett's eyes on her, studying her quietly, and into her answering glance she tried to put all the anger and despair and frustration that filled her, all her dim conviction that this was, in some way, his fault. Then suddenly she became aware, to her horror, that there was no anger and no reproach in her glance; there was only a desperate appeal. She had no clear idea of what she was asking him or telling him; she knew only that the panic in her heart had shown for a moment in her eyes as she looked at him.

She came out of a trance to realise that the others had gone out, leaving her with Digby in the dining-room. He was watching her, and seemed about to say something, but Lucille could hear Jeff's voice, and she knew that Nicholas had met him in the hall and had taken him into the drawing-room, and that Robert and Rose were in there too.

An overwhelming sense of her isolation swept over her. It was too sudden, this severance, she thought desolately. They had all accepted the fact of her marriage without either congratulation or regret; they were behaving as though it had taken place, as though she were already gone.

She got up and walked across the hall and went into the drawing-room, and Digby, after some hesitation, followed her. Lucille made no attempt to approach the subject by a circuitous route; she faced Nicholas and released something of her feeling of reproach.

"You've worked fast," she told him.

"Yes," he admitted. "But—"

"And without a word to me—"

"I told you exactly what I was going to do," he said. "The only surprise is that I did it."

"You had no right to do anything definite without talking it over with me."

"I've got your letter in my pocket," he said mildly. "You'd given orders for the sale of Wood Mount before you'd so much as asked us all what we thought of the idea. You meant well, but you forgot that even if you didn't want to live here any more, we might want to."

"I told you that we couldn't . . . that I thought we couldn't afford to keep the house. If you had any other ideas, I was

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the person you ought to have discussed them with."

"Why, Lucille? You've done your whack for us all, and I'm grateful and I think you did a good job. Now it's up to me to let you get out with a clear mind, a clear conscience, if you like. It was nice of Digby here to offer to take us all in, but it wouldn't have worked. Now you can be at ease, be happy; we can look in on you and you can look in on us and you'll be able to feel that everything's ironed out nicely. I'm only sorry you dragged Digby all this way for nothing."

"Not for nothing," said Digby politely. "I wanted to meet you all, rather."

Lucille stared at her brother. She wanted to ask him where he was getting money from; he could not take over a house and a family, pay household bills, pay school bills without money. If she asked him, if he said that Robert Debreth—a wave of fury rose and almost choked her—then she would forget her upbringing and she would personally throw every penny back in Robert's hands, calm, unreadable countenance.

She heard Jeff clearing his throat nervously and turned to face him.

"I came to tell you, Lucille," he said, "that . . . well, as a matter of fact, the house . . . the house has been sold."

Bewilderment, shock, a feeling of utter misery swung the drawing-room round Lucille and settled it again at a somewhat crooked angle.

"Sold?" she managed to ask.

"Last night," said Nicholas.

She stared at him, comprehension beginning to creep into her mind.

"Who . . . bought it?" she asked.

"I did," said Robert.

"I did," said Jeff.

"I did," said Nicholas. "We all did. All three of us. We put down one-third of the price apiece—roughly. In case you're wondering where my share came from, I'll tell you—from the bank. A little thing called a mortgage. The house fetched eight thousand: three thousand from Robert, three from Jeff, the other two from me. The bank got a bit stuffy about security, and Uncle Bill said he'd take care of that. I'm keeping a third of the house for myself and the three kids; Jeff and Rose are having their bit, and Robert's putting a bathroom in the top flat and using it as a week-end and holiday home for the sole purpose of keeping in touch with Pietro's cooking. Pietro's a fixture, and so is Corny—Miss Cornhill. She ought to go, she says, but she can't make herself do it. And so there you are. You can have a lovely wedding, and none of us hanging round your neck."

He stopped, and nobody spoke for some minutes. Lucille could not have spoken if she had tried; the others were silent, watching her.

At last, clearing his throat a little importantly, Digby decided to voice the appreciation of the Russells.

"I'd like to say," he began, and found the words dying on his lips. Lucille was looking at him, and the expression on her face was so—he groped, rejected and finally settled for ferocious.

"Please keep out of this," she said in a low, dangerous voice. "This is nothing whatsoever to do with you. It's between Nicholas and myself and nobody—nobody else."

"Except Jeff and Rose and Robert," Nicholas reminded her.

The hot, tight feeling in Lucille's throat moved to a spot behind her eyes. She felt them smarting, and knew with a sort of horror that in a moment she was going to open her mouth and cry. No, not cry; howl, she told herself in panic.

## "THE LARK SHALL SING," by Elizabeth Cadell

She was going to open her mouth and howl like a dog, howl because it was all over and settled—finished, tied up, to everybody's satisfaction, except her own.

She was free; she could marry Digby and live happily with him and his mother. And she was going to howl like a dog.

But not here. Not in front of them all. Not with Robert Debreth's cool, quiet, all-seeing eyes upon her. Not with this feeling in her mind that he had done this—somehow—to force her hand.

She turned and walked past them to the door. Robert opened it for her and she passed him without a word.

He closed the door. Digby walked to a window and stood gazing out abstractedly, his thoughts far from pleasant. His mother had often hinted . . . but this display of . . . really, she had looked almost frighteningly fierce. Perhaps his mother had been—

He was aware that Nicholas was speaking to him, and turned.

"I'm sorry we've inflicted so much of this family problem on you," he was saying.

Digby looked at him and managed a weak, a very weak smile.

"No, no . . . not at all," he said.

"Lucille often goes off with a bang," said Nicholas, "but it doesn't last long. You mustn't take any notice."

"No—ah, no. Of course not," said Digby. But—

"So don't let it worry you."

"No, no. It's just . . . it's just . . . it's just that one's upset, rather," Digby confessed.

Digby had allowed himself four days at Wood Mount; two were to be devoted to clearing up any unfinished business there might be over the unlooked-for return of Lucille's brothers and sisters; the other two days he planned to give to the agreeable task of getting better acquainted with his future sisters-in-law and brothers-in-law.

He saw with relief on his arrival that Nicholas had relieved him of the first duty; he therefore applied himself to the second with zeal and goodwill, but went to bed every night with the feeling that as far as getting to know the family was concerned, he was no further on than if he had stayed at home in Cornwall—and he was beginning to wish very much that he had done so.

He had chosen Nicholas for the first of his friendly overtures. He found him pleasant but, he thought, somewhat frivolous; conversations with him seemed to run in aimless circles. He had inquired about the possibilities of a job, and Nicholas had smiled happily.

"One'll turn up," he said.

"Yes," said Digby, "of course. But had you any particular leads in mind?"

"Leads?"

"Is there anyone to whom you can apply, anyone who has influence anywhere?"

"Not a soul," said Nicholas cheerfully. "We're not awfully well set up with influential contacts."

"Has Mr. Milward suggested anything?"

"Uncle Bill? Well, if the worst comes to the worst, he'll give me a desk in his outer office and let me interview clients."

"Finding the right job is a fairly serious matter."

"It is. Thank goodness, I've got my trumpet. I can always stand outside a pub and

send Julia round with the hat. I might have a shot outside The George. Incidentally, you're coming to dinner there with us on Tuesday evening, aren't you?"

"Mr. Debreth was kind enough to invite me, yes."

"He's giving a return show to Uncle Bill and Aunt Maggie. Lucille wanted to have it here, but Robert said no, it was to be his party at The George. When do you go back?"

"I shall have to leave on Wednesday, I'm afraid. May I take this opportunity of saying how glad I am that things have turned out so well as regards the house? Lucille and I will be very happy if things go well here."

"Not as happy as I'll be," commented Nicholas. "But it was a silly idea to sell, anyway. Lucille has them sometimes."

His friendly overtures to the younger members of the family were met, he had to admit, with inattention and yawns. As for Lucille—

He frowned. There was no doubt that Lucille was behaving very oddly. Matters had been settled to everybody's satisfaction and the future was clear, but she seemed to be under more strain now than she had been when the problem was still unsolved. If she would



take his advice and come back to Cornwall as soon as possible, the family would settle down under the new conditions.

But Lucille refused, unaccountably, to discuss the matter; worse, he had scarcely had a word with her since his arrival.

Tuesday came and they had had no time whatsoever to themselves; on the morrow he was to go home. His journey had been made for nothing, for worse than nothing, for if he had stayed at home he would not now have been weighed down with these feelings of uneasiness and apprehension.

He faced the fact with curiosity as his chief emotion and went on to speculate about Robert Debreth. A woman might lose her head for a time over a man like that; he was a handsome fellow and he knew how to play on people's susceptibilities. But he had been in the house only forty-eight hours before his own arrival and, to do him justice, he seemed to spend as much time with the others as with Lucille. He had said nothing about leaving Greenhurst—that might be a point to look into. But inquiries might lead to the suspicion that he was jealous—and he was not, not in the least.

At this point Digby felt it unsafe to examine his feelings too closely. He knew only that he was not happy, but he was in alien surroundings and an alien atmosphere and he would no doubt recover his serenity

the moment he reached home. He wanted to be in his dim library at home watching his mother seated in her high-backed chair at the other side of the fireplace, slim, silent, and utterly dignified. Even to imagine Nicholas and his trumpet in that setting was a horror from which he shrank—and yet he had agreed to throw his home open to them all.

It had been madness and he could not be too grateful to the Providence that had sent Nicholas to Wood Mount in time.

He had been mad, but he had regained most of his sanity. It only remained for him to go home and discover how much madness still remained.

Digby was the only adult at Wood Mount who had any lingering doubts about the situation. Robert Debreth was quite clear on all points but one: how he was to extricate Lucille from an unsuitable engagement.

That she had appealed to him, he was completely certain. She had not meant to, but she had been frightened and she had turned to him with an unspoken plea. He had not answered it—as yet. There was nothing to be done yet; Digby was going away and it was only necessary to see that Lucille did not follow him. He would be here to see to that.



It would work out, he decided. She loved him; if she didn't, she wouldn't have allowed him to stay in Greenhurst. A word from her would have sent him away, but she had not said it. That was enough. She thought, the poor sweet, that she was stuck with Digby; there was nothing to be done about that at the moment. If the fellow hadn't been so likeable one could have been ruthless, but in his pale, boneless way he was a nice chap and God knows he was doing his best to keep his head above water. There was no need to make things worse for him. Let him go home in peace; he would learn soon enough that Lucille was not for him.

They had only to wait and the thing would work itself out.

Robert had planned his dinner-party as a return for the Milwards' hospitality. A table for eight—Robert, Mr. and Mrs. Milward and Jeff, Lucille, Rose, Nicholas, and Digby—waited in a quiet corner of the dining-room, and the landlord had fallen in with his wish for quietness in all respects but one: the band, which played only on Saturdays, should play tonight to mark the occasion as one of congratulations to young Mr. Milward and his future wife; they were both well known and liked by the hotel staff, and to this much perhaps Mr. Debreth would agree.

Robert agreed and drove out to Wood Mount to drive his

guests into Greenhurst. They could all have fitted with ease into his car, but Nicholas chose to use his newly mended motor-bike and sidecar, and Digby, on an impulse which he could not quite analyse and which seemed to spring from a sudden reluctance to make use of Robert Debreth's sumptuous limousine, elected to go in the sidecar.

Robert and his passengers drove off. Nicholas was still in his room, giving a last twist to his bow tie; Digby waited for him in the drawing-room. Also in the room, rosy from their baths, pyjama-clad, replete after Pietro's generous supper, were Simon and Julia and Dominic. Digby, studying them thoughtfully from his chair, was struck by the realisation that if his mother could see them without being compelled to listen to them, she would doubtless find them a charming trio. If only their voices, their manners, their habits could be toned down, or brushed up!

He remembered, and the memory brought a tightness to his throat, that at their age, having had his bath and supper, he would go downstairs and join his mother in the library. There, under the big shaded light, he would curl up at her feet and she would read aloud to him. There would be no sound but that of her low, level voice. Had anybody, he wondered, ever tried to instil in these children any of the lessons his mother had taught him: restfulness, calm, restraint? Perhaps if anybody had ever made the effort—

"Would you like me to read to you?" he found himself asking.

It was some time before they heard him. Julia was sitting on Dominic's chest and informing him in piercing accents that she was a squaw about to win her first scalp—his. It was Simon who, noticing that Digby had spoken, pulled Long John away from the combatants and demanded their attention.

"Well, if you said something," Julia told him irritably, "say it again louder, for goodness' sake."

"I didn't say anything; Digby did," explained Simon.

"Oh, I'm sorry; we were yelling and couldn't hear you," Julia told Digby. "How did they scalp people, actually? If it's sort of skinning, did their hair ever grow again? If it—"

"He said shall he read to us," broke in Simon.

"Who said?" asked Dominic.

"Digby said."

It was clear to Digby that there was no wild rush to avail themselves of his offer. After some moments of consideration Julia spoke doubtfully.

"Reading's sort of dull, isn't it? It's very kind of you, but couldn't you play the piano instead and then we can all sing?"

"Oh, yes! Oh, do play!" entreated Dominic.

"Can you play The March, March—"

"I'm afraid not," said Digby.

"I wasn't musical."

"Long John can sing. Would you like to hear him?" asked Simon.

"Well, perhaps some other—"

"Did you ever have a dog?" Julia asked him.

"No, as a matter of fact, I—"

"Well, no," said Digby.

"Wouldn't your mother let you?" asked Dominic in astonishment.

"She . . . well, I daresay she would have let me if I'd wanted one, you know, but . . . you see, if you have a big dog they're rather too much for old ladies, and—"

"I expect she wouldn't look

after it while you were at school," said Julia, and there was warm sympathy in her voice.

"She—no, it wasn't that," explained Digby. "As a matter of fact, I didn't go to school."

This pronouncement brought something for which he had longed since his arrival: dead silence. For a few moments he could hear the ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece and then the babel burst out again.

"Didn't go to school?" exclaimed Simon.

"Oh, you lucky, lucky, lucky!" said Julia yearningly. "Oh, I wish I'd had your mother! How did you make her not send you?"

"I wasn't too strong as a youngster," said Digby. "I was run-down, rather."

"Sort of ill?" said Dominic.

"Yes. I had a tutor."

"That's a sort of governess, only a man," explained Julia. "I wouldn't mind a tutor. He couldn't make you do anything like they do in school."

"Oh, but I worked very hard indeed," said Digby. "One has to work at one's lessons, you know. That's the time for learning, when you're young. When you go out into the world you—"

"Why did your mother call you Digby?" asked Julia.

"It was my grandfather's name."

"How long haven't you had a father for?"

Digby stirred restlessly. The three were seated in a circle at his feet, their glances upturned, their expressions alight with interest. He had come, all at once, into the forefront of their minds; they were seeing him clearly for the first time and the realisation made him nervous. Far from feeling any kinship with them he found himself retreating; he felt that it would be impossible for him ever to find any ground on which to meet them.

"My father died when I was about two," he told them.

"Then there was only you and your mother?"

"That's all."

"Didn't you ever have boys to tea?"

"Perhaps. But I happen to have a rather wonderful mother, and she and I have always liked living as we did—quietly."

"When you marry Lucille, and we come to see you, shall we have to be very quiet?"

"Only when you're anywhere where my mother might be disturbed. The house and the garden are quite large, so you could find lots of space to romp about in."

A brief silence and then Julia's voice.

"But supposing when you're married you have lots of children, then they'll be Lucille's children, won't they, and if they're Lucille's, they'll be like us, prob'ly, and then if they make a lot of noise perhaps your mother won't like that."

"Oh, well," began Digby, "she—"

"By that time, silly," Dominic told his sister indulgently, "she'll be dead, because she's old."

"Oh! Well then in that case," said Julia, "I suppose it wouldn't matter much."

The childish words pierced Digby's heart and drove the blood from his cheeks. A vision of his house rose before him: his house, without the serene and stately person of his mother. The house, empty of her presence and filled, instead, with crude and unrestrained sound, bursts of laughter, snatches of song, yells of anger or approval . . .

He was roused by the entry of Nicholas, and got to his feet with open relief.

Robert shepherded Lucille and Rose into the large, low-ceilinged lounge of The

Continued overleaf



George, and they were joined by the Milwards. They sat round in a circle, almost the only party there, but presently there was heard the arrival of a large and noisy group of people, and soon they saw them enter the lounge—eight men, led by their large, cheerful, loud-voiced host.

Robert glanced at the man and their eyes met. The next moment Joey Helyin, the photographer who had entertained Nicholas on his way home, had detached himself from his friends and was crossing the room with outstretched hand and a delighted shout.

"Well, well, well, chase me round the block, if it isn't Robert himself!" He reached Robert, seized his hand, and gave him a thump on the shoulder. "Robert, my long-lost boy, what in the name of turtle soup are you doing here?"

Robert smiled, and noted with some relief that Joey and his friends were sober; Joey's exuberance was due to his being in an especially expansive mood, and extremely pleased with life.

"I'm staying here," he told him. "Now go away, Joey; I'll talk to you afterwards."

"What—no introduction to your friends, Robert, my boy?" Joey looked round the circle wistfully. "A blonde, a red-head, and no introductions? Oh, don't be greedy, Robert," he protested. "My friends are your friends and you ought to tell them who I am. I'll tell them. I'm the boy," he informed them all, "who put this fellow Debrett on the map. I made him famous. I was the cameraman who was on the job when he made his first big success; I was the boy who shot the scenes that shot him to stardom. Me, Joey H." He turned towards his party. "Here, boys! Come and meet Robert and his friends."

"No, Joey," Robert spoke appealingly. "This is a nice private little celebration."

"Celebration? Celebrating what, Robert boy?"

"An engagement. We've got

## "THE LARK SHALL SING," by Elizabeth Cadell

"An engagement! Ho, ho, ho!" roared Joey in delight. "Now which is the bride—the blonde or the red-head? Is it the blonde you've captured, Robert, my son?"

"No, Joey. For Pete's sake, will you—"

"Then it's the red-head!" roared Joey. "Robert, she's beautiful, she's beautiful!" He was round at Lucille's side; his voice dropped to a gentle murmur, his round, red face beaming with fatherly delight. "Robert's darling, will you tell me your name?"

"My name's Lucille, but—"

"Lucille!" Joey caressed the sound. Then he turned away and his voice rose to a joyous bellow. "Boys! Come on, gather round, gather round! We're going to drink to Robert and Lucille! Where's the waiter? Charlie, champagne! Where's the band? Charlie, get 'em out here, will you? Get 'em out here and let's hear 'em. Come on now, fellows, get round, get round."

Robert eyed his guests. The Milwards were smiling; few people could resist Joey's warm-hearted manner. He was aware that he could check Joey with a word—the right word. But he was thinking fast, and it seemed to him that this misunderstanding was leading them all towards some kind of climax. He would, he decided, let it go on.

He looked at Lucille. Joey had drawn her gently but irresistibly to her feet, and was leading her into the centre of his group of friends; now he was coming back for Robert, and soon the two had been placed side by side, drink in hand, while round them were gathered a host of well-wishers, enthusiastically toasting them.

Robert looked down at Lucille, and smiled. "If you can bear this," he said, under cover of Joey's speech, "then I can."

She said nothing; her eyes were on the hotel entrance,

and Robert, following her glance, saw that Nicholas and Digby had come in and were standing watching the scene.

"And so," roared Joey in conclusion, "I ask you to drink to the happy couple. Robert and Lucille. Robert and his lovely red-head. Long life and happiness!"

"Long life and happiness," echoed the company.

"And now you may kiss her, Robert, my boy," said Joey. "But me first."

He placed a soft, paternal kiss on Lucille's cheek and

on my way down to Wood Mount the other day. He's got the wrong end of the stick, obviously, but Robert's quite right to let it ride—stopping Joey would be like arguing with Niagara."

Digby was not looking at Joey; his eyes, quiet, speculative, were on Robert Debrett.

"Debrett," he said slowly, "seems to be making the most of it."

Robert had detached Lucille from the crowd, and was walking with her towards the two standing in the doorway.

Lucille turned to look at him.

"Then why didn't you?" she asked.

"It seemed a good chance," said Robert, "to explain what I felt about you."

"Aren't you talking a bit too much?" Nicholas asked him.

"I don't think so," said Robert. "It's not easy to tell a girl you love her when her fiancé's around. My idea was to let him go away and then find out whether there was any chance of making Lucille change her mind and stay here."

"An honest man might have considered coming to me first," pointed out Digby.

"I thought of it," said Robert, "but I happened to like you, and I also—since we're being honest now—had an idea that you were finding the set-up rather more than you bargained for."

"I was prepared to do my best," said Digby. "I'm not a family man and I don't pretend to be. I'll be as honest as yourself and admit that—for my mother's sake—I am relieved that Wood Mount is not to be sold."

"And I'll admit that I think there's been a great deal too much of your mother's feelings about the whole thing," said Robert. "If marrying Lucille meant moving your mother to the Dower House and installing all your in-laws, from Nicholas downwards, for Lucille's peace of mind, then you should have done it and been happy to."

"I am sorry; I cannot agree with that," said Digby.

"If somebody's got a coin," murmured Nicholas, "this thing could be settled in no time." He looked at his sister. "This might be something to do with you," he suggested. "Can't you say something?"

"I've got nothing to say," said Lucille, "except that if Digby doesn't like my family, he's only got to say so."

Robert took her arm and turned her gently to face him.

"Listen," he said slowly. "I love you. I would like you to know that never before, except when reading it from a script, have I asked a woman to marry me. If you love this fellow—and he's a decent chap—then say so and we'll all know where we are. But if you feel that—later on—you could get to like me, I'd be very proud to wait."

Lucille's eyes went to Digby. She put out a hand and he grasped it; with her glance resting on him, she spoke slowly and dreamily.

"I have an idea," she said, "that I'm about to be jilted."

Digby smiled at her, an uncertain but singularly sweet smile.

"I love you very much, Lucille," he said, "but—"

"But there are other things—yes?" she said.

"Yes."

There were other things. There was peace for the spirit, there was the peace of body and mind in which he had once lived and in which he might live again. Beauty had been within his grasp, but the price of keeping it was too high—too high for him to pay.

He raised Lucille's hand for a moment to his lips and the gesture was oddly dignified. Then he placed it in Robert's and, turning, went down the steps of the inn and walked towards a taxi. He would drive in it to Wood Mount; it would wait for him while he brought down his suitcase; it would take him to the station and then—thank God—he would be on his way home.

Home. Away from the tumult: back to the library with its shaded lights; back to his gracious, silver-haired, queenly mother; back to his books and his pictures and his music.

He had meant to look back as the taxi drove away, but he forgot—he was lost in contemplation of this happy future.

He was driven away and he was utterly content.

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### NEXT WEEK'S NOVEL

**MONICA EWER**, the popular English writer, is the author of our dramatic full-length novel, "BRIDGET," which will be published in next week's issue.

When Philip Melville, a brilliant young scientist, marries Bridget, a colleague, he cannot imagine their marriage being anything but happy, but when a fellow scientist, Don, and his wife, Althea, come to live in the same district, Philip finds his emotions in a turmoil.

This is an absorbing story of the conflict between two women who loved the same man.

then turned her towards Robert.

"She's yours, my boy," he pronounced. "Kiss her—kiss her, can't you?"

Robert looked over the heads of the company and met Digby's glance briefly; then he bent and laid his lips on Lucille's. Then, handing his glass and hers to Joey, he took her in his arms and did the thing more thoroughly. At the door, Nicholas turned and studied his companion curiously.

"You needn't mind," he told him. "I met this Joey fellow

Nicholas waited for them, and led them out on to the quiet porch, shutting out the sounds of the band and the almost professional men's choir, now being conducted by Joey.

Outside, Nicholas was the first to speak.

"I've explained to Digby," he said, "that it was all a misunderstanding."

"And my own opinion," said Digby, "was that it could have been stopped at once if—"

He looked at Robert—"if you'd wanted to stop it. Am I right?"

"Quite right," said Robert quietly.

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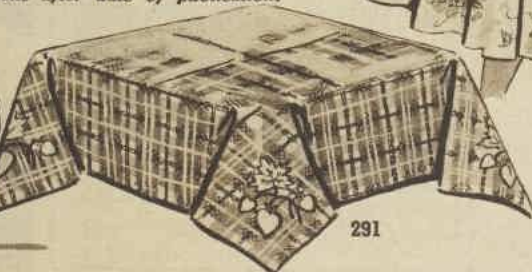
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## WHEN KIDNEYS WORK TOO OFTEN

Are you embarrassed and bothered by too frequent elimination during the day and night? These symptoms, as well as bladder irritation, backache, swollen ankles, leg pain, nervousness, dizziness, lumbago, interrupted sleep, circles under the eyes and a generally run-down feeling, are usually due to worn-out kidneys and bladder troubles. The very first dose of Cystex, the scientifically compounded medicine, goes right to work averting these troubles in 3 ways: 1. Quickly kills germs causing infections. 2. Gets rid of poisonous acids. 3. Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys and bladder. Out Cystex from your chemist to-day under the guarantee of complete satisfaction, or money back.



Make Baby's Hair GROW CURLY 4 Weeks Treatment 4c EVERYWHERE

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New Zip

IN  
FASHION



'LIGHTNING' introduces the new coloured dress zipper with permanently coloured metal teeth — won't wear off, wash off or clean off. Many fashion shades to blend with every fabric colour. You can rely on the fine free-sliding 'LIGHTNING' coloured dress zipper in the BLACK PACK — it will not let you down.

'LIGHTNING' DRESS ZIPPER

'LIGHTNING' Zipper

THE ZIPPER  
WITH  
MATCHING TEETH  
AND TAPE

THERE'S A 'LIGHTNING' ZIPPER  
FOR YOUR EVERY NEED

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES  
OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND LIMITED



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ZF 331

## Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician,  
with  
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian  
servant, and  
PRINCESS NARDA: Are  
aboard Ocean Wind when  
they pick up a castaway who  
claims to be the vanished  
scientist Dr. Lake. Telling

his story, the castaway says  
he had a theory that all dis-  
ease came from the planet  
Jupiter. Receiving a strange  
parcel with plans for a new  
spaceship design, Dr. Lake  
built and launched it only to  
be captured by a ship from  
Jupiter. NOW READ ON:





[ADVERTISEMENT]

## ATTRACTIVE POWDERING

by  
MARGARET MERRIL

Follow these simple rules to ensure that your powder lies evenly and attractively over your skin.

First a powder base as delicate as summer flowers. Smooth in oil of ulan, which not only combines so effectively with the natural oils of your skin, but leaves you with an all-day complexion protection, and fragrance.

Use cottonwool as a powder puff. It is so much more hygienic than a puff, as it can, and should, be renewed daily. Now pat on your favorite powder, being sure that it is a shade that compliments your colouring. Cover the whole surface of your face. Never rub in powder, but pat it gently and evenly into the skin. By the way, it is best to puff out your cheeks as you apply your powder, so that your make-up is ridgeless and smooth.

Next, with a fresh piece of cottonwool, or, better still, a powder brush, dust off excess powder, making sure that there are no pockets of powder left at the corners of your eyes or beside your nose.

Finally, with a small brush—a toothbrush, if you will—brush your eyebrows and hairline clear of powder.

You are now ready for your final make-up, lipstick and mascara, and ready for a day of make-up sleekness.

(Copyright: Margaret Merrill Beauty School.)



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## Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"PIA."—The new spring Empire-line is featured in this pretty afternoon dress. The material is a floral-and-stripe-printed caesar Bonnie Prince Haircord. Color choice includes pink and white, green and white, blue and white, lemon and white, all overprinted with a small black daisy.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 59/6, 36 and 38in. bust 63/9. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 39/9, 36 and 38in. bust 41/6. Postage and registration 3/- extra.



"PAULETTE."—Crisp, cool cotton dress, designed for any daytime activity, has lots of style—a sleeveless bodice and chic peaked shirt collar. The material is no-iron printed cotton. Color choice includes rose, blue, and white; mauve, green, and beige; blue, sage-green, and white; blue, pale green, and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 76/9, 36 and 38in. bust 79/3. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 46/6, 36 and 38in. bust 48/9. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.



• Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 77. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

THE NEW SHAMPOO

**White Rain** tonight—  
tomorrow your hair is  
sunshine bright!



Every  
shampoo  
a beauty treatment  
for your  
hair...

White Rain, the sensational new beauty treatment shampoo, is not just a cream or a liquid or a powder. White Rain is a lotion—the first of its kind—satin white, satin smooth.

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It could be a lion—but we suspect it's a prowling possum. In any event, our young explorer is prepared with his "Eveready" Lamp or Flashlight. And if he's a bicycle owner the "Eveready" Lamp and matching tail-light is a valuable possession. He'll use dependable "Eveready" Batteries of course... that have 20% more power.

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Mothers, safeguard your children's energy with the wholesome assistance of some buttered ARNOTT'S famous MILK ARROWROOT Biscuits in their School lunch.

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